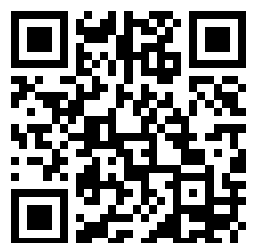


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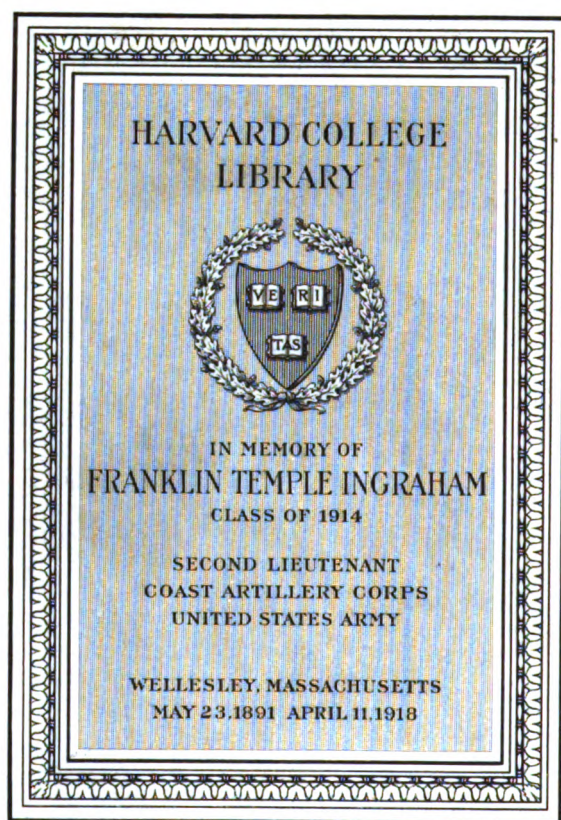
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# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

FOR JULY, 1810.

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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

*ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, on all interesting subjects, are now admitted into the New Series of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, if written in a chaste and elegant style. Authentic accounts of Births, Marriages, Deaths, and Provincial Intelligence, possessing any peculiar character, will hereafter meet with the most respectful attention, and a reason will be assigned in the next successive Numbers for whatever articles may be omitted; but it is requested that all Letters be sent free of Postage.*

### EXTRACTS FROM THE BRITISH POETS.

*IT having been suggested to us by many of our most judicious Correspondents, that the Extracts from the BRITISH POETS were no longer a desirable feature in our Magazine, we have been induced to discontinue them, and shall in future substitute either ORIGINAL POETRY, or Extracts from Poems recently published.*





The EMPRESS of the FRENCH.



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For JULY, 1810.

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A New Series.

---

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

---

The Eighth Number.

---

HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

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OF that balance of power, for which so many wars have been waged, and for which so much blood has been shed, by which, as by a kind of political *assize*, the harmony and relation of the various European states was so long adjusted, not a fragment is now remaining. The politician may well exclaim with the poet, and with more sincerity of feeling, as he contemplates a fact and not a fiction:—

“ Can such things be,  
“ And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
“ Without our special wonder !”

Perhaps of all the accidents which have tended to impair, and ultimately to destroy this celebrated balance, no single event has had so complete an efficacy as that of the recent marriage of the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria with the present Emperor of France. It is impossible to contemplate this union and not to observe that it gives the final blow, the *coup-de-grace*, to that system of check and counter-check between the European states which had existed for upwards of a century.

It has, indeed, the effect which the great contriver of it meditated,—it shuts out England from the Continent as if by bars of iron. It severs her from her last political refuge, as a Continental ally,—the House of Austria. It promotes the ambi-

tion of the French Emperor, and in some degree secures the golden fruits of his usurpation, by uniting him with the ancient dynasties of Europe, and thus giving him those claims of family grandeur which may serve to conciliate the prejudices of his most obstinate enemies.

It has been the frequent fate of the House of Austria to repair its humiliations and defeats by advantageous marriages, and perhaps in the whole course of the history of that House, a more splendid union has never occurred, nor more opportunely, than the one which has been recently effected. Under the French alliance, Austria will again become one of the primary powers of the Continent, and the sanguine may entertain hopes, (though we confess we do not) that the present prostration of the German nation will not last beyond the life of Bonaparte. In the absence of his controuling genius, every thing must shortly move again into its proper place, and the great middle balance, that of the Northern Powers against France and each other, be ultimately restored.

To the accomplishment of this end, say they, nothing is wanting but that the seeds and elements should remain. Let Austria retain but the skeleton of her empire, let her retain but the least spark of life, and

fortune may feed her up again to her due plumpness. The fortune of empires has more vicissitudes than those of individuals; an empire is a large object, and fortune can scarcely shoot so wide, but that many of her shafts, prosperous as well as adverse, must hit so ample a target.

It is perfectly needless to inform our readers what are the connections and descent of the present Empress of France; that she is the daughter of the Emperor of Germany by a deceased Queen is known to all Europe. She is extremely young, not having yet attained her eighteenth year. She is of a light complexion, *embon-point*, somewhat above the middle stature, and is represented to be handsome and fascinating. Her education has been extremely retired, and even reclusive; but she is said to possess those advantages and refinement of education and manners which are peculiar to a German Court.

It would be absurd to attempt to give any biographical sketch of a young female who has never, till within the last three months, mixed in the great world. The education of a palace has no incident which can interest or strike; there is nothing worthy of historical record to be gleaned from the nursery of a young Princess.

We shall therefore conclude this article with an account of the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Louisa with the Emperor Napoleon, as described in the French Papers:—

The civil marriage (says the Journalist in the French *Moniteur*) of their Imperial and Royal Majesties was celebrated on Sunday, April 4th, at the palace of St. Cloud, at two o'clock, conformably to the programme. In the evening every part of the park was filled with an immense concourse of spectators, that flocked from Paris and the neighbouring communes, to enjoy the magnificent and entirely new spectacle presented by the illuminating of that beautiful garden. The illusion was singularly augmented by the playing of the water, which rising above the illuminations, doubled their effect by reflection. A most surprising circumstance is, that at St. Cloud the weather was pretty fair, at the same time that in Paris the streets were inundated with an incessant torrent of rain.

On the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at the avenue of Neuilly, the drums began to beat, the bands of music struck up, the cannon fired, &c. The ceremony of the chapel having lasted nearly three quarters of an hour, was succeeded by a repetition of the same acclamations and the same tokens of respect and attachment. Their Majesties returned to the Thuilleries before four o'clock.

It took much less time than might be conceived to clear the gallery, by two staircases only, of that multitude of spectators. The order established below, and the judicious regulations observed on the arrival of the carriages, facilitated their departure. This part of the fete was nowise inferior to the rest in beauty and attraction.

It is also impossible, except for those who saw them, to form an adequate conception of the richness and elegance of the illuminations. Never was so magnificent spectacle exhibited to the public. The palace and garden of the Thuilleries, the triumphal arch erected at Pont Tour-nant, Place de la Concorde, the palace of the Legislative Body, Le Garde Meuble, and the Temple of Glory, formed an enchanting *tout-ensemble*, which it is extremely difficult to describe, because there is nothing with which to compare it.

The Cardinal Grand Almoner of France, his assistant, the Grand Almoner of Italy, and the body of Clergy, received the Imperial pair at the door of the chapel, and presented them with the censer and holy water. Their Majesties and the whole of the procession having taken their places, the officiating Grand Almoner ordered the *Veni Creator* to be chaunted, all present being on their knees. At the conclusion of the first verse, the Grand Almoner proceeded to the highest step of the sanctuary, and standing with his back to the altar, pronounced a benediction on the thirty pieces of gold. The Emperor and Empress then advanced to the foot of the altar, and taking each other by the right hand, were thus addressed by the Grand Almoner:—  
“Sire, you declare, that you acknowledge, and you swear before God, and in the face of his Holy Church, that you now take as your wife and lawful spouse, her Imperial and Royal Highness Madame Maria Louisa,

Archduchess of Austria, here present?"—The Emperor answered, "Yes, Sir."—The Minister continued, "You promise and swear to be faithful to her in all things, as a faithful spouse ought to be towards his spouse, according to the commandment of God.—The Emperor answered, "Yes, Sir."

The same form was gone through with respect to the Empress. The Emperor then put the ring on the ring-finger of the Empress's left hand, saying, "I give you this ring in token of the marriage which we contract;" and the Minister making the sign of the cross upon the hand of the Empress, pronounced them "Man and wife together, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The parties then kneeling, and continuing to hold each other by the right hand, the Minister gave them the nuptial benediction by repeating the two prayers, *Deus Abraham, &c.* and *Respice quæsumus Domine, &c.*

High Mass was then performed, during which the happy couple took the sacrament, and were repeatedly perfumed with incense, and sprinkled with holy water. During the *Propitiare*, the Emperor and Empress kneeled under a canopy of silver brocade, held over them by the Archbishop of Rohan and the Bishop of Versailles.

Such was the mode in which this marriage was celebrated; a marriage from which it is difficult to say whether Europe will derive advantage, or whether it will be the cause of having more misery entailed upon her. It is not easy to foresee whether it points to peace or to a prolongation of the present struggle. It is certain, indeed, that it confirms the foundations of Bonaparte's power, and it is not easy to conjecture how peace can be effected whilst his extent of territory remains as it now does.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

(Continued from Page 264, Vol. I.)

"On the following day Sir William and his Lady, as the Spring was advanced, had an engagement at Richmond, where they were to dine with the Duke of —. They were already some way advanced upon their journey, when Clarissa, from some cause or other which excited her curiosity, happened to put her head out of the coach:—'By all that is wonderful,' exclaimed she, 'there is the waggoner again.'

"It is indeed," added Sir William, looking out at the same time.

"There is certainly something very extraordinary in his following us in this way," said Clarissa.

"Stop the coach," said Sir William; 'let him come up and we will speak to him.'

"The coach was accordingly stopt; but to no purpose, as the object of their

curiosity, seeing the intent, pushed on his horse to the full speed, and passed the coach without Sir William having it in his power to put his purpose in execution.

"A most extraordinary person this," observed Sir William.

"My mind sadly misgives me," rejoined Clarissa; 'if there be any thing in presentiment some disaster is near. Let us return.'

"By no means," said Sir William; 'but I am resolved to be no longer in suspense.' And again stopping the carriage, and calling one of the servants who were riding behind, he mounted the fellow's horse, and followed the track of the object of his apprehensions.

"Continue your journey, my dear Clarissa," said he as he left her; 'I will join you at the Duke's.'

"Alas! so he thought, and so he intended, but he was doomed never to see her more.

"Clarissa was unhappy, but she knew not wherefore; her spirits were sinking as if under a deep oppression. Is there any thing, Hymenæa, in what is generally called presentiment? If we may judge from experience, we must conclude that there is. I have repeatedly in the course of my life suffered many misfortunes, and can truly say, that one of any magnitude never occurred to me but that I had some previous presentiment that something was about to happen. Is it not true what some divines have supposed, that every one has some guardian spirit whose office is to watch around him, and to give him certain warnings and communications, which may influence without absolutely commanding his will. The destiny of men, or what is called destiny, may be conditional; and the office of these guardian spirits, if such there be, may be to infuse and to suggest the conditions and the caution by which we may avoid any impending calamity. And the obscurity of these presentiments may be perhaps accounted for in the same manner. These guardian spirits, for example, may be as little able as ourselves to see into futurity; they have it not in their power, therefore, to communicate any thing distinctly; but from their more extensive faculties, and particularly from that of loco-motion, they may doubtless know every thing that actually exists; they may see the enemy or adversary in ambush; may see necessary events in their natural causes. What think you of this, Hymenæa?—To proceed, however, with my story.

"Clarissa continued her journey with these thoughts passing in her mind, and the impression of them was so great and lively, that unless she had so anxiously expected to see her husband, she would have returned home; her husband, however, and the waggoner, possessed her whole mind, and she travelled forwards in a very melancholy state of mind.

"I return now to Sir William.—For sometime, though he rode on full speed, he saw nothing of the object of his search, but at length passing a lane which opened into the main road, he saw him as if wait-

ing in concealment till the carriage had passed. Sir William immediately rode up. The stranger immediately fled, urging his horse full speed down the lane. Sir William followed, but would have followed in vain had not a gate which closed the lane intercepted the further progress of the fugitive. The latter seeing this obstacle, and finding Sir William close behind him, immediately fronted, and awaited his coming up. 'Villain,' exclaimed Sir William, 'whoever thou art, I have thee at length. Speak, Sirrah, what is your purpose with me?'

"Not words, or vain abuse,' replied the fellow.

"Whence this disguise,' added Sir William; 'whence this constant pursuit of me, if your purpose be good?'

"I know not what my purpose is,' replied the fellow; 'but this unmerited language may give me a new one; may give me one which is at present very far from me.'

"Why do I thus talk with a fellow like you; surrender, Sirrah, and let me conduct you before a magistrate.'

"Saying this, Sir William raised his whip, which the fellow immediately seizing, threw over an adjoining hedge. Sir William, irritated at this indignity, immediately seized the bridle of the horse, upon which the stranger seized that of Sir William's in turn, and the horse of the stranger being the most spirited, the event of it was, that Sir William was thrown to the ground. Sir William immediately taking a pistol from his pocket, discharged it, but missed his aim.—'If this be your purpose,' said the stranger, 'let us fight fair;' and immediately descending from his horse, and measuring off the usual space of ground, he took his stand.

"Sir William,' said he, 'Heaven is my witness that I sought not this meeting; but as it has happened contrary to my seeking and to my wishes, but perfectly suited to our mutual circumstances, I take it for granted that it is our destiny. Behold in me one who cannot, who must not live at the same time with you. It is necessary that one of us must die. You see yon bird (pointing to a crow which was flying towards them), let that be the signal of

our fire; when that bird reaches the line of this road let us both fire.'

"Agreed," said Sir William. "I know you not, but I see that you are an enemy, and as I never refuse to give satisfaction where it is required, and would rather have an open than a secret enemy, I take you at your word." And so saying they put themselves in the posture usual upon such occasions, and upon the arrival of the signal discharged their pieces. Both of them fell,—the stranger dead upon the spot; Sir William mortally wounded, but still able to move.

"Finding himself still able to move, though with the greatest difficulty, Sir William contrived to reach the body of his adversary; the countenance was pale in death, and somewhat distorted from pain, but some of the appendages of the disguise being removed, Sir William, to his horror and surprize, recognized the countenance and features of his supposed deceased friend, and husband of Clarissa, Edward!—Sir William was not in a state of mind for reflection; the dizziness of death overtook him, and he fell breathless by the side of his rival.

"Some countrymen coming to the spot, being assembled and directed by the sound of the pistols, found the bodies of the

gentlemen in this situation. Some letters in the pocket of Sir William, enabled them to carry him to his town house, whence an express was sent to Richmond with the melancholy intelligence.

"Is it necessary to describe the misery of Clarissa when she was informed of the death of her two husbands, for such they were, both at the same time, and by the hands of each other?

"It is unnecessary to add that Edward, having escaped from the Court of Petersburg, had arrived in England, where by his own contrivance, and a most unfortunate one it was, he was reported to have been dead. His purpose was to have secretly watched his wife, of whose levity and indiscretion he had heard some reports which had made him miserable. Unhappily, by the indiscreet haste of Clarissa and Sir William, he arrived only in time to see his wife become the wife of another. Perhaps his honour was moved more than his love. Be this as it may, he had watched secretly the conduct of Sir William and his wife without any definite purpose, when an unhappy circumstance had brought about the fatal rencontre which I have now related."

(To be continued.)

## PERSIAN LETTERS.

### No. VII.

FROM MULEY CID SADI, ONE OF THE SECRETARIES TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON, TO OSMAN CALI BEG, HIS FRIEND IN ISPAHAN.

My dear friend, as to the amusements of the English, of which you request me to send you a detailed account, they are as varied as the sky under which they live, and as savage and barbarous as suits this unenlightened nation. If there be any thing in which the English differ from the Persians, and from the whole race of Musselmen, more than another, it is in their diversions. I no sooner saw them at their diversions than I exclaimed, these people are indeed fools. O Mahomet! what did their ancestors do, that your curse still remains upon them? I have been

endeavouring to calculate this morning how long it would take to convert these Infidels to the Musselman faith; and my decided opinion is, that nothing but the sword, the two-edged sword of the Faithful, hallowed by the direct authority and blessing of the Prophet, could effect it. The nation consists of nine millions of people, which in their public census they have the audacity to call souls; perhaps if eight millions five hundred thousand of these were put to the sword, the remainder of this barbarous people might be converted to Mahometanism.



As to their amusements, the first is walking. It is better to sit than to stand, to stand than to walk, to walk than to work, sleep is better than any, and death is best of all, says our sacred poet Sadi. Not so the English; the English walk for their amusement, and labour for exercise. They are as restless as the monkeys in the Persian woods; not one hour out of the twenty-four are they perfectly at rest. I have an English servant who walks in his sleep. Whence does this restlessness proceed? I cannot answer the question except by the Persian proverb,—a woman, an Infidel, and an ape, are always awake to mischief.

Another amusement of the English is dancing. Yes, my beloved friend, the men dance here like the women slaves amongst us. The late Lord Chancellor, the greatest law officer in the country, and in dignity the third in the kingdom, is the best dancer in the country; your father's eunuch, black Narses, was nothing to him; he cuts capers as if he were jumping over an hedge from a Mahometan sabre which had pricked him behind. This dancing spirit proceeds from the same source as their general restlessness; walking is one degree of exercise, dancing another. Can you imagine any thing more ridiculous than a whole nation thus dancing? yet I am given to understand, that on certain days in the year, such as what they term the Christmas, Whitsun, and Easter holidays, it would be a fair and reasonable calculation, that at a certain hour of the night three parts out of four of the whole nation were dancing.

Such are the consequences, my friend, when a people give themselves up to their women, when they admit them to an undue share of eminence in the condition of life. In England, the women are equal to the men, and therefore both men and women are equal triflers. I can give no other probable reason for the general, the outrageous folly of this people, but their indiscriminate admission of women into all their societies. Where women and men are thus equal to each other, men sink below what they ought to be into Merry-Andrews and Morris-Dancers; and

women, being loosened from the rein which ought to hold them, are like wild asses in the desert,—the most mischievous unlucky creatures under heaven.

Another amusement of this people is what they call smoking. This is the only wise thing they have amongst them; whilst they have their pipes in their mouths they have some resemblance to Musselmén,—they are grave, silent, and self-satisfied.

Another amusement, for amusement it is, is what they term dining. An Englishman lives to dine; he looks to his dinner as the business of the day. If he strikes a bargain, he dines; if he wishes to commemorate the death of his friend, he dines. Some years since they lost a celebrated minister, and to this day, on a certain day in every year, they *dine* to his memory. When a musician dies amongst us, a concert, you know, is yearly performed to his memory. I have no doubt that the dinner to the immortal memory of William Pitt (the name of their beloved statesman), has some analogy of the same kind,—doubtless he was the greatest eater as well as the greatest minister in the country. And in celebrating him by a dinner, they doubtless present before his present shade those images which he loved best when living. I have never had an opportunity of seeing the tomb which has been erected to the memory of this immortal minister, but from the above circumstances I have no doubt but that its chief ornament in sculpture is what the English call a *Sirloin of Beef*.

Another amusement of the English is drinking. I call it an amusement, for they evidently do not do it from necessity; for the whole day together, and to a late hour at night, they may be seen sitting in parties over their bottles; and those who are what are called *staunchers*, never think of moving till, from their excess, they are almost incapable of moving at all.

*From London, the city of Infidels,  
in the Month denominated June."*

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

*(Continued from Page 271, Vol. I.)*

So wearied and exhausted was Agnes that she enjoyed a profound repose, and in despite of her situation, arose in the morning tranquil and fearing nothing. She was sufficiently at ease to view the scene about her.

She found that the abbey was one of those old monasteries which had suffered in common with others in the reign of Henry VIII. It then passed into the family of the Oldcastles, in whom it had continued till the late possessor.

It was seated on the brow of a hill fronting the south. On the north, east, and west it was encircled by a semicircle of woods about half a mile distant from the abbey. On the southern front the ground descended gently in a vale, fancifully called the Valley of Flowers, about the same distance from the house; the farther extremity of the valley swelled abruptly into an eminence almost even with the chimneys of the abbey. This steep ascent was luxuriantly ornamented with shrubs, which, favoured by the southern aspect, had attained an unusual height and thickness.

Such was the scene which Agnes beheld from her windows. She threw her eyes upon the structure itself; the windows were Gothic, narrow, and dark, with angular cornices, the greater part of each was painted glass, which, added to the gloom of the long apartments, recalled to the mind's eye of Agnes the days of yore. The projecting buttresses were covered with ivy, the knotted trunk of which appeared almost coeval with the mansion. The turrets were still in a substantial state, the bells in some of them still remained, a part of the ancient clock was still visible.

Agnes descended to the parlour, where a breakfast was already prepared for her, and a blazing fire welcomed her entrance. It was richly furnished with crimson damask, the curtains to the windows were full, and being ornamented with cornices

of carved walnut-tree, the hue of which was improved by time, had an air of grandeur beyond even the luxury of modern elegance. A sofa of damask, and of a most unusual length and even breadth, occupied the space of the wainscot opposite the fire. Agnes ordered the breakfast-table to be drawn to it; and whilst Mrs. Marshal was employed in making her coffee, continued her observations.

The pictures on the wainscot attracted the attention of Agnes, and she demanded of whom they were the resemblance.

"They are all of the family of Oldcastles, Miss, and a very fine set of Squires and Dames they are. Some of them were great beauties in their day, though the moths, as you may see, Miss, have now half-eaten their faces. The Squires, if report says true, were all very brave, and amongst the most loyal men in their country."

"You see that old gentleman, he was a Cavalier at the time of the great rebellion; the records of the family say, that, when Charles II. was flying from the battle in which he escaped to France with so much difficulty, that old gentleman saw him take a turnip from one of his fields; his turnips had been so often plundered that he resolved to bring to justice the first offender, and, being accompanied by a large party of his tenants and servants he rode up to the king. Though the monarch was in disguise, the Squire knew him, and resolved to save him, though so immense a reward was offered for his apprehension. He thought it best to affect not to know him, 'What do you here, fellow, stealing my turnips?' said he, laying his horse-whip pretty roughly over him. The king was confounded, but bore it all very patiently. The Squire seized him as a vagabond, but under a promise that he would return to his parish, gave him a pass to the next county. The king was thus forwarded as a vagrant to the sea side, and was by this

means assisted in his escape. The whole story is written at the back of the picture, and is believed to be true."

Agnes listened with pleasure to this family anecdote. The old woman continued to relate others of a similar nature, and perhaps all equally true, as founded upon the same basis, tradition. Amongst the females Agnes observed one picture which she thought uncommonly beautiful. She demanded for whom it was painted.

"For the last lady of the Oldcastle family, the mother of the last Squire; she died very young, and was esteemed the most beautiful woman in Europe; she died in child-birth of her second son, Geoffry, when only nineteen years old. Indeed, Miss, she was a most beautiful woman, and altogether as good as she was beautiful."

"You knew her then," said Agnes.

"Yes, Miss, I was born in the family, and was her favourite attendant; I remember the day when she died. The Oldcastles were a noble family, Miss, they were of the race of old English gentry; a race that has almost all passed away."

Agnes to pass away her time, walked through the different apartments of the house. The library attracted her attention most particularly. On examining the books she found, to her equal surprise and delight, a stock of old romances. The apartment, like most of the others, was spacious, the wainscot was filled with book-shelves, except here and there a family picture; the greater part of the books, indeed, consisted of a collection of old divinity, which were already covered with the dust of years, and mouldering under the double effect of time and the moths. The centre of the room was occupied by a massy reading-table with heavy carved feet. The folding-doors were surmounted by carved cornices. Every thing was according to the order of Gothic architecture according as it had become improved in the reigns of the last Henries.

The window at the further extremity of the library opened into the garden, which was spacious, and wholly surrounded by a thick and lofty wall composed of sea flint; this wall continued

from one end of the abbey around an extensive circuit, and thence again joining the abbey; the garden was wholly cut off from the surrounding grounds. Every part almost of the wall was covered with fruit-trees, fig-trees, vines, and wall fruit, which appeared still luxuriant in despite of age. Agnes saw that this spot had once been equally fruitful, and beautiful as even under its present neglect it had not lost all its attractions. The walks were, indeed, almost concealed by weeds, and the trees in confused and neglected groups conveyed the idea of a wilderness, but no neglect could wholly conceal the natural beauty of the ground.

Agnes was so occupied in the gratification of her curiosity that she had almost forgotten her situation; indeed, when she reflected a moment, she was herself surprised at her tranquillity under circumstances of such danger. The conduct of Mirabel had removed the greater part of her apprehensions; excepting the outrage of her first removal his language and address had nothing to which she could object. He, indeed, avowed his love in terms of sufficient ardour, but he received her repulses with respect, and even humility. She expected him the whole of this day, but he appeared not. Agnes had still further time to rally her spirits, and even to meditate an escape.

She demanded of Mrs. Marshal how far it was to any post-office. The old woman replied that it was one amongst her orders to prevent her from sending any letters. "Your guardian," said she, "has not removed you from your lover that you may write to him. Wait with patience, and I dare say every thing will turn out well. But I may answer your question. There is no post-office within fifteen miles. No one about here but myself understands your language. But endeavour to make yourself happy, for all is well that ends well. That is my maxim, and it has carried me through the world to my present age."

Agnes saw it was in vain to say any thing more upon this subject, and therefore submitted in silent resignation, with the resolution, however, of seizing the first opportunity of escape. A second, and even a third and fourth day passed over without

the appearance of Mirabel. Agnes was surprized, but this circumstance banished whatever yet remained of apprehension; and Agnes was persuaded that the only evil of her present situation was the restraint upon her liberty.

On descending to the library on the fifth day she saw the dinner-table prepared for two; the old woman did not leave her long in suspense, but informed her that Mirabel proposed to dine with her. So powerful is even a short habit that Agnes heard this intelligence without terror, even almost with a degree of satisfaction, as she was already weary of the perfect solitude. How social is our nature, when solitude is yet more intolerable than the society of an enemy or persecutor.

Mirabel accordingly appeared at the hour of dinner. His address to her was the same as hitherto, passionate yet submissive, and as if anxious to lead her into an oblivion that she was in his power. Agnes could not avoid acknowledging to herself that he was the most dangerous libertine. Agnes demanded of him how long it was the will of Sir George and himself that she should remain there. Mirabel eagerly adopted the character of a guardian in which this was addressed to him.

"As long," replied he, "as the inexperience of your age requires that you should be secluded from the access of libertines; not that either Sir George or myself can have any doubt of your honour, but the world is censorious, and there are men whom it is loss of reputation almost to be seen with."

Agnes could scarcely repress a smile at the gravity of this hypocrisy. She endeavoured to rise from table after the dinner was finished, as she saw that Mirabel was inclined to drink. Mirabel, however, detained her, and an hour passed away in further conversation. She had new reason to admire the uncommon powers of Mirabel, whose mind appeared equally cultivated by polite science, and endowed with the faculties of pleasing. He related the anecdotes of the town in a manner that it was impossible not to listen to him with something of curiosity.

Agnes at length escaped from the table, leaving Mirabel asleep in his chair. She entered the garden of the abbey, and as

the beauty of the evening invited her to extend her walk, she opened a black painted door at the further end, and thence entered the fields.

It was one of those fine evenings in which winter appears to rival the preceding seasons; the rays of the now setting sun threw a golden gleam over the woods which fringed the distant hills by which the abbey was surrounded. This chain of hills being divided in one point by a short interval of valley, the evening star appeared in this interval; beyond the woods was an almost boundless heath employed as a sheep-walk, the bleating of the distant flocks, and the tinkling of the fold, floated on the calm surface of the air, and softened by their distance infused into the mind images of rest and pastoral happiness. The wind was hushed into the silence of summer, not a breeze sighed amongst the hills, the blackbird and thrush alone disturbed with their wood notes wild the total silence.

Agnes continued her walk across the plain towards the wood by a path which seemed little beaten, and came at length to a stream, which from its narrowness, and running water, is in all parts of England called by the same name, a brook. It was crossed by a wooden bridge, but which appeared so old and decayed, that Agnes feared to venture. Agnes stopped, and again looked round. The scene recalled to her memory Cornwall and the Firs. There was the same wildness, the same beauty of nature in despite of all the neglect of art. She was in an amphitheatre wholly surrounded and cut off from the world beyond it by a circle of woods. The abbey, seated on the brow of the hill, reigned monarch of the scene. The sun had now sunk beneath the horizon, and the turrets were becoming less visible. Agnes saw that it was time to hasten back, and half-affrighted at her distance re-measured her steps. The darkness, however, according to the season of the year, was rapid, and in despite of the fear-winged haste of Agnes it was dark before she reached the garden door; opening it with a trembling hand, she stayed not to close it after her, but hurried towards the house. On a sudden she found herself caught in the arms of a

man. "Agnes, loveliest Agnes, you must not treat me thus," whispered the voice of Mirabel. Agnes saw that his countenance was that of a man whose spirits were elevated by wine; almost sinking with alarm, she endeavoured to release herself from his arms.

"No Agnes," exclaimed Mirabel; "I cannot thus consent to throw my happiness from you. I have already cast myself and name and fortune at your feet. I have already invited you to become my wife. I repeat the invitation, and must not permit you to refuse it. Do you consent to it?" said he, still retaining her in his embrace.

"I consent to any thing," replied the trembling Agnes, "if you will release me. By what right, Sir," continued she —

"Talk not of rights," added he, "loveliest of women, I will pay you the compliment if necessary, to purchase the possession of you at the risk of my life. I repeat that you must become my wife, or I shall stop at nothing. Your reputation is already gone unless you re-appear in the world as Lady Mirabel. Your disappearance from the Countess of Shuffleton's route is universally imputed to your elopement with me; reputation, your honour, every thing require that you immediately become my wife."

"Release me, then," said Agnes.

"Promise, then," repeated he, forcibly saluting her.

"I promise any thing," said she.

"Then go," continued he, "for the night, but remember you must become Lady Mirabel, or you shall not escape so in future. I am not accustomed to be contradicted in any of my wishes, and therefore cannot know how to endure opposition. You are here in my power, and if necessary to my happiness, I shall not fail to use that power. Laws, right, and morality are little to me when I am resolved, as I now am, that you shall be mine."

With these words, after again saluting her, he permitted her departure.

Agnes flew towards the house, and entering the library took a candle from the table, and hastened to her apartment. Securing it in the best manner she could, she retired to her bed, but not to repose.

The spirits of Agnes were too agitated, and her terror too lively for sleep. Mirabel had now thrown off the mask which his artifice had induced him to assume. She had hitherto believed that she had nothing to dread from his violence, she now saw that she had every thing to fear of which a violent and lawless mind was capable. She trembled at her danger, the faculties of her mind were almost suspended with horror as she recalled to her memory his declaration. There was but one means to avoid the fatal issue which threatened her. This was by escape.

But how was this escape to be effected? She was absolutely without money, as she had no purse about her at the time that she had been carried away from the route. It was near forty miles to the nearest post town. The peasantry in the neighbourhood could not even understand her, nor she them. These obstacles appeared insurmountable. Every thing, however, was preferable to remaining another night in the abbey. Every moment she expected that some attempt would be made to force her door. She had heard before the daring character of Mirabel, and that he had more than once incurred the penalty of the laws, had not the modesty of his victims withheld them from a public appearance in a court of justice. Agnes for the first moment was sensible of the full extent of her danger.

A plan of escape at length suggested itself. She suddenly recollected that there was a church within a mile or two of the abbey, having seen its tower during her walk the preceding evening. To this church there must doubtless be some curate or other minister, who in all probability did not reside at any great distance. Could she gain his house she might explain her situation, and doubtless obtain his protection. She resolved to attempt the execution of this plan, and not to delay it a day. She arose, and descended to the library, her usual breakfast apartment, with this purpose.

She had scarcely taken her seat at the table before the old woman delivered her a billet. It was from Mirabel. Its contents were as follows:—

"Agnes, I repeat the declaration of last night, that by some means or other you



must be mine. Consider within yourself whether choice is not preferable. I am going on a visit for three days; I give you that time to consider. But I shall then expect or compel your decision. I cannot consent to sacrifice my happiness to trifles. I repeat again, that my passion is so ardent, so interwoven with my very thread of existence, that I will purchase you even at the risk of life itself. Farewell, consider and decide. Do not flatter yourself that escape is in your power."

If any thing was wanting to complete the terror of Agnes, it was this billet. She saw that Mirabel had decided on the course that he intended to pursue, and that his conduct on the evening of the preceding day was not wholly the effect of his intoxication. She resolved to lose not a moment in effecting, at least attempting, an escape. Every thing seemed to concur to warn her of her danger. Under the pretext that her walk the preceding evening had given her an unusual appetite, she contrived without suspicion to secret some bread, and a part of a cold ham, as she knew not how far she might have to proceed before she could procure further refreshment. She resolved to walk till she had reached the nearest town sooner than again fall into the hands of Mirabel.

With this purpose she sallied forth, and entering the garden thence issued into the fields. With a beating heart, and a hurried step, she continued to walk forwards to the wood which fringed the distant hills. Her terror gave wings to her feet, she scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Already had she gained the brook, and the fear of a greater evil gave her the courage which she had wanted the preceding evening. The bridge had originally consisted only of three planks and a rail on one side. Of the three planks the two outer ones alone remained, the middle one having rotted, had either fallen into the water, or been taken away as fire-wood by the peasants. The cross beams which supported the planks appeared in a very decayed condition, and the greater part of the rail was gone. Agnes trembled as she surveyed the colour of the water which appeared very deep. She crossed it, however, without danger, though not without trembling upon reaching the part where

the rail, by which she had hitherto supported herself, had given way.

The further extremity of the bridge entered the wood, opening upon a green avenue, in which the grass being browsed by the sheep was not long.

Agnes hastened forwards, but at length weariness compelled her to stop. She threw herself under an oak which rose in the midst of the avenue, and beneath which the turf, being exposed to the southern sun, was scorched, and therefore dry. She now found what an excellent sauce is exercise even to an humble meal. Never had she eat any thing with half the appetite and relish with which she now ate her bread and cold ham. Cheerful, her strength and spirits returning, she resumed her journey, and gaining an eminence of the avenue, beheld the village at about the distance of a quarter of a mile, the village church rising in the midst. She stopt awhile admiring the rural appearance of the hamlet; the trees being interspersed amongst the houses; and as the day was fine, the smoke ascended in spiral columns from the humble, but neat whitened chimneys of the cottages. She soon reached the end of the wood, and crossing a stile entered a corn-field, and after passing over a barley stubble she reached the village.

Her dress excited the attention of the inhabitants, and she soon beheld herself an object of curiosity. A gipsy hat, with a wreath of fancy flowers, and a dress of white muslin in the extreme of the reigning fashion, was but ill adapted for a walking dress in any place, and in a village so far remote from the metropolis was a show. The children surrounded her, and Agnes became uneasy. She looked around for the object of her search, the house of the village minister.

For sometime she looked in vain, she thought that even a Welch curate could not inhabit a thatched roof. She was sinking with fatigue when some white palisades attracted her eyes. In a paddock thus inclosed in front, and on the sides by a hedge of hawthorn, she observed a house which she immediately concluded to be the one she was seeking. It was distinguished from the others, moreover, by a larger window, and a venetian blind. The

front door was open, as was likewise a small gate which opened upon the narrow gravel walk, which led to the house. Agnes hesitated a moment, but looking back and seeing several people looking at her, she hesitated no longer, but entered the gate.

She found that she had not been mistaken, at least she saw further reason to imagine so, as a gentleman habited in the clerical order approached to welcome her. Agnes, with a slight curtesy, entered the house, and finding herself overcome with fatigue, seated herself on the first chair. "You must, indeed, pardon me, Sir," said she, "but I have been so little accustomed to a long walk that I am unable to support myself." The gentleman made no reply, but by calling his sister, who in the same moment entered the room. Agnes, however, was unable to perceive any thing further, a sudden giddiness seized her head, her brain appeared on fire, and she sunk to the floor in a state of the most perfect insensibility.

Her kind host and hostess lost all curiosity in the more powerful emotion of compassion; the gentleman hastened away in pursuit of medical aid, whilst his sister, a woman of middle age, assisted by a girl, her servant, bore her to a bed, and neglected nothing which good sense and charity could suggest.

Every effort, however, appeared fruitless. The length of her walk in the heat of the day, the sun being unseasonably warm, had been too much for the natural delicacy of her constitution, she was seized with a brain fever, and there was every symptom of its being immediately fatal.

In a few moments the surgeon of the neighbourhood, who happened fortunately to live in the village, appeared, and examined the state of her pulse. This gentleman, for such, though buried in this corner of the kingdom, he really was, was an eminent instance of the injustice of the world, and the inefficacy of mere merit to obtain proportionable promotion in the profession. Having passed a great part of his life in that most excellent school of surgery, a man of war, in confidence of his skill he had settled in the metropolis. Here with some difficulty he contrived to obtain a decent income till an unlucky error of a physician compelled the Doctor, for his own

credit, to impute it to the ignorance of the apothecary, a charge, which was more readily believed, as the splendid equipage and unblushing confidence of the physician had rendered him of high repute in his profession. As the object of this error was a lady of fashion, who fell a victim to the ignorance, united with the invincible obstinacy of her physician, the more modest surgeon lost the whole of his practice, and was compelled to leave the metropolis. He had sought refuge in Wales, where his success had procured him a merited reputation.

Such was Mr. Gibbons, the respectable surgeon who was now summoned to Agnes. He pronounced her danger to be extreme, that the malady, however, would be as short as it was desperate, and that she would be either dead, or beyond all danger, before the following morning.

Touched with the uncommon beauty of her countenance, he demanded who she was. The gentleman and his sister were in this respect as much at a loss as himself. In this instant perceiving a ring on her finger the good surgeon commanded it to be removed, as in the extreme violence of the fever every compression, even the most slight, was dangerous. The sister of the gentleman was about to obey, but had no sooner beheld the diamond which was set in the ring, and its peculiar form, than she uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and in the same moment fell from her chair.

Being at length, however, restored to sensation:—"Save, oh save the beautiful girl," exclaimed she; "for she is as dear to me as my life; save the sweetest, the loveliest girl which the hand of Heaven ever formed."

The surgeon promised that nothing should be wanting upon his part, but even from the change which had taken place during his visit, he presaged that she was irrecoverably gone.

In the meantime the beautiful girl lay senseless, her cheek was deeply flushed with the fever which raged in her veins, her eyes were closed, they seemed as if prepared for the seal of death.

[To be continued.]

## ORIENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

SIR,

*The interest excited amongst your fair Readers by the Story of the unfortunate Maria de S——a, induces me to send you the remainder of the Oriental Recollections respecting the city of Goa; a city which, being founded by the first Adventurers, possesses the most ancient European Antiquities of any Christian settlement in the East Indies.*

AT half-past four, well in with the bay, whose broad expanse, surrounded by undulating eminences, some of which were crowned with churches and monasteries, formed a pleasing contrast with the wild coast to the northward. At six we anchored in the bay, abreast of the Aiguarda Fort, a small fortress and battery situated on a low point on the north side; this fort could not withstand the fire of a British frigate for half an hour, but is of some service to check the insults of *Angria's* piratical cruisers, who are at constant war with the Portuguese.

At dawn of day, our party being arranged, we set off in the cutter for the city of Goa, which stands about seven miles up the river; and pulling across the bay, landed at a wharf close by the Aiguarda Fort; having according to the usual custom given in the name of the ship, &c. to the Commanding Officer, we received permission to proceed, and soon reached the entrance of the northern branch of the *Mandouva*. On the left bank the ground rose gently from the river, and every little knoll was crowned with a monastery and church, or a gentleman's chateau. Of the former, however, there were the greatest number; indeed, it is a common saying throughout India, "that if the Portuguese had built half as many forts as churches, India would still have been theirs."

On the right, the banks of the river were low and marshy, and the river itself about the breadth of the Thames at Gravesend. We soon arrived at Puerto del Ray, or King's Port, where the custom-house is established; this is little better than a small village on the southern shore, and presenting nothing to induce us to stop, we proceeded past another small village Puerto del Principe, until in a sharp reach of the river our attention was caught by an immense building, of at least thirty windows in length, and four stories high; the whole appearance of it was sombre and gloomy, being of a dark-grey, and deeply embosomed in wood of the darkest tropical foliage. The wooden lattices which fill the window-frames in this settlement in lieu of glass, added considerably to its sullen air, and we felt but little disposed to envy the

Archbishop, whose residence it is, and who is also patron of a college connected with the building.

We soon reached Panjeem, which presented the appearance of a large town, but though now eight o'clock, it was as still as an English village at midnight. Pulling in towards the landing-place we were hailed by the sentinel on duty, and were not permitted to land until a gentleman in a rich Portuguese costume came down to the beach requesting us to come on shore. He immediately with warm politeness welcomed us to Panjeem; and saying that he was Don Antonio de ———, the agent at Goa, for the English East India Company, invited us to his mansion. A party of hungry sailors and soldiers needed but little invitation, and we were rather surprized on entering the saloon to find a breakfast laid out for twenty people. Don Antonio noticing our surprize, observed, that having heard of the arrival of an English ship, he expected some of the officers would come up, and therefore he had invited the Commandant and Officers of the garrison to meet us. Though accustomed to Oriental magnificence, yet even to us, this breakfast was indeed superb; the table was covered with a profusion of the finest porcelain, whilst gold and silver glittered on all sides; every luxury which the country could produce was presented to our view, and amongst the rest we were not a little amused to find oysters served up in the shell. The oysters of Goa are remarkable both for size and flavour, and their shells, when cut in thin *laminae*, serve as a substitute for glass, particularly in the windows of their churches, as they are by no means imperious,

"But cast a dim religious light."

During the progress of a cheerful and convivial breakfast, we were informed that Panjeem is a town of very modern date, being only inhabited by those who can afford to leave the city, which is extremely unhealthy. We also learned that the garrison at Goa and its district, is a kind of resource for the younger sons of the Portuguese nobility; whilst the convents are filled with ladies of high rank,

who are sent out to this far distant shore, never to revisit their *dulce domum*, in order to enrich the eldest sons, and to portion off the eldest daughters at home!

Our time being limited, our excursion for the forenoon during the extreme heat, was confined to the environs of Panjeem; and here our attention was directed to an extensive wall or rampart of stones and earth on the south side of the river leading up to Goa. This wall is intended to prevent the river from overflowing the low lands which lay between Goa and Panjeem, and certainly answers its purpose; but then, the land thus protected has no channel or outlet by which the superabundant moisture can be drawn off after the heavy rains, and is thereby become an unwholesome morass.

As it was now low water, we were much amused by seeing the negro slaves, and some Indians also, diving for oysters, which they brought up hanging together in large masses; with a basket and a rude weapon of iron, the fisherman jumps out of his canoe, and diving where the water is deep, but in shallower places stooping his head and shoulders under water, sometimes upwards of a minute, he brings up the oysters adhering together in large clusters; but when he finds them laying singly, he in general stays under water until he fills his basket: by these means a canoe is soon loaded. Indeed we could judge ourselves of the quantity of oysters in the river, as the marsh wall which is nearly four miles in length, was covered with them to the high water-mark; but these, from being exposed to the sun, are reckoned unwholesome.

The intermediate occurrences, until our afternoon visit to the city have been already recited; in the progress of our ramble through which, we approached the cathedral, an immense building, dedicated to St. Thomas, with two lofty towers at the western end, nearly as large as those of Westminster Abbey; the great door was closed, and a lay-brother told us that we could not be admitted through this door, as service was then performing, but that we might pass through their *private* entrance into the cloysters. A new difficulty, however, now arose, as there was a *lady* in company; and they are by their vows under the obligation of never admitting a female into their private residence, at least not through an *outer* door by *day-light*; the difficulty was at length removed, and we were admitted into the body of the church, whose roof is supported by lofty pillars forming a double row of arcades; each pillar being ornamented with basso relievés from the legends of the

saints. The grand altar is ornamented with four pillars of about thirty feet in height, and from two to three in diameter, cased with plates of silver, and hung with silken curtains covered with a profusion of silver and gold. The candlesticks and other ornaments are of silver richly chased and gilt; and, indeed, every part of the interior of the church is covered with the precious metals. A number of altars dedicated to different saints, are placed against the walls, all ornamented with the same barbaric profusion; the images of the saints themselves are as large as life, and as the monks told us, of solid silver. We were led to one altar where was presented to our view a gigantic silver figure of the archangel Saint Michael, as our Ciceroni called him, with his two edged sword raised in the act of striking; between his legs was a wooden figure, not equalling in size our giants in Guildhall, but certainly rivalling either Gog or Magog in the brilliancy of his dress and the elegant proportions of his body. This blockhead was ornamented with wings, an enormous long tail, and a pair of horns such as Doctors' Commons even have never seen during their long dealing in that article. — One of our party with much *naïveté* inquired of our guide, "what saint this was?" and the monk, with a becoming sneer at his ignorance, informed us that this was an exact likeness of the *Devil*! We could not help laughing at this intelligence, but our friend B——, who was well acquainted with these gentry, gave us a hint that the *Inquisition* was next door!

We were now invited to the Refectory, and in our way were led round a large cloyster which surrounds a grass plat and a small garden; this cloyster is three stories in height, and leads to the apartments or cells of the monks above, whilst the lower range is supplied with confessional chairs. This part is also hung up with many large pictures representing the wonderful events in the life of their patron Saint; in one we see him cut in four pieces by the Moors, when the pieces miraculously join together, the Saint jumps up, and preaching a sermon in Latin, immediately converts the very fellows who had thus been exhibiting their skill in surgery; in another, the Saint is at length resolved to die, and is laying on a couch, surrounded by monks, whilst an angel with an immense pair of wings, and a very handsome wig, is pulling out his heart, in order to carry it to heaven. The most remarkable, however, of the collection, was one of the Saints when cast away upon a desolate island, a kind of divine Robinson Crusoe; he is represented sitting on a

rock with his arms extended, his face elevated to the heavens, and his mouth wide open; in one corner in the clouds is the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms, and a stream of milk issuing from her naked bosom: in the other corner, by a most curious anachronism, is our Saviour on the Cross, with his side pierced by the soldiers' spear, and the blood gushing from it in a torrent! An inscription, at the bottom of the picture, says, "that the Saint looking to heaven, and seeing the milk of the Virgin and the blood of the Redeemer, was uncertain which to prefer, and therefore opened his mouth to receive them both!" Our guide also informed us that he prayed to St. Peter for this supply, which is represented by his resting on a rock.\*

Disgusted with such extreme folly, we gladly pursued our ramble, and on leaving the cathedral were shewn the outside of the Inquisition; a large square building situated on a rock, which is hewn out in caverns, to enable the unfortunate prisoner to see the mild light of Christianity! The walls are very lofty, and the lowest of the windows, which are very small, are forty feet from the ground; the only entrance is a Gothic door grated with iron, and the tout ensemble had such an effect on our feelings, as to make us imagine that our footsteps echoed through the hollow vaults, responsive to the groans of the lonely prisoner within.

Strange coincidence! the next building to the Inquisition, is the *Hospitalló di Merceda*, or of mercy! and this godlike attribute is represented by a large medallion over the gateway, of a woman sitting whilst an angel on the wing is kissing her!

As the church of St. Francis lay in our way, we requested admission, when one of the monks very readily offered to shew us every thing curious. Here was the same profusion of gold, silver, jewels, and tinsel bedaubing the altars and shrines of the different saints; we were at length led to the chapel containing the tomb of the Saint himself. This church though called the church of St. Francis Xavier, is dedicated to the "Bon Jésu," but the reverence due to the latter, seems entirely swallowed up in the homage paid to the Saint, who, indeed, is believed by many of his worshippers, to have the most interest and influence of any within side of St. Peter's gate. The chapel itself is about fifty feet in height, and not more than twenty feet

square; the walls being divided into compartments of stucco, with a profusion of foliage and heavy gilding. In this chapel stands the tomb of the Saint, leaving no more space than for two persons to walk round it abreast; the lower part is square, with four large basso relievos of the principal actions of St. Francis, in black marble; the workmanship is exquisite, and in some parts of the composition, the figures are in such high relief, as to project from the body of the design; but the fine effect of this is completely destroyed from the artifice of the ignorant priests and the superstition of their flock, for every part is stuck round with pieces of wax-tapers, which are supposed to derive great sanctity from being in contact with the marble, though a casual observer could only compare them to the half-burnt candle-ends stuck up for sale in the windows of the lower order of Italian warehouses in London. These candle ends are afterwards sold to the devotees, who firmly believe whilst one of them is burning, that the devil cannot see to run away with their souls; and their efficacy in a sick chamber in lighting poor souls to purgatory is established beyond a doubt. The principal purchasers of these holy candles are among the softer sex, and it is with good reason perhaps that they keep these candles burning, as it is a pretty well established fact, that they are seldom in danger of going astray, until the light is put out. The tomb is carried to a considerable height, of the most precious marbles, jasper, lapis lazuli, &c. and is crowned on the top with a sarcophagus, containing the body of the Saint, who is exhibited on Easter Monday to the gaping multitude. As these saints were generally monks, one would suppose from their nauseous filth when alive, that they could not be very pleasing objects when dead; but this Saint is a mirror of neatness and decency, for the monk informed us, that every Good Friday an angel came from heaven, to pare his nails and shave his beard, and that these precious excrescences were always left for the accommodation of those who chose to pay for them. Taking our silent attention for implicit belief, he went on to inform us that it had been the custom after vespers on Easter Monday to permit the penitents of that festival to kiss the foot of the Saint, as a confirmation of their pardon for past errors; however, a few years before this, an ancient dame, who had been rather gay in her youth, and who chose to trust to the good footing of the Saint rather than to her own, for she remembered her own slips and backsliding, but who was now quite

\* It is a curious coincidence, that a picture of the same kind is described by Semple in his last tour, as being in a church at Corduba, No. VIII. Vol. II.—N. 8.



reformed, in an extreme fit of devotion and holy desire, had actually bitten off one of the toes of the sainted Xavier. This new mode of extracting the virtues of the Saint was by no means agreeable to the curators of the holy body; who, no doubt *well knowing* the piety and penitence of their female confessionalists, and finding that although the nails might grow, yet that St. Francis did not possess that lobster-like quality of re-producing his claws, thought proper to forbid all kissing of the dead, and the old ladies are now obliged to be content with the living.

After our visit to the convent, we now completed the circuit of the city, not without being highly gratified by the novelty and peculiar character of the scene; Goa is the most ancient European settlement in India, indeed, it was a large city when captured by the Portuguese in 1508 under Albuquerque, who here fixed the metropolis of the Portuguese oriental empire; but of its ancient buildings, except the walls, and part of the palace which is said to be of Moorish origin, we could not find any traces. Were it not for the numerous churches, Goa would be a silent desert; but their bells continually ringing for the different offices, sometimes make the passing stranger forget the scene of desolation around him. All the laity who can afford it, reside at Panjeem, on account of the unhealthiness of

the city, and this is the reason that none but friars are seen in the streets, with the exception of a few of the poorest class of Portuguese, and some of the lowest casts of Hindoos, who have been converted to Christianity. This conversion is on a very circumscribed scale, as the highest casts, particularly the Bramins and Rajaputes cannot agree to that equality which Christianity in some measure imposes upon its votaries; and, indeed, these converts know nothing more of the Christian practice, than the reverence due to the saints, and the submission, both mental and corporeal, demanded by the priests, with a few outward forms, as they still retain their ancient prejudices about eating beef, &c. If nothing more than this, however, were wanting to make them Christians, it would not be of any great consequence, as the great quantity of fruit and vegetables brought daily to the Bazar, is an ample remedy for that deficiency.

We now set off on our return to Panjeem, and passed a Portuguese frigate lying at her moorings off the city, but her topmasts were struck and her rigging stripped, and thus she was to remain for her station of three years, unless any extraordinary occurrence should call her to Macao. Such is the state of the Portuguese navy which once ruled the Indian seas!

#### THE PRECARIOUS NATURE OF COURAGE, ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

COURAGE, it has been observed, is only acquaintance with danger. This assertion is false. According to Dr. Gall, courage is an innate quality, and he who wants a couple of small elevations on the hinder part of the skull, is, and must ever remain a coward. Gall exhibits the skull of General Wurmser, in which these elevations are very perceptible. This interesting discovery would be of infinite advantage to society, if it assured us that a man does not merely possess this or the other distinguished quality, but that he will not fail to exercise it whenever an opportunity presents itself. This however is not the case. The most perfect human organ is subject to a thousand fortuitous influences. A man may be brave in the morning and a coward in the

afternoon. On the contrary, a few glasses of wine, or a few grains of opium, often elevate the coward to a hero.

Some days after the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, the widow of a gentleman, residing on her estate in the country, was informed one night at supper that a stranger in the hall desired to speak with her. She went, and found an old Officer, with the cross of St. Louis, who stood pale and trembling before her, and in whom she at length recognized a beloved relation, whom she had not seen for many years, a man who had by his valour raised himself from the lowest station in one of the first French regiments to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the honour of knighthood. Exhausted, and scarcely able to speak,

he begged, as well as he could, an asylum for that night. Astonishment, sympathy, and curiosity alternately took possession of her soul. She would have introduced him into the family circle, but he begged to be excused. She offered him refreshments, which he refused, and requested merely an apartment where he might be undisturbed. "To-morrow," said he, "you shall know all; to day I am incapable of gratifying your curiosity."

The lady complied with his request. Next morning when she enquired after him, she was informed that he had walked to and fro in his chamber the whole night; that about two o'clock he wrote a letter, and an hour afterwards called up one of the servants, whom he prevailed upon by a present to carry the letter to the post-office, about three miles distant. She had no time to consider what could be the meaning of all this, for her guest just at the moment entered the room.

"Madam," said he, "I owe you a confidence. A voluntary renunciation of all claim to your esteem is my first punishment. Know then, that previous to the late engagement, I was ordered to defend an advantageous post with one hundred grenadiers, if it were but for an hour, as the issue of the battle might depend on the maintaining of this post. The General entrusted this honourable commission to me,—to me, an old soldier covered with wounds, who had never yet failed in my duty. Scarcely did the enemy appear when I fled—wretch that I am! I fled, impelled Heaven knows by what fury. It was not till three hours afterwards that I recovered my recollection; my honour was lost for ever. I hastened to you, intending to implore you to give me an asylum, till I could escape in safety to England, and there conceal my disgrace under an assumed name. But, God be thanked! I have not yet sunk so low. The silence of night has restored me to my intellects: my honour is gone, but not my sense of honour, which prescribed what I ought to do, and without loss of time I obeyed its dictates. A letter is already on its way to the General. It contains a confession of my cowardice, and a request that he would appoint the time and place for me to appear before a court martial, and to receive the punishment which I have deserved. Cheerfully would I purchase with

my life the lost esteem of my General and the pity of my brave comrades."

The lady listened to this account with deep emotion. In vain did she endeavour to comfort her guest, or at least to inspire him with the hope of pardon. "No," cried he wildly, "never can I forgive myself! The General's clemency would only render me still more miserable."

A week passed in which the brave soldier, dishonoured in his own eyes, never quitted his apartment. At length arrived the answer of Marshal Villars, written at Quesnoy, the 26th of September, 1709. It was as follows:—

"It is a melancholy thing for human nature, that a man of unimpeached courage for more than forty years, should suddenly forget what he owed to the most sacred of duties and to himself; but it is not less noble in the same man, that when the confusion of mind by which he was hurried away subsided, he should voluntarily offer his life to atone for his crime and the bad example which he has given. Such are my sentiments, poor unfortunate P—; such too are the sentiments of every brave man in the army; and though the laws of war forbid your acquittal, or even the concealment of your fault, yet we all pity you much too sincerely to accept the heroic offer which the bitterest repentance has impelled you to make. Receive then, my poor P—, my warmest wishes, joined to those of your old friends, that time may console you for your misfortune, which we feel almost as severely as yourself."

Did the unhappy man derive comfort from this philanthropic letter?—Ah! no. As justice would not punish him, he resolved to punish himself, and in truth more severely than if he had been condemned by a court-martial to kneel with his eyes bound before his own grenadiers. He returned the cross of St. Louis, went to Calais, where a strong garrison was constantly kept, appeared daily in the uniform of his regiment, but without his sword, and thus doomed himself to the ignominy of serving as a living warning and example to his profession. Bowed down by the weight of years and shame, he was long seen performing this penance, so painful to the feelings of a man of honour.

## THE FATAL INTRIGUE.

MARIE CATHERINE TAPERET, was born at Paris in 1728, of indigent parents, but was decently educated by her grandmother. Her personal charms soon procured her admirers. She gave her hand to an architect, named Lescombat. The young couple resided for some time at the grandmother's; but the sprightly wife, weary of her guardianship, persuaded her husband, by whom she was adored, to take a house for themselves. Here she was at first admitted into the circles of fashion, from which, however, her dissolute way of life soon excluded her again. Her husband was wholly ignorant of her excesses. By her persuasion he even took into his house a number of young men as pupils, of whom Madame Lescombat formed a gay kind of a court.

One of these pupils, named Mongeot, was favoured by her above the rest, and that in such a particular manner, that her hitherto unsuspecting husband at length opened his eyes to his dishonour, reproved her very severely, and turned Mongeot out of his house. From this moment she vowed the destruction of her tyrant, as she denominated Lescombat. With the aid of tears and caresses she contrived to persuade him of her innocence, and to reconcile him with Mongeot. Scarcely was she again in the arms of her gallant, when she had recourse to the most diabolical arts to prevail upon him to murder her credulous husband. The following letter may serve as a mirror of her black heart:—

"Remember your promise, your oath," she writes to Mongeot, "to deliver me from my tyrant. To you I transfer the work of revenge. Heavens! how I pant for the moment of liberty! Chuse your time with judgment, and consider that the lives of us both are at stake. But mark, such is my fury, that if you have not the courage to perform the deed, I will myself find other means of procuring peace. Yes, I am furious: hell is in my heart, and to me nothing is sacred! Ha! if you did but know the heart of an exasperated woman, you would speedily execute my commission. With what transport shall I hear of the death of my husband! with what raptures shall I receive his murderer! How much more amiable than ever will you then appear in my eyes!—But, alas! you are timid, cowardly, you tremble for your life; you never loved me.—O why was it my fate to become acquainted with you! I was living in innocence till you seduc-

ed me. Had I yielded to any other, I had long ago been a widow.

"You think to deter me by the representation of a painful and ignominious death by the hand of the executioner. You paint the horrors of the last moments of a murderer. You desire me to suppose myself at the place of execution, and to imagine that I see your blood flowing for my sake. You threaten me with the like fate. You confess that you should not have the fortitude to endure the torture, but should accuse me as your accomplice. Never mind: all this you must risk. Concern yourself not about my life; it is hateful to me as long as my husband breathes. I cheerfully sacrifice it, so my revenge be but gratified. Is this enough for you? Now go, mean-spirited wretch, go immediately and accuse me. If, however, you fulfil my wishes, if you present yourself to me dripping with the blood of my husband, then indeed expect every thing from me; never did woman love so ardently as I then shall, and evermore you shall be the god of my heart!"

"Well," replied Mongeot, "I will prove that I adore you, and that I am capable of sacrificing my life for your sake. Be the consequences what they may, your husband shall die by my hand. But be magnanimous, grant me one condition: let me challenge him like a man of honour, not dispatch him like an assassin. I hope to vanquish him with ease. I shall thus accomplish your wishes and avoid the foul stigma of assassination. Have patience only a week longer and I will find a proper time and place.

"May none of the misfortunes which I have predicted await you! If we should be discovered, I will endeavour to save your life and not my own."

The fury was not satisfied with this answer. She wrote a second letter, in which she threatened to reconcile herself with her husband, and to confess to him the whole affair. She alternately lavished reproaches and tender expressions on Mongeot; she broke with him for ever, and immediately afterwards vowed everlasting love: in a word, she employed all the arts of a devil incarnate to extinguish the last spark of remorse in the bosom of her misguided lover. In this attempt she was but too successful. Mongeot invited his master to take a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg; Lescombat acquiesced without suspi-

cious, and was unusually cheerful and talkative. Towards night Mongeot proposed to sup at a *Restaurateur's*. His companion agreed to this, and it was eleven o'clock before they rose from table to return home.

On leaving the *Restaurateur's* they had scarcely proceeded a few hundred paces, when Mongeot, flushed with wine, seized a favourable opportunity to run Lescombat through the body with his sword. He fell, and wallowed in his blood. The murderer fled, and in going threw a pistol beside his victim. He soon met with some of the patrol, and told them that he had just killed a man who had stopped him and clapped a pistol to his breast. They took him into custody, and soon found the body of Lescombat. Mongeot adhered to his first declaration, asserting that the man wanted to kill him from motives of unfounded jealousy. On this the wife was also apprehended, but as the murderer asserted her innocence, she was released from her recognizance to appear whenever she might be called upon. Instead of availing herself of her liberty to escape, she went every day to the prison to visit her husband's murderer, with whom she even ate and slept.

Mongeot was removed to the Conciergerie, where his innamorata was not suffered to visit him. This wretched woman, however, consoled herself in the arms of another for this separation. Mongeot being informed of her inconstancy, was highly irritated, and began to waver in his declaration, but without directly accusing her as an accomplice. Hereupon she was taken a second time into custody. Mongeot seemed weary of his life, and no longer denied his crime. He was sentenced to die. Shortly before his execution, he desired to speak with Madame Lescombat in the presence of the judge. This vile woman had the impudence to appear very gaily dressed,

and, as it were, to scoff at the horrors which tormented him. The last thread of this unhallowed passion was now broken, and he declared to the judge, that he was seduced by her alone to commit the murder. He then withdrew, and was broken alive upon the wheel.

When Madame Lescombat was examined, she scornfully replied:—"Mangeot was an unhappy fellow, who long loved me, and for whom I even felt some friendship; but his last declaration proves nothing against me, for he was no longer master of himself." She then requested a more convenient place of confinement, as she was four or five months advanced in pregnancy. This statement being upon examination found correct, her trial was deferred till after her delivery, and the necessary care was taken of her. She produced a boy, and six weeks afterwards was sentenced to undergo the torture, and then to be hanged. She again declared herself pregnant. Another respite of four months and a half was granted her, and during the time she was strictly watched, nevertheless every person was allowed to see her in prison. An eye-witness, who often availed himself of this permission, describes her as a handsome woman, of a fine figure, with large black eyes, a delicate white bosom, and the most beautiful hands and arms. To these personal charms she united a mind stored with ideas derived from novels, and was very entertaining company. Even during her imprisonment she continued to read novels with great assiduity, and seemed totally indifferent to the approach of her last awful moment. It at length arrived, and she had no further reasons for delay to urge. She was hanged in the *Place de Grève*, and is said, when under the hands of the executioner, to have expressed an equivocal kind of repentance.

#### THE REFORMED ROBBER.

FATHER RAPHAEL, an ecclesiastic of a small town in Normandy, was one day sent for into the country to prepare a highwayman for death. The criminal was not more than two or three and twenty, with an interesting physiognomy, and had been seduced by bad company. He had frankly confessed all the circumstances of his guilt; his chains were already taken off, as usual, previous to his execution; and as there was no convenient place in the prison, the clergyman and the culprit

were shut up in a small chapel, which stood detached from any other buildings, at the extremity of the village, and received all its light from an aperture in the middle of the vaulted roof.

Here the ecclesiastic immediately commenced an earnest exhortation to repentance; but though he made it as persuasive and pathetic as possible, he observed that the poor fellow paid very little attention to what he said. As his appearance, age, and confession gave the

father no reason to suppose him a hardened criminal, he was somewhat surprised at this inattention. He ascribed it, however, to a natural levity of disposition, which he did not fail seriously to reprove, and reminded his companion to make the best use of the short time he had yet to live.

"By all means, reverend father," replied the prisoner, "that is just what I should wish to do. Your exhortations are indeed excellent; but yet I doubt whether your reverence would yourself pay much attention to the finest prayers in the world if you were in my place. For, to say nothing about the confoundedly disagreeable sensation, arising from the knowledge, that in a few hours one's neck is to be broken, there is one idea which suggests itself with such force as to occupy my whole soul."

"Well, and what is that?"

"That I might yet find means to get off, if your reverence chose to spare my life."

"I?—I? What do you mean?"

"Don't you see that opening in the roof?"

"Yes, certainly; but what then?"

"That it is a considerable height is evident enough. But if we were to put that altar exactly underneath it, and upon the altar that chair; if your reverence would get upon the chair, and then suffer me to mount upon your shoulders, I should certainly be able to reach it."

"And when you had got up there what would you do?"

"I would scramble down the roof to the cornice, and then a leap of five or six yards would be but a trifle for a man in my situation. I hope that nobody is watching on the outside. The chapel stands detached, a wood is not far off; I can assure you that as soon as I reached the ground, I would run as fast as my legs would carry me."

Here the poor fellow paused. The priest considering the whole plan in silence, with difficulty repressed an involuntary smile, and rejoined:

"Excellent! And I am to assist you to do this!—At a great risk to myself, I am to enable a robber to continue his guilty course! All the depredations which you would henceforth commit——"

"No, reverend Sir, never would I commit any more. I am now fully aware of the consequences. I have this time approached too near the gallows not to avoid it in future as far as lies in my power. I will betake myself to work, and maintain myself honestly, let me toil ever so hard to do it. Help me but this once, I entreat you?"

"The father did not suffer him to solicit long; he only exacted a solemn promise of amendment, and then, though his heart was long before softened in favour of the prisoner, he complied with his request. He assisted to remove the altar, placed the chair upon it himself, and patiently served to lengthen out this singular ladder. The poor fellow certainly had great difficulty to reach the opening; but what will not the fear of death accomplish? When he had crept out, the father listened attentively for some time, and as the leap was followed by no out-cry or noise, he removed the altar and chair to their proper places, and contentedly waited full two hours to see how the affair would end. At length the officers of justice conceiving that the prisoner had been allowed sufficient time to prepare himself, the jailor and executioner went to fetch him away. The former knocked at the door. The ecclesiastic from within replied, that he had long been anxiously wishing to be released. With astonishment they opened the door of the chapel, and with still greater astonishment, they beheld the father sitting all alone in the midst of it. "Where is the prisoner?" was very naturally the first question.

"The prisoner," calmly replied the ecclesiastic, "was either an angel or a devil; it is impossible he could be a man. While I was endeavouring, to the best of my ability, to bring him to a due sense of his guilt, he suddenly rose from the place, and ascended through that aperture. I looked after him, petrified with astonishment, unable to move a limb, or to utter a single word. It was not till you knocked that I regained the power to stir or speak."

The jailor and executioner would willingly have supposed that the father's intellects were deranged; but as the criminal was irrecoverably lost, they knew not whether to consider it as a miracle or a deception. Several of the villagers assembled; but after the most diligent search in every corner of the chapel, no trace of the criminal could be discovered. The executioner, who was the greatest loser by this accident, hastened to acquaint the officers of justice with the circumstance. They repaired to the spot, and to them the ecclesiastic repeated the same story as before. He added, that in no case was it his duty to act the part of keeper to a prisoner, and that he was almost convinced this reputed culprit was innocent; and solemnly swore that he went out at the aperture in the roof. The superstition of the multitude led them to suspect sorcery; and the father took no pains to refute

this opinion. For a week together this adventure was the talk of the whole province, and nothing was then talked of in France for a longer period.

About fifteen years afterwards the father was obliged to take a journey to Languedoc, and, as it happened, just in the winter season. The purse of the ecclesiastic was subject to no very heavy demands. When he did not chance to meet with good-natured travellers, who now and then gave him a lift in their carriages, he pursued his route on foot. This was more frequently his fortune in Guienne; and one day proceeding through a thick forest, he had the misfortune to lose his way. He spent nearly the whole afternoon in endeavouring to get out of the forest, instead of which he only advanced further into it. At length he perceived at a distance a man felling a tree, he went up to him and inquired the nearest road to Cahors.

"Your reverence," replied the rustic, after looking at him attentively for a moment, "have made a considerable circuit from it to the left. The nearest foot-path would take you five hours, and you could scarcely find the way without a guide. Were I in your place, I would seek a lodging for the night, and not think of proceeding further till morning."

"Your advice is very good, but where shall I find a lodging in this neighbourhood?"

"At my little farm-house, scarcely half-a-mile distant. Excuse me for a moment till I have finished felling this tree, and I will take you with me. You will not find a grand, but a tolerable good lodging, and to-morrow you shall have a horse and guide to Cahors."

This was an agreeable proposal, which father Raphael wanted no pressing to accept, for he was excessively fatigued and hungry. He was also pleased with the friendly tone of the countryman, who made as much haste as he could in felling the tree, and having soon finished, set off with our traveller. They presently reached a pretty farm-house; a young, handsome woman seemed to be waiting at the gate of the farm yard for her husband, and advanced a little way to meet him, with a boy in her arms, and a little girl skipping behind her. The ecclesiastic, who was introduced to her as a guest who would pass the night with them, she also received with great civility. After they had warmed themselves a little at the fire, the peasant called his wife aside, and returning in a few minutes, said, with a certain joyful haste:—"No, Margaret, I am not mistaken.—It is he. Come, fall down with me, and let us thankfully embrace the knees

of him who was once my tutelary angel!"—They did so, to the no small surprise of the worthy father, who was totally at a loss to conceive the meaning of these honest people. He wanted to raise them up, and would have asked the reason of this procedure, when his host exclaimed:—"Reverend Sir, look at me more attentively. Perhaps some feature or other may yet remind you of that unhappy wretch, who, without your assistance, would long since have been the food of ravens, who was saved by your almost more than human benevolence, and who now blesses Providence for the opportunity of once more seeing and thanking you; an opportunity which he has numberless times desired, but never ventured to hope for."

The astonishment of the father deprived him for a considerable time of utterance; but he would not rest till the husband and wife had risen, and then he began to make further inquiries. The narrative of his host was to the following effect:—

"After leaping from the roof of the chapel, I got away unperceived. Impelled by the fear of death, I proceeded seven leagues without food of any kind. I then continued my route, subsisting on the alms which I obtained. Often, indeed, was I reduced to the greatest necessity, but firmly adhered to my resolution never to steal again. Once or twice opportunities which had occurred by the way tempted, but did not seduce me. In continual apprehension of being discovered, I kept wandering southward, till one evening I came to the door of this house, and asked charity of the owner himself. The latter sharply reproved me, asking how a man so young and strong as I was could chuse rather to beg than to work; and when I, out of shame replied, that I was actually seeking work, he offered to give me employment during the approaching harvest. I accepted the offer, and continuing in his service after the harvest was over, soon became a favourite with my master, and soon afterwards, in secret—which, to be sure, requires excuse—with his youngest daughter. Both of us supposed that the father would not willingly give his daughter to a poor run-away servant; but that love is not to be deterred by such suppositions, is well known. When the father had discovered, rather too late, this mutual attachment, he was excessively angry for several days, threatening to lock up his daughter, and to discharge me, but at length he yielded to parental affection and necessity. Scarcely a month after our marriage, my wife became, by the death of her elder sister, sole heiress to

her father, and two years afterwards she came into the actual possession of this farm. That I strive as much as possible to repay this woman, who constitutes all my happiness, and yet loves me with all her heart, she will herself attest. She is herself acquainted with my history, but not a soul besides her."

A father can scarcely hear of the deliver-

ance of his only son from death, with greater pleasure than father Raphael listened to this account.

He remained two days with this truly happy pair, and on the third morning, when he was obliged to continue his journey, they loaded him with thanks and presents.

## HERALDRY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCESTRY AND GENTILITY.

HAVING in our last number developed the origin of British Anglo-Saxon genealogy previous to the battle of Hastings, which gave rise to events that laid the foundation of established families, giving new laws to the distribution of property, and introducing a new line of blood into private descent, it will not be irrelevant to take a slight view of the origin and progress of our Norman ancestors.

Many wild conjectures have been advanced by different historians on the original stock from whence sprung the inhabitants of the Cimbric Chersonesus of Norway, and of the other countries of Scandinavia; such an inquiry, however, is as futile as uncertain, though we may rationally conclude that the original emigrants from Scythia, in their progress towards the south, would leave colonies who from time to time spread in this direction. A spirit of bold adventure possessed this restless people, and eager for plunder, or sometimes seeking settlements in more genial climes than those of the frozen north, they made frequent incursions during the ninth and tenth centuries on the coasts of France and Flanders, where they were designated by the general appellation of Normans. Even in their almost savage state, we find the germs of their subsequent pride of ancestry, and fondness for the gorgeous display of heraldry, so conspicuous in the chivalrous ages. Rude and barbarous as they were, yet it appears that they had a taste for poetry, as some specimens of it, well authenticated, are extant at the present day; Lodbrog one of their chiefs, seems to have had an exquisite taste for fighting; for, being a poet as well as warrior, he says:—"The battle is as pleasing to me as the bed of a virgin in the glow of her charms, or the kiss of a young widow in her most secret apartment." Thus estimating the worship of Mars and Venus, or rather of their own tutelary deities Odin and Freiga, as the supreme delights of life, it is not surprising that they expected to enjoy them in their full plenitude

beyond the grave. In consequence of this idea, their mythology in describing the *Val-halla*, or paradise of these heroes, represents their happiness as consisting in a constant repetition of their earthly pastimes; in the morning Odin, with his grisly companions, put on their armour, and amused themselves with cutting each other in pieces; then retiring to the feast, where they were waited on by the fairest virgins, the evening passed away amidst all the delights of the wassel bowl, when they retired to the arms of their fair attendants, who met them the next evening as unsullied virgins, when their lords and masters had been put together again after a fresh cutting up in the field of battle!

Of these inhabitants of the northern countries, the most polished, and at the same time the most warlike, were the emigrated Saxons who had retired into the woods and morasses of Scandinavia, where they mixed themselves by intermarriage with the aboriginal inhabitants, the descendants of the ancient Scythians; here they remained quiet for some time, until confident of their own prowess, impatient of an active life, and burning with revenge for the usurpation of their country, they poured like a torrent on the more southern plains of Europe, carrying devastation even into Germany and France, and were universally called Normans as well as the others, from their geographical situation, although composed of all the different nations of Scandinavia.

In the unsettled state of France and of the empire, these Normans found great advantages, and were ever ready to avail themselves of that want of unanimity which existed among the southern princes; accordingly, in the reign of Charles the Simple, they returned to the Seine, under the command of a most warlike leader, Raoul or Rollo, son of Reginald the Rich, a Danish Earl of the blood royal; who, from disturbances at home, was obliged to leave his native country, and having col-



lected the most enterprising youth of Denmark, and enlisted many of the piratical bands under his banners, he proceeded up the river, took possession of Rouen, which he fortified as his head-quarters, and soon settled himself in perfect security from the attacks of the French. His depredations were now so extensive, that Charles, unable to contend with him, and anxious to restrain that system of plunder which the Normans were carrying into the very heart of his dominions, offered him his daughter in marriage, together with the whole of that part of France then called Neustria, and laying on both sides the Seine. The province of Neustria now assumed the name of Normandy; and these warlike invaders, satisfied with their acquisition, turned their attention to the arts of peace. In this new situation Rollo shewed most consummate genius; he invited his countrymen to join his standard, and bestowed upon them lands to cultivate; he encouraged industry and agriculture, formed a code of laws against robbery and those other species of violence to which his wealthy adherents had so long been accustomed, and by his strict adherence to regularity and justice, soon gave to his subjects a new disposition and a new character.

Such were the Normans, to whom in the course of a few years the accession of William to the British throne gave an entrance and settlement in this country. It is beyond our plan here to trace the historical events of that period, it is sufficient to observe, that although after the battle of Hastings the lands were secured to the Anglo-Saxon occupiers, yet the several revolts which soon after took place gave to the conqueror a pretext for repeated confiscations, which driving away the Saxon nobles from the soil, made way for new Norman families, who began to spread rapidly all over the kingdom, founding a new race and a new genealogy; indeed the far greater part of the ancient English families became now extinguished, the males either falling in battle in the civil commotions, or emigrating to avoid the punishment of their rebellions, whilst the heiresses were eagerly sought after by the Norman adventurers in order to give them a farther security in the possession of their lands.—Such was the general origin of English ancestry.

In adverting to the origin of surnames, it may be observed that of names in general, there are now, properly speaking, but two species, the Christian and Surname: among the ancient Romans, however, there were three; the *Praenomen*, as Marcus or Caius, answered to our Christian name; the *Nomen*, as

Tullus or Julius, seems to have specified the general name of the family, tribe, or clan; and the *Cognomen*, in some instances, marked a peculiar branch of that family, or at other times was given for some peculiarity in the person so designated. The Hebrews, like other Eastern nation, used *Ben*, or Son; a custom, indeed, almost universal, and similar to the Greek Patronymics, as *Pelides* for the son of Pelus, &c. This was also the custom of our ancestors until about the year 987, when the Barons first began to assume surnames from their lands.

Of our present surnames, the oldest in written records are to be found in Domesday Book; some taken from places with the addition of *De*, some from their father's names with the addition of *Fitz*, and others from the offices which they held. Camden tells expressly, "that about the year of our Lord 1000, surnames began to be taken up in France, and in England about the time of the Conquest, or else a little before, under King Edward the Confessor, who was all Frenchified—and in England certain it is, that as the better sort, even from the Conquest, by little and little took surnames, so they were not settled among the common people fully until about the time of Edward the Second, but still varied according to the father's name, as Richardson, if the father's name was Richard, Hodson, if Roger, &c. and from thence began to be established by statute, some say to their posterity," &c.

In Wales, with very few exceptions, names were used with *Ab* or *Ap* only, until the Reformation; in Scotland, about the time of Kenneth, in the year 800, the nobles gave their own names to their lands, names which they had adopted from circumstances; and in Ireland, though cant names, or *Cognomina*, were customary, yet family names were not introduced there till the reign of Henry the Second, in the 12th century.

The writers on the Anglo-Saxon customs inform us that it was usual among this people to give names to their children immediately on their birth; names expressive of some good or some great qualification which the parent wished the infant to possess. But as population increased and became more settled, it often happened that persons residing in the same hamlet, or in the same street, were baptised by the same name, and that their father's names might be the same also; in these cases, it was particularly difficult in conversation, and more so in writing, to identify one from the other, so that they were obliged to add some word to each of those person's names, a

word descriptive of their height, or colour, or disposition, or of any other circumstance remarkable about their persons or their dwellings, in order to distinguish them. The continued preservation of such a custom, of course, accounts for a great variety of the terms in modern nomenclature.

In the change which took place from the union of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans, the native gentry adopted the names of their friends in preference to their own, assuming Henry, Edward, &c. in lieu of Edgar, Egbert, &c. &c. they also imitated them in taking up surnames, and this they did the more readily among the Normans, as it was now considered as dishonourable for those of high rank not to possess a second or family name. It is worthy of remark here, that although the nobility in general had adopted surnames for many generations, yet they had not as yet engraven them on their seals, but made use of the Christian name with the patronymic *Filius*, nor were the surnames inserted until some years afterwards; from this, however, there was neither confusion nor uncertainty, as the arms sufficiently indicated the family of him who signed or granted the deeds of lands, &c. &c.

The Anglo-Saxon gentry at first in imitation of the Normans, took their names from the lands they held, from single manors, from castles, and sometimes from towns; there is however great difficulty in ascertaining the origin of the families which first sprung up, or which first assumed surnames at this period; for many of the foreign settlers not being distinguished by any family name at their first arrival, adopted names from their new English grants, and indeed even in cases where they had French or other foreign family names; yet, styling themselves *de* or *of* the mansion where they resided, the original name in time was dropped entirely, and the designative one only preserved, except in a very few instances where they were careful to retain the ancient name in order to prove their eventual claims to the continental estates. The number of families who now adopted the surname was so great, that there were few places of any consequence that did not give a name to their possessors; these earliest names are easily distinguished from others by their characteristic terminations in common Saxon words,

"In *ford*, in *ham*, in *ley*, in *ton*,

"The most of English surnames run."

The number of these surnames also began to be much increased from their adoption by those who possessed no landed property, but

yet were entitled to coat armour from their gallantry in the crusades and in other wars; these names however at first were strictly armorial and allusive to their arms, which were adopted both in accident and in tincture from the coats of those superior lords to whom they owed suit and service; in most cases indeed there was a difference in the ordinaries, whilst the colours remained the same as in the original shield.

The tilts and tournaments which were so fashionable in the reign of Edward the Third, and often held in the city, tended much to excite a taste for military splendour, as well as civil magnificence; and a number of the citizens being of the best families in the realm, the honours of heraldry were much courted, and the art itself received at the same time the highest polish: for though it appeared in a more gorgeous costume in the fanciful reign of Elizabeth, yet it must be confessed that its elegant simplicity in the days of Edward, was its greatest recommendation. So many families indeed had now a claim to heraldic honours, and the taste of the day requiring that no intrusive claimants should interfere with what was considered as the most sacred part of private property, a new regulation was adopted by the monarch; he divided England into two districts, north and south of Trent, confiding the former to Norroy King of Arms, and the latter to Surroy, though it now forms the province of Clarendieux.

General surnames which had become gradually the distinguishing marks of the families of the gentry, were now adopted by the people in general; this too was much encouraged by the government, as the having baptismal names alone was productive of much trouble and confusion from the impossibility of identifying individuals, particularly in populous cities. This adoption of names, however, was a work of time, for if the nobility and gentry were jealous of the usurpation of their arms, they were equally so of their surnames; so that it would have been esteemed the height of presumption in any individual to have taken that of the Lord from whom he held his land: nay even those who were the inhabitants of towns, and from their success in trade were independent of the Barons, well knew that the assumption of a noble or gentle name, if not punished by the Earl Marshal's Court, would yet subject them to the scorn and derision of their neighbours. Many of them, therefore, designated themselves by the trades which they followed, or by the tools they worked with; and some even took the titles of Emperor, Duke, Baron, or Squire; but these latter names Cambridge

supposes were rather given than assumed, in consequence of the bearers of them having personated some of these characters in the mummers and Christmas gambols so frequent at that time. There were also many who took clerical names, and these are supposed to have originated from their fathers, when widowers, having taken monastic vows, and thus gaining some particular offices in the church, these particular surnames were given to their children in remembrance of it.

This, however, can now only be ascertained by probable conjecture; but it is evident that the terms of trade or the appellations of office, could not alone supply the variety of names required; it appears, therefore, that in a very short time every thing which fancy could dictate was had recourse to, such as the names of birds, beasts, and fishes, mountains, rivers, trees, shrubs, flowers, minerals, metals, and even the varieties of soil, with all their variations of colour and consistence; to these were added, hedges, walls, houses, and even implements of husbandry or household furniture, together with properties of mind or body, with patronymics varied through all their diminutives, such as Wilson, Wilkinson, Robson, Robiuson, &c. &c. Many, perhaps, from not knowing their father's, took their mother's name; whilst numbers, doubtless, were designated by their usual cant or nicknames, and some even by disagreeable appellations. Where strangers were settled in any district, they of course would be marked by the country they came from; so that Scot, Irish, Welsh, French, &c. were speedily changed into fixed and regular surnames. As so many individuals in different parts of the kingdom were obliged to assume similar names, it follows that a similarity of name is in itself no proof of a propinquity of origin; and even those who took their names from places, have now no certain proof of relationship, as there are many places in far distant counties of the same name, such as Sutton, Norton, Weston, Easton, &c.; there is still less probability of relationship in the names of Atwell, Athill, Bythewood, Townsend, &c. Indeed it may be observed once for all, that as similarity of name was no proof of a common descent, so in the same manner, many families nearly related in the male line, were designated often by names totally different from each other.

In a lecture of this kind it is impossible even to give a slight specimen of family names, for the number of these names now in general use is almost incredible; of the letter A alone, there are upwards of one thousand five hundred, and we may fairly give most of

the other letters an equal number. Of the ancient names, many are now totally extinct, whilst others are so corrupted by provincial dialects, and by junior branches falling into poverty and forgetting the true mode of spelling, that it is scarcely possible to trace them, as used now, up to their original sound or signification: a thing which requires no illustration, as it may be exemplified on the doors of every street in London.

Illegitimate children have also acquired names from the circumstances of their exposure to casual charity, or from the injudicious and reprehensible custom of parish officers giving names of ancient families to these forlorn unfortunates. There can be no doubt indeed that many who bear the most illustrious names may fall into poverty; yet as, if this custom had not taken place, there might have been some probability that a *Howard* or a *Mortimer*, though now in the situation of a shoe-maker or a dustman, had really some claim to his illustrious nomenclature; in that case, the head or representative of the family from a laudable pride might have been induced to assist a forlorn, if honest cousin; whereas now we read of a *Percy* picking pockets, or of a *Beauchamp* robbing a henroost, with as much cold indifference as if either of these noble acts had been performed by *Giles Scroggins* or *boxing Billy*.

We must still observe, however, that family names are no where so correctly preserved as in England; in all other countries there is a laxity of nomenclature, which to an Englishman appears incomprehensible; and which certainly operates much against that family union for which our United Kingdom is so remarkable.

There is one custom respecting names highly reprehensible, a custom introduced about the time of Edward VI. and which, since that period, has been carried to such an excess, as to produce much confusion and obscurity in family names and connections. This is the habit of giving surnames instead of Christian names, in honour of the godfathers and godmothers as it was pretended, but in fact merely as an excuse for taking a name, honourable through successive generations, to a family just emerging from obscurity; this custom remains unto the present day, and it is no uncommon thing to see a child whose grandfather can scarcely be ascertained, loaded with the names of the first families in or near its native parish; and of this we often see the foolish parents as proud as if the infant had actually a right to quarter the arms of the families whose names are thus impertinently

usurped. This is a custom even more injurious to society than the romantic names given by a silly *novel skipping* mother to her drawling insignificant daughter; a custom, indeed, not only injurious, but highly ridiculous, for what can be more laughable than to see Master Sydney Nelson Dob folding

laces behind a counter, or Miss Sophomoba Wilhelmina Smuggins spreading out her vegetable stores in Carnaby-market!!! In our next lecture, we shall proceed to the illustrations of Welch, Scottish, and Irish nomenclature.

SECOND EDITION OF MRS. CLARKE'S PUBLICATION.

The second edition of Mrs. Clarke's "*Rival Princes*" has made its appearance, and, as she threatened, with certain additional letters from Lord Folkstone to her. We shall come to the immediate object of the second edition—the refutation of Lord Folkstone's letter, recently published.

In regard to these additional letters of Lord Folkstone, we must say, that they do not bear upon the question at issue at all; they relate, indeed, to other matters, but do not either prove, or tend to prove, Lord Folkstone's knowledge of the supposed plot. We must say, however, that the conduct of Lord Folkstone, in his whole interference with this woman, was defective in that gravity and manly virtue which we should have expected from a Nobleman of his habits and education. His letters are unworthy of an elegant mind or a correct taste; they are full of levity, scarcely decorous, and have in some degree a mixture of malice towards the object of persecution, which should not have been permitted to such a popular cause.

"The next letter which I beg to introduce to the notice of the reader, is of some importance to the support of my book, as it speaks of a hundred pounds which Wardle presented (as Dodd and Wardle informed me) from the Duke of Kent to Miss Taylor, for her services; but the Duke may have a short memory, and now thinks it political to forget his GOOD DEEDS!

'DEAR MADAM,

'I forgot to give you at the play last night, the inclosed, which Wardle had given me for you; I therefore now send it to you.

'I also forgot to desire you to beg of Miss Taylor not to employ the 100l. which Wardle

gave to her, but let it go to the subscription. If she has not now spent it, send it me, and I will put it down to Budd's book. It will have, I think, a much more advantageous effect in that way.

'I hope that you got away from the play without a mobbing; and that you are well to-day.—I am, your's truly,

(Signed)

'FOLKSTONE.'

'Tuesday morning, half-past 2 o'clock.'

'Of course I need not beg of you, if you send the £100 note, to send it me under cover.'

"This letter must convince the reader that this political party wanted back the Duke's present of £100 to swell out the subscription which had been proposed by Mr. Cobbett, and was supported with such public enthusiasm."

'DEAR MADAM,

April 12.

'I am not to see Mrs. Elderton till this evening at nine. Will you give me some dinner in my way there at seven? I do not think I shall be kept at the House beyond this time.—Truly your's, (in haste)

'FOLKSTONE.'

"I am about to introduce to my reader a curious letter, which I found in my iron-chest, full of VERY CURIOUS LETTERS, among which, I entertain a hope, that I shall lay my hand upon a note of the Duke of Kent's, which I am inclined to think that Major Dodd dropped in pulling out his handkerchief, after he had taken a large portion of Mr. Illingworth's wine, which he thinks I am weak enough to pay for!!!

"I shall introduce this letter from Dr. O'Meara, and then the reader may give the sanguinary part of the epistle what credit he pleases; but certainly Robespierre never did a cooler thing than that which is said to have distinguished the patriotic Colonel when in Ireland.

"The reader will see that the letter is writ-

ten to my brother, Capt. Thompson, who most probably left it with me, when I had no idea of its ever making a public appearance."

'Dublin, 29, Frederick-street.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I congratulate you on the victory Mrs. Clarke has gained over the Mushroom Patriot; I think we could give him *le coup de grace*. I have collected some curious particulars of his own campaign in Ireland; one most horrible, and which will be proved on oath. One day during the rebellion he met a poor man, near Athy, with a satchel on his back, containing an axe, an auger, a saw, &c. he immediately concluded that the poor man was a rebel, having such dangerous weapons concealed in a sack. In vain the poor man declared that he was a carpenter, and that these were his tools. The Colonel could not be convinced, and he ordered his head to be sawed off, which was done on the spot. I hope Mrs. C. now that she has passed through this ordeal trial, will have no objection to state the whole truth of my private and personal friends. She told me she did not intend to mention my name; that she was forced by Mr. Wardle to embellish as she did with respect to me. The blow was aimed at the Established Church, to stab it through the sides of a Clergyman; the Reformists and Methodists being leagued together to pull down both Church and State.

'My letters in defence of the Duke were not mentioned, which was the ground and cause of my introduction to him; and his Royal Highness having thanked me for writing those letters, I ventured to ask him for the Chaplaincy of the Royal Yacht, and for which he promised to apply, on my forwarding to him a letter of recommendation from some Bishop, and which I did from Bath, directed to Portman-square: this fact I wish to have cleared up, to shew the Archbishop and my friends here.

'Cobbett says I preached at Weymouth, from under the wings of Mrs. C. whereas it was the year before I preached before the Royal Family, viz. 1804. In the Microcosm of London, it is difficult to distinguish ladies under protection from ladies of fashion; each of these orders borrow the manners of the other, and they act their parts as naturally; it is no wonder a man of so much simplicity was deceived by the illusions of graceful manners, and modest discourse. The goddess Hecate, who presided over magic and enchantments, was the same with Luna and Diana. Mrs. C. could personate this divinity with

ease, assuming all her forms, attributes, and functions, and Mr. O. assured me she was a widow in the last month of her grief.—The Masquerade was continued by the visits of ladies of fashion at her house, and the visiting cards of many of high consideration, &c. &c. &c.

'I intend being in London in Spring, when I hope to see you, and I shall be glad to get an answer to this letter.

'When you see Mr. O. give him my best regards.

'I am, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

'22d Dec. 1809.

'T. O'M.'

'I opened this letter to add, that the letter of mine which was found by the Secret Committee, and which has been so much misrepresented as an indecent production, was an answer to a boxing letter I got from Mrs. C. in which she said she was tired of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, &c. &c. that Mary Magdalen was not more penitent, and entreating that I would comfort the weak-hearted, and find out for her a cheap and safe asylum in Ireland. I answered the epistle of this witty piece of *Eve's flesh*, in print, and for which the Saints and Reformers have splashed me with abuse. Mrs. C. got back this letter, and I hope she will preserve it, and the Archbishop's letter.'

Thus it is that the corrupt in every situation of public life proceed: if the venality of a Statesman is reprobated, we are endeavouring to raise tumult in the State: if the profligacy of a Churchman, it is the destruction of the church which is meditated; whereas it is the exposure and removal of such men that can alone preserve either Church or State.

Mrs. Clarke next introduces the Duke of Kent's late publication in the newspaper, upon which she makes the following comments:—

"When the Duke of Kent was first apprised of the suspicions his own family entertained of his conduct, why did he not do what the feelings of any ordinary person would have suggested as a duty to his honour and character? Why did he not send to me in a bold and manly way, and say, 'Madam, I understand my servant, Major Dodd has united himself with a Colonel Wardle, who is now commencing proceedings against my own Royal Brother. As such a friendship and connection is repugnant to my feelings, I beg to inform you, that, if you should have been led to expect that I afforded my private assistance to

such a measure, you are much deceived, as I am determined to take every means of shewing my disapprobation to any injury attempted to be done to the character and feelings of my Brother, and to assist him in bringing these persons to justice, and public disgrace, who may take the liberty to couple my name with such an *infamous* and **FOUL ACT**."

"I say, why did not the Duke of Kent do something of this kind, and then he would not now have had an occasion to address the public upon his *innocence*, which is only supported by the word of a man whom I have shewn, in the course of my narrative to be a great liar, and equal to the dirtiest acts that can possibly disgrace the Gentleman."

"In the first volume of this work, page 95, 97, and 98, the reader will see that I do not deal in empty assertion. Major Dodd there solemnly declares he had nothing to do with my papers; and, in the next page, I introduce his own letter, in which he speaks of the letters and papers he *artfully* obtained from me to shew the Duke of Kent!!!

"There is ample room for me to dilate upon the Duke of Kent's conduct on this business, if I were not already satisfied that I had made out my case, and that any thing Dodd may say or swear for his Royal Master will rather injure than serve him!

"As I am determined not to compromise my character and feelings to screen any man, however elevated in life, I have thought it right to answer the Duke of Kent's declaration in this way, and now I beg leave to address him personally upon the subject!

"If the Duke will allow me, I will appear in any place or Court of Justice, and describe his hand-writing, and also swear to the purport of those letters which Major Dodd brought repeatedly for me to read."

"If the Duke of Kent had been prudent, he never would have noticed my book, which he ought to have affected to TREAT WITH CONTEMPT, and then he would have stood better with the country.—But unfortunately for some people, they will be writing, which has already injured Lord Folkstone, who though fond of his pen, did not choose to write his name in the subscription book opened for Colonel Wurdle, from then believing him undeserving of a guinea! Sir Francis Burdett, I believe, was impressed with the same belief, but a man's politics will lead him to make strange sacrifices of private feeling and principle, in order to support a favourite system of hostility to the Government."

Upon the whole of the preceding body of extracts, and, indeed, upon the more important part of the pamphlet itself, it will be remarked that Mrs. Clarke cannot in this, or in other instances, wherein she has been believed, produce a single scrap of a document to support her testimony. The whole of the charge, therefore, that Major Dodd said he came from the Duke of Kent, rests upon her naked word; that he *did* so come is a fact more remote from proof still,

## HISTORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS SOCIETY CALLED THE ILLUMINATI, IN GERMANY.

ILLUMINATI is the name which was assumed by a secret society or order, founded, on the first of May 1776, by Dr. Adam Weishaupt, professor of canon law in the University of Ingolstadt. The real object of this order was, by clandestine arts, to overturn every government and every religion; to bring the sciences of civil life into contempt; and to reduce mankind to that imaginary state of nature when they lived independent of each other on the spontaneous productions of the earth. Its avowed object, however, was very different. It professed to diffuse from secret societies, as from so many centres, the light of science over the world; to propagate the purest principles of virtue; and to re-instate mankind in the happiness

which they enjoyed during the golden age fabled by the poets. Such an object was well adapted to make a deep impression on the ingenuous minds of youth; and to young men alone Weishaupt at first addressed himself.

It will naturally occur to the reader, that the means of attaining this glorious object should have been made as public as possible; and that the veil of secrecy thrown over the proceedings of the order was calculated to excite suspicion, and to keep even young men of virtue and sagacity at a distance. In any other country than Germany secrecy might perhaps have had this effect; but various circumstances conspired there to make it operate with a powerful attraction.

Ever since free-masonry had acquired such



reputation throughout Europe, a multitude of petty secret societies had been formed in the universities of Germany, each having its lodge, its master, its mysteries, all modelled on those founded by masons coming from England and Scotland. Before the foundation of Weishaupt's order, these lodges, we believe, were in general harmless; or if they were productive of any evil, it was only by giving the youth of the universities a taste for secrecy and mysticism. Of this Weishaupt availed himself; and as soon as he had conceived the outlines of his plan, and digested part of his system, he initiated two of his own pupils, to whom he gave the names of AJAX and TIBERIUS, assuming that of SPARTACUS to himself. These two disciples soon vying with their master in impiety (for it will be seen by and bye that he was most impious), he judged them worthy of being admitted to his mysteries, and conferred on them the highest degree which he had as yet invented. He called them *Arcopagites*, denominated this monstrous association, THE ORDER OF ILLUMINATI, or ILLUMINEES, and installed himself GENERAL of the order.

When public report spread the news in Germany of this new order having been founded in the University of Ingolstadt by Weishaupt, it was generally supposed to be one of those little college-lodges which could not interest the adepts after they had finished their studies. Many even thought that Weishaupt, who was at that time a sworn enemy to the Jesuits, had founded this lodge with no other view than to form a party for himself against these fathers, who after the suppression of their order had been continued in their offices of public teachers at the University of Ingolstadt; and this opinion the illuminees were at pains to propagate. His character, too, was at this time such as to remove every suspicion from the public mind. A seeming assiduity in his duty, and a great shew of zeal and erudition in expounding the laws, easily misled people to believe that his whole time and talents were engrossed with the study of them; and if we are to credit his own account, Ingolstadt had never witnessed a professor so well calculated to add new lustre to its university.

This seems, indeed, to have been the general opinion as well as his own; for, some time after the foundation of his order, he applied himself with such diligence and apparent candour to the duties of his office, that he was chosen what Abbé Barruel's translators call *SUPERIOR* of the university. This new dignity only added to his hypocrisy, and fur-

nished him with fresh means of carrying on his dark designs. He converted his house into one of those boarding houses where young men, perpetually under the eye of their masters, are supposed to be better preserved than anywhere else from the dangers which threaten them at that age. He solicited fathers and mothers to entrust their children to his care; and, counterbalancing in secret the lessons which he was obliged to give in public, he sent home his pupils well disposed to continue the same career of seduction which he himself carried on at Ingolstadt. Atrociously impious, we see him (says M. Barruel), in the first year of his illuminism, aping the God of Christianity, and ordering *Ajax*, in the following terms, to propagate the doctrines of his new gospel: "Did not Christ send his apostles to preach his gospel to the universe? You that are my Peter, why should you remain idle at home? Go then and preach."

These preachers had yet received no particular designation; for when his first adepts were initiated, he was far from having completed the code of his order. He knew that years and experience were necessary to perfect that gradual system of initiations and trials which, according to the plan he had conceived, his novices were to undergo; but he could not endure the idea of sacrificing years to mere theoretic projects; and he flattered himself with the hopes of supplying the deficiencies of his incomplete code by provisional regulations and private instructions, and of acquiring associates who would receive his new gospel implicitly, and co-operate with him in all his views.

At length, however, the code was completed, and the sect divided into two grand classes; and each of these again subdivided into lesser degrees, proportionate to the progress of the adepts.

The first class is that of *PREPARATION*. It contains four degrees, viz. those of *Novice*, of *Minerval*, of *Minor Illuminee*, or *Illuminatus Minor*, and of *Major Illuminee*, or *Illuminatus Major*. To this class belong likewise some intermediary degrees, borrowed from freemasonry, as means of propagation. Of the masonic degrees, the code of the *Illuminati* admits the first three without any alteration; but it adapts more particularly to the views of the sect the degree of *Scotch Knight*, and styles it the degree of *Directing Illuminee*, or *Illuminatus dirigens*.

The second class is that of the *MYSTERIES*, which are subdivided into the *lesser* and *greater mysteries*. The lesser comprehend the priest-

hood and administration of the sect, or the degrees of priests, and of regents or princes.

In the *greater mysteries* are comprehended the two degrees of *Magus* or philosopher, and of the *Man-king*. The *elect* of the latter compose the *council* and degree of *Areopagites*.

"In all these classes, and in every degree (says the Abbé Barriel), there is an office of the utmost consequence, and which is common to all the brethren. It is that which is occupied by him who is known in the code by the appellation of *Recruiter*, or *Brother Insinuator*. This (continues our author) is not a term of my invention: it is really to be found in the code, and is the denomination of that illuminee, whose employment is to entice members into the sect."

As the whole strength of the order depended upon the vigilant and successful exercise of this office, some brethren were carefully instructed for it, who might afterwards visit the different towns, provinces, and kingdoms, in order to propagate the doctrines of illuminism. Weishaupt proposed to select as his apostles either weak men, who would implicitly obey his orders, or men of abilities, who would improve the office by artifices of their own. It was, however, a duty which every brother was obliged to exercise once or twice in his life, under the penalty of being for ever condemned to the lower degrees.

To stimulate the ardour of the brother insinuator, he was appointed superior over every novice whom he should convert. To assist his judgment, he was instructed in three important points concerning the description of men whom he ought to select for conversion, the means which he ought to employ for enticing them to enter the order, and the arts which he ought to study to form their character.

To enable the recruiter to determine whom he ought to select for conversion, he was to insinuate himself into all companies; he was to pry into the character of all whom he should meet with, whether friends, relations, strangers, or enemies; he was to write down all his remarks regularly every day; to point out their strong and weak sides, their passions and prejudices, their intimacies, their interests, and their fortune. This journal was to be transmitted twice every month to the superiors; by which means the order would learn who were friendly or hostile to their views, and who were the individuals to whom they ought to direct their arts of seduction.

The persons to be excluded were all such as would expose the order to suspicion or reproach. All indiscreet talkers, all who were

proved violent, and difficult to be managed, all addicted to drunkenness, and all Pagans, Jews, and Jesuits, were to be rejected. As the patronage of princes would tend much to enrich and strengthen the society, it was agreed to admit them to the inferior degrees, but they were never to be initiated into the grand mysteries; they were never to rise beyond the degree of Scotch Knight.

The persons to be selected were young men of all stations, from eighteen to thirty; but particularly those whose education was not completed, and consequently whose habits were not formed. "Seek me out (says Weishaupt in his directions to the insinuator) the dexterous and dashing youths. We must have adepts who are insinuating, intriguing, full of resource, bold and enterprising; they must also be flexible and tractable, obedient, docile, and sociable." In another place he says, "Above all things pay attention to the figure, and select the well made men and handsome young fellows. They are generally of engaging manners and nice feelings. When properly formed, they are the best adapted for negotiations; for first appearances prepossess in their favour. It is true, they have not the depth that men of more gloomy countenances often have. *They are not the persons to be entrusted with a revolt, or the core of stirring up the people*; but it is for that very reason we must know how to choose our agents. I am particularly fond of those men whose very soul is painted in their eyes, whose foreheads are high, and whose countenances are open. Above all, examine well the eyes, for they are the very mirrors of the heart and soul. Observe the look, the gait, the voice. Every external appearance leads us to distinguish those who are fit for our school."

Though young men were preferred, yet persons of all ages were to be admitted if their character accorded with the principles of the order. The insinuator was desired to seek out those who were distinguished by their power, riches, or learning. "Spare no pains (says Weishaupt), spare nothing in the acquisition of such adepts. If heaven refuse its succour, conjure hell.

*Fluctere si nequeas superos, Achæonta morata*"

Persons were to be singled out from those professions which give men influence over others, or put them in the most favourable situation for disseminating any peculiar opinions. With this view, schoolmasters, and superintendants of ecclesiastic seminaries, were to be sought after with much care. Booksellers, post-masters, and the se-



cretaries of post-offices, were also to be selected. Those professions which accustomed men to speak and argue, as that of counselors and attorneys, and even physicians, were also to be courted. "They are worth having (says Weishaupt), but they are sometimes real devils, so difficult are they to be led; they are, however, worth having when they can be gained over." Every exertion was to be made to gain the officers of a prince, whether presiding over provinces or attending him in his councils. "He that has done this, has done more than if he had engaged the prince himself."

There was also another description of men of whom Weishaupt very wisely judged that they would be admirably fitted for the diffusion of his doctrines. These were the disappointed and dissatisfied. "Select those in particular (says he) who have met with misfortunes, not from accidents, but from some injustice; that is to say, in other words, the discontented; for such men are to be called into the bosom of illuminism as into their proper asylum.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY,

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

"Look through nature up to nature's God!!!"

HAVING, in our preceding Numbers, entered at considerable length into a technical explanation of *Botanical Terms*, and into a slight illustration of the three first classes, we are now come to a part of our plan more particularly applicable to our fair readers. This division of our *Botanical Plan* will therefore contain the *Philosophy of Flora*, illustrative of ornamental and useful horticulture, containing in each Section a specimen of such trees, shrubs, flowers, herbs, both culinary and medicinal, as come more immediately under the eye of fair florists, in their lawns, shrubberies, hot and green-houses, flower-knots, bow-pots, kitchen-gardens, and plats of simples, either for cosmetics or the common medicinal purposes to which a good "*Lady Bountiful*" might apply them. With these we shall give the botanical definitions, modes of culture, habitations, and hints for rendering them more ornamental, either by situation, or by grouping and contrasting with other trees and shrubs. This will naturally be accompanied with the history of each plant, its first discovery, or its first mention in general history, notices of its being naturalized in this climate if exotic; and the whole will be enlivened by classic references and illustrations, and sometimes by modern anecdote.

In looking round us to select subjects for  
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such a NATIONAL WORK, our attention is irresistibly arrested by the

### BRITISH OAK.\*

This tree, the pride and glory of our forests, the safeguard and protector of our happy isle, has the first claim upon our illustration, to which it prompts us not only by the dignity of its station in the vegetable world, but also by the variety of domestic uses to which it is conducive. The antient and aboriginal native of Britain, it is fitted by the *all-bounteous giver* to almost every variety of soil; alone and unprotected, it shrinks not from the summer's sun, it braves the winter's blast; in every soil it finds a residence, but if well defended in its infant state, there is no rugged moor nor blasted heath in which it will not grow to national advantage.

The general name is *Robur*, but there are

\* In the execution of this part of our plan it is, of course, unnecessary to occupy our pages with sketches of those trees, &c. which are familiar to the view of our fair readers; we shall, however, sedulously select such specimens as may occur of the rarer plants, and of such varieties as are really necessary for the illustration of these popular essays, and for the further explanation of the Linnean classification.

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species called *Quercus*, from which the corrupted name of *Cork*, the bark of the Spanish and Italian oaks. By scientific botanists it is designated as of the class and order MONOECIA POLYANDRIA; the *Oak* with oblong deciduous leaves, broader toward the top, having acute indentures with obtuse angles; the common *English Oak* which for ship building, and other economical purposes, far excels all other trees throughout the universe. We have in England a variety called the *Female Oak*, not so common as the first; but there may be seen many large specimens of this kind in the woods of Kent and Sussex. Of this *Genus*, there are fourteen species, nine of which are deciduous, and five ever-green. In some parts of the Continent, the acorns are used for bread; the oak also yields the gall so useful in dying, and in Italy and the South of France, a fly produces on it the kermes used in ancient times for dyeing red, but now superseded by the Cochineal. The common Oak flowers in spring, but there is no exact time for the opening of its flowers or leaves; it naturally flourishes best in a rich, deep loam, but as lands of that nature are now more usefully employed in arable and pasture, it is of the more importance to transfer its culture to other large tracts of land which at present produce but a small profit to their owners. There are many wastes and commons particularly calculated for the raising of oak, and which being situated on the banks of navigable rivers and canals, possess every facility, at some future period, of an easy carriage to the coast, from whence in after ages these ornaments of our isle may be launched upon the ocean, the future guardians of British liberty and commerce. Evelyn, in his *Sylva*, observes, that they are generally raised in vast quantities together in woods, where they thrive best, and arrive to a greater height than in hedge-rows. In fact, we seldom see a fine oak in a hedge-row, though there they are often highly ornamental, by throwing out wide spreading lateral branches, and forming fine heads but with very short stems; in woods this is not the case, for there they draw, or rather force each other up to any height necessary for use.

No tree when planted singly or in clumps is more elegant than the oak; hear how our horticultural poet emphatically exclaims,

“———behold yon oak,  
“How stern he frowns, and with his broad  
brown arms,  
“Chills the pale plain beneath him!”

Whilst recommending the oak as ornamental

in our lawns, we cannot help noticing the judicious observations of an early writer, who says that if our forests and chaces were stored with this spreading tree at handsome intervals, then grazing might be improved for the feeding of deer and cattle under them, affording the most picturesque scenery when benignly visited with the gleams of an evening sun, and adorned with the distant landscapes appearing through the opening glades and frequent vallies. It must be confessed indeed, as far as regards either natural or artificial landscape, that the Oak is the most picturesque of all trees, if considered singly, and is at the same time the most accommodating in grouping and in composition; for it contrasts not harshly with any subject, but is equally suited to the grandest or to the simplest pastoral scenes. To the scathed tower, or mouldering Gothic arch, it adds new dignity; beneath its shadowy arms, the purling brook may be led to meander with great propriety, and the repose of the lowliest scene may be heightened by their reflection in the mantling pool.

From the earliest antiquity this tree has been highly celebrated; it formed the civic wreath in the simple days of Roman glory, and gave shade and shelter to the ancient British Druids; in later times it has not been less noticed in British literature. That tree immortalized by nature's poet as “*Herne's Oak*” still exists, or is fondly supposed to do so in Queen Elizabeth's walk in the little park at Windsor; it is easily known, as all the others are elms, and is even now a large tree, measuring four-and-twenty feet in circumference; it is indeed now so vigorous and seems so young, that some have supposed it could not have been a fit tree for “*Herne the Hunter*” to have danced round so many years since.

It has not been less noticed in real history, as the tree at Boscobel which sheltered the fugitive Charles after the battle of Worcester, was famous for a century after as the *Royal Oak*; it is now no longer in existence, but several have been raised from its acorns, one of which is still in the botanic garden at Chelsea.

Of more recent celebrity we may notice that remarkable tree in Hainault Forest, the *Fairlop Oak*; its age is uncertain, but it must be very great, as its branches extend upwards of three hundred feet in circumference; the annual fair held under its venerable shade, is still the resort of mirth and jollity, but as some accidents had nearly destroyed it, it is now fenced round with a close paling, and a

composition has been applied to its decayed branches to guard it against the injuries of the weather. It has also been well known from the meetings held near it by the "Hainault Foresters," for the purpose of enjoying their favourite amusement of archery.

We must still lament that the culture of the Oak is too much neglected; it is the duty of every patriotic landholder to set apart some land for the generous purpose of raising this useful timber, by which his latest descendants may protect their liberties, and their commerce.

"Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
 "The weeping amber, and the barmy tree,  
 "While by our Oaks, the precious loads are borne  
 "And realms command which these trees adorn!"

The Oak naturally leads to the Laurel; this honoured and honourable shrub has not only lost its ancient name, but is now confounded in common acceptance with a shrub which is only known to more modern times in Europe. That which we now call Bay was the ancient Laurel, and the fruit of it was properly called bayes; but botanists still distinguish the sweet bay as the *Laurus*, and the common laurel as the *prunus laurocerasus*. It is now a well established fact that the modern sweet bay is the true *Laurus* of the Romans, and the *Daphne* of Grecian times; this was the shrub which furnished the Delphic wreath to shade the brows of triumphant heroes; it was this which decorated the portals of the Cæsars, and of the *Pontifex Maximus*; it was this whose virtues were celebrated as beneficial to the sick; and which was even considered so essential to religious ceremonies as to form a crown for the Pythian Priestess, and to afford nourishment to the sacred fire. This then the true

#### LAURUS

is designated by botanists as the *Eucaendria Monogynia*, and comprehends six varieties, the Cinnamon, Camphor, Persea, Borbonia, Benzoin, and Sassafras. From the ancient and universal celebrity of the Sweet Bay, Linnæus gives it the epithet of *Nobilis*; in our climate it is nothing more than a shrub, but in more genial latitudes, and in the south of Europe, it ranks among the trees, often growing to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Its leaves in all cases are evergreen, and of a fine texture, and its flowers dioecious, or male and female on different trees. The first date of its cultivation in England was so late as 1562, but it is a native of the southern parts of

Europe, and of many parts of Asia in the same parallel. Scopoli, the naturalist, found it in the woods of Istria; at Moutru also, near the Lake of Geneva, Haller describes it as abounding in the orchards; and our countryman, Ray, observed it to be very common in his time in the woods and hedges in Italy. On Mount Ida it was found by Belonius, and there are some very large trees of it on Mount Athos; in Greece, too, it has been noticed by the Abbe St. Pierre, who says that bay trees are no where more common than on the banks of the river Peneus in Thessaly, a simple fact which at once accounts for the classic tale of the metamorphosis of Daphne, the daughter of that river god.

The broad-leaved bay of Italy, Spain, and Asia, has leaves much broader and smoother than our common shrub; but though cultivated here, it is almost too tender for our winters. The common bay, however, is seldom injured, except by very intense frosts; it is therefore extremely useful as an ornamental shrub, having several varieties, some with plain leaves, others waved on the edges, and in some nurseries it may be found with variegated leaves. Both its leaves and berries are well known for their aromatic astringent taste and their fragrant smell; the berries have these much stronger than the leaves, but both are useful in domestic medicine.

As to its mode of cultivation, it may be produced by layers, but the most usual mode is by suckers; yet the best method is by seeds, as those raised by suckers never keep to one stem, but send out numerous shoots of a very inferior height. There is one great advantage attending the culture of the common bay in ornamental plantations, independent of its being an evergreen; it will grow under the shade of other trees when they are not planted too close, and therefore forms a handsome border for deciduous shrubberies. In short, if we consider it as a plant of beauty and elegance, refreshing by its salubrious smell, and reviving by its medicinal properties, it is well deserving of improved cultivation; and it will always have a fine effect with persons of refined taste and classical endowments, by recalling the most pleasing passages of ancient literature and of the most admired poets.

That shrub which we now designate the Laurel, and botanists *Prunus Laurocerasus*, is of the class and order ICOSANDRIA MONOGYNIA; its flowers are racemous, its leaves evergreen and bi-glandular at the back. Naturalists describe the common Laurel as a shrub, sending off long spreading branches covered with a smooth brown bark; its leaves

elliptical or obovate, slightly serrated, alternate, upon strong short footstalks, and the fruit resembling a black cherry both in external and internal structure. It is not a native of Europe but of the Levant, of Mount Caucasus, and of the hilly parts of Persia, and was first introduced into Germany from Asia, by way of Constantinople, in the year 1576, when it was called the *Late of Trebisonde*. When the first plant, which was sent to the botanist Clusius, arrived at Vienna, it was almost dead; anxious to preserve it he put it into a stove, and kept it there during the winter. In the spring he took it out and put it in a shady place, and in autumn it began to shoot from the root; when a little advanced in growth he laid down the branches which soon took root, and he then distributed them among his friends and people of eminence; such was the origin of a plant now so common throughout Europe. It soon found its way to England, and in 1629 was cultivated in a private garden at Highgate; there its growth must have been

rapid, for in 1633 it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, as the "Cherry Bay;" and it soon spread into our various gardens and shrubberies, where it is much admired for its beauty and as an evergreen.

With respect to domestic purposes, Laurel leaves possess a bitter astringent taste, and a kind of flavour like a nut; this is often reckoned grateful, and it has therefore been used in custards and puddings. There, as the proportion of juice is but inconsiderable in a large quantity of milk, it is likely that no bad effect can readily be produced, yet since the poisonous quality of this shrub is now sufficiently known, we ought to be more on our guard against its use, particularly as to many animals its poison is almost instantly fatal. The case of Sir Theodosius Boughton is in every one's recollection; but the poison administered to him was highly concentrated by distillation.

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

### THE BOROUGH, A POEM, BY THE REV. G. CRABBE, L. L. B.

It gives us sincere satisfaction that we can congratulate the public on the appearance of such a poem as the *Borough* of Mr. Crabbe. So much inane wretchedness, so many myriads of descriptive lines containing nothing but green trees and flowery fields, and even this verdure of the trees, and flowery luxuriance of the fields, concealed from the imagination amidst a cloud of verbs, so that even natural images lose their effect; amidst such inanity, it is really a public acquisition when such a poet as Mr. Crabbe appears.

In such a work as this, it does not belong to us to enter into a detailed analysis of the particular kind of writing in which Mr. Crabbe excels. But it would be injustice, even in the mention of the name of this gentleman, not to add that he is not only the first Poet now living of his kind, but that he is likewise the first, of his kind, of any that the country has ever produced. He is at the head of a new species of poetry, the comic descriptive. Taking the pen of a comic writer, and the fancy, the images, the spirit of poetry, he presents the public with a poetical comedy, or comic poem, in which humour, character, and even

plot, that is, natural action and natural narrative, are portrayed with the effect of a dramatist, and with the vigour and genius of poetry. His characters have the fidelity of life, and his language and his images the vigour of poetical feeling and expression. With this observation we proceed to examples, which we shall arrange under the heads of those qualities which in the above short character we have given of Mr. Crabbe.

#### NATURAL DESCRIPTION.—A GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY SEAT PLACED ON A HILL.

"Thy walks are ever pleasant; every scene  
"Is rich in beauty, lively, or serene—  
"Rich—is that varied view with woods  
"around,  
"Seen from the seat, within the shrubbery  
"bound;  
"Where shines the distant lake, and where  
"appear  
"From ruins bolting, unmolested deer;  
"Lively—the Village Green, the inn, the  
"place,  
"Where the good widow schools her infant  
"race.

"Shops, whence are heard, the hammer and  
the saw,  
"And village pleasures unprov'd by law;  
"Then how serene! when in your favourite  
room,  
"Gales from your jasmines soothe the evening  
gloom;  
"When from your upland paddock you look  
down,  
"And just perceive the smoke which hides the  
town;  
"When weary peasants at the close of day  
"Walk to their cots, and part upon the way;  
"When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,  
"And shepherds pen their folds, and rest  
upon their crook."

#### ENVIRONS OF A LARGE SEA-PORT TOWN.

"We prune our hedges, prime our slender  
trees,  
"And nothing looks untutor'd and at ease;  
"On the wide heath, or in the flow'ry vale,  
"We scent the vapours of the sea-born gale;  
"Broad-beaten paths lead on from stile to  
stile,  
"And sewers from streets, the road-side banks  
defile;  
"Our guarded fields a sense of danger show,  
"Where garden crops with corn and clover  
grow;  
"Fences are form'd of wreck and plac'd  
around,  
"(With tenters tipp'd) a strong repulsive  
bound;  
"Wide and deep ditches by the gardens run,  
"And there in ambush lie the trap and gun;  
"Or you broad board, which guards each  
tempting prize,  
"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."  
"There stands a cottage with an open door,  
"Its garden undefended blooms before;  
"Her wheel is still, and overturn'd her stool,  
"While the lone widow seeks the neighb'ring  
pool;  
"This gives us hope, all views of town to  
shun—  
"No! here are tokens of the sailor-son;  
"That old blue jacket, and that shirt of  
check,  
"And silken kerchief for the seaman's neck;  
"Sea-spoils and shells from many a distant  
shore,  
"And furry robe from frozen Labrador.  
"Our busy streets and Sylvan walks between,  
"Fen, marshes, bog and heath all intervene;  
"Here pits of crag, with spongy, plashy base,  
"To some enrich th' uncultivated space;

"For there are blossoms rare, and curious  
rush,  
"The gale's rich balm, and sun-dew's crimson  
blush,  
"Whose velvet leaf with radiant beauty drest  
"Forms a gay pillow for the plover's breast.  
"Not distant far, an house commodious  
made,  
"(Lonely yet public stands) for Sunday-trade;  
"Thither for this day free, gay parties go,  
"Their tea-house walk, their tipling rendez-  
vous;  
"There humble couples sit in corner-bowers,  
"Or gaily ramble for th' allotted hours;  
"Sailors and lasses from the town attend,  
"The servant lover, the apprentice-friend;  
"With all the idle social tribes who seek,  
"And find, their humble pleasures, once a  
week."

#### HUMOUR—CHURCH-YARD TOMB-STONES. }

"Death levels man,—the wicked and the just,  
"The wise, the weak, lie blended in the dust;  
"And by the honours dealt to every name,  
"The King of Terrors seems to level fame.  
"—See! here lamented wives, and every wife  
"The pride and comfort of her husband's  
life;  
"Here, to her spouse, with every virtue  
grac'd,  
"His mournful widow has a trophy plac'd;  
"And here 'tis doubtful if the dutious son,  
"Or the good father, be in praise outdone.  
"This may be nature; when our friends we  
lose,  
"Our alter'd feelings dictate to our views;  
"What in their tempers teiz'd us or distress'd,  
"Is, with our anger and the dead, at rest;  
"And much we grieve; no longer trial made,  
"For that impatience which we then dis-  
play'd;  
"Now to their love and worth of every kind,  
"A soft compunction turns th' afflicted mind;  
"Virtues neglected then, ador'd become,  
"And graces slighted, blossom on the tomb.  
"Tis well; but let not love nor grief believe,  
"That we assent (who neither lov'd nor  
grieve)  
"To all that praise, which on the tomb is  
read,  
"To all that passion dictates for the dead;  
"But more indignant, we the tomb deride,  
"Whose bold inscription flattery sells to  
pride.  
"Read of this Burgess—on the stone appear,  
"How worthy he! how virtuous! and how  
dear!

"What wailing was there when his spirit fled,  
 "How mourn'd her Lady for his Lord when  
   dead,  
 "And tears abundant through the town were  
   shed;  
 "See! he was liberal, kind, religious, wise,  
 "And free from all disgrace and all disguise;  
 "His sterling worth which words cannot ex-  
   press,  
 "Lives with his friends, their pride and their  
   distress.  
 "All this of Jacob Holmes? for his the name,  
 "He thus kind, liberal, just, religious?—  
   Shame!  
 "What is the truth? old Jacob married thrice;  
 "He dealt in coals, and avarice was his vice;  
 "He rul'd the Borough when his year came on,  
 "And some forget, and some are glad he's  
   gone:  
 "For never yet with shilling could he part,  
 "But when it left his hand, it struck his heart.

#### CHARACTER — THE VICAR.

"Where ends our chance in a vaulted space,  
 "Sleep the departed vicars of the place;  
 "Or most all mention, memory, thought are  
   past,  
 "But take a slight memorial of the last.  
 "To what fam'd college we our Vicar owe,  
 "To what fair county, let historians show:  
 "Few now remember when the mild young  
   man,  
 "Ruddy and fair, his Sunday-task began;  
 "Few live to speak of that soft soothing  
   look  
 "He cast around, as he prepar'd his book;  
 "It was a kind of supplicating smile,  
 "But nothing he peels of applause, the while;  
 "And when he finished, his corrected pride  
 "Felt the desert, and yet the praise denied.  
 "Thus he his race began, and to the end  
 "His constant care was no man to offend;  
 "No haughty virtue stir'd his peaceful mind,  
 "Nor urg'd the Priest to leave the Flock be-  
   hind;  
 "He was his Master's soldier, but not one,  
 "To lead an army of his martyrs on;  
 "Fear was his ruling passion; yet was love,  
 "Of timid kind, once known his heart to  
   move;  
 "It led his patient spirit where it paid  
 "Its languid offerings to a listening maid:  
 "She, with her widow'd mother, heard him  
   speak,  
 "And sought a while to find what he would  
   seek:  
 "Smiling he came, he smil'd when he withdrew,  
 "And paid the same attention to the two;

"Meeting and parting without joy or pain,  
 "He seem'd to come that he might go again.  
 "The wondering girl, no prude, but some-  
   thing nice,  
 "At length was chill'd by his unmelting ice;  
 "She found her tortoise held such sluggish  
   pace,  
 "That she must turn and meet him in the  
   chace:  
 "This not approving, she withdrew till one  
 "Came who appear'd with livelier hope to run;  
 "Who sought a readier way the heart to move,  
 "Than by faint dalliance of unfixing love.  
 "Accuse me not that I approving paint  
 "Impatient hope or love without restraint;  
 "Or think the passions, a tumultuous throng,  
 "Strong as they are, ungovernably strong;  
 "But is the laurel to the soldier due  
 "Who cautious comes not into danger's  
   view?  
 "What worth has virtue by desire untried,  
 "When nature's self enlists on duty's side?  
 "The married dame in vain assail'd the  
   truth  
 "And guarded bosom of the Hebrew-youth;  
 "But with the daughter of the Priest of Oz  
 "The love was lawful, and the guard was  
   gone;  
 "But Joseph's fame had lessen'd in our view,  
 "Had he, refusing, fled the maiden too.  
 "Yet our good Priest to Joseph's praise  
   aspir'd,  
 "As one rejecting what his heart desir'd;  
 "I am escap'd," he said, when none pursu'd,  
 "When none attack'd him, 'I am unsub-  
   du'd.'  
 "Oh pleasing pangs of love," he sang again,  
 "Cold to the joy, and stranger to the pain.  
 "Ev'n in his age would he address the young,  
 "I too have felt these fires, and they are  
   strong;  
 "But from the time he left his favourite  
   maid,  
 "To ancient females his devoirs were paid;  
 "And still they miss him after morning-  
   prayer;  
 "Nor yet successor fills the Vicar's chair,  
 "Where kindred spirits in his praise agree,  
 "An happy few, as mild and cool as he;  
 "The easy followers in the female train,  
 "Led without love, and captives without  
   chain.  
 "Ye lilies male! think (as your tea you sip,  
 "While the town small-talk flows from lip to  
   lip;  
 "Intrigues half-gather'd, conversation-scrap,  
 "Kitchen-cabals, and nursery-mishaps),

"If the vast world may not some scenes pro-  
 duce,  
 "Some state where your small talents might  
 have use;  
 "Within seraglios you might harmless move,  
 "Mid ranks of beauty, and in haunts of love;  
 "There from too daring man the treasures  
 guard,  
 "An easy duty, and its own reward;  
 "Nature's soft substitutes you there might  
 save,  
 "From crime the tyrant, and from wrong the  
 slave.  
 "But let applause be dealt in all we may,  
 "Our Priest was cheerful, and in season gay;  
 "His frequent visits seldom fail'd to please;  
 "Easy himself, he sought his neighbour's  
 ease;  
 "To a small garden with delight he came,  
 "And gave successive flowers a summer's  
 fame;  
 "These he presented with a grace his own  
 "To his fair friends, and made their beauties  
 known,  
 "Not without moral compliment; how they,  
 "Like flowers were sweet, and must like  
 flowers decay.  
 "Simple he was, and lov'd the simple truth,  
 "Yet had some useful cunning, from his youth;  
 "A cunning never to dishonour lent,  
 "And rather for defence than conquest meant;  
 "Twas fear of power, with some desire to  
 rise,  
 "But not enough to make him enemies;  
 "He ever aim'd to please; and to offend  
 "Was ever cautious; for he sought a friend;  
 "Yet for the friendship never much would  
 pay,  
 "Content to bow, be silent, and obey,  
 "And by a soothing suff'rance find the way.  
 "Fiddling and fishing were his arts; at  
 times  
 "He alter'd sermons, and he aim'd at rhymes;  
 "And his fair friends, not yet intent on cards,  
 "Oft he amus'd with riddles and charades.  
 "Mild were his doctrines, and not one dis-  
 course  
 "But gain'd in softness what it lost in force;  
 "Kind his opinions; he would not receive  
 "An ill report, nor evil act believe;  
 "If true, 'twas wrong; but blemish great or  
 small  
 "Have all mankind, yea, sinners are we all.  
 "If ever fretful thought disturb'd his breast,  
 "If ought of gloom that cheerful mind op-  
 prest,  
 "It sprang from innovation; it was then  
 "He spake of mischief made by restless men;  
 "Not by new doctrines: never in his life  
 "Would he attend to controversial strife;  
 "For sects he car'd not, 'They are not of us,  
 "Nor need we, brethren, their concerns dis-  
 cuss;  
 "But 'tis the change, the schism at home I  
 feel;  
 "Ills few perceive, and none have skill to  
 heal;  
 "Not at the altar our young brethren read  
 "(Facing their flock) the decalogue and creed;  
 "But at their duty, in their desks they stand,  
 "With naked surplus, lacking hood and band:  
 "Churches are now of holy song bereft,  
 "And half our antient customs chang'd or left;  
 "Few sprigs of ivy are at Christmas seen,  
 "Nor crimson berry tips the holly's green;  
 "Mistaken choirs refuse the solemn strain  
 "Of antient Sternhold, which from ours amain  
 "Comes flying forth from aisle to aisle about  
 "Sweet links of Harmony and long drawn out.  
 "These were to him essentials; all things new  
 "He deem'd superfluous, useless or untrue;  
 "To all beside indifferent, easy, cold,  
 "Here the fire kindled, and the woe was told.  
 "Habit with him was all the test of truth,  
 "It must be right: I've done it from my  
 youth.  
 "Questions he answer'd in as brief a way,  
 "It must be wrong—it was of yesterday.  
 "Though mild benevolence our priest pos-  
 sess'd,  
 "Twas but by wishes or by words express'd:  
 "Circles in water as they wider flow  
 "The less conspicuous in their progress  
 grow;  
 "And when at last they touch upon the  
 shore,  
 "Distinction ceases, and they're view'd no  
 more:  
 "His love, like that last circle, all embrac'd,  
 "But with effect that never could be trac'd.  
 "Now rests our vicar—They who knew him  
 best,  
 "Proclaim his life t' have been entirely rest;  
 "Free from all evils which disturb his mind,  
 "Whom studies vex and controversies blind.  
 "The rich approv'd—of them in awe he  
 stood;  
 "The poor admir'd—they all believ'd him  
 good;  
 "The old and serious of his habits spoke;  
 "The frank and youthful lov'd his pleasant  
 joke;  
 "Mamma approv'd a safe contented guest,  
 "And Miss a friend to back a small request;

" In him his flock found nothing to condemn ;  
 " Him sectaries lik'd—he never troubled them ;  
 " No trifles fail'd his yielding mind to please,  
 " And all his passions sunk in early ease ;  
 " Nor one so old has left this world of sin,  
 " More like the being that he enter'd in."

## A QUACK.

" Ere for the world's I left the cares of  
 school,  
 " One I remember who assum'd the fool ;  
 " A part well suited—when the idler boys  
 " Would shout around him, and he lov'd the  
 noise ;  
 " They call'd him Neddy,—Neddy had the  
 art  
 " To play with skill his ignominious part ;  
 " When he his trifles would for sale display,  
 " And act the mimic for a school-boy's pay.  
 " For many years he plied his humble trade,  
 " And us'd his tricks and talents to persuade ;  
 " The fellow barely read, but chanc'd to look  
 " Among the fragments of a tatter'd book ;  
 " Where after many efforts made to spell  
 " One puzzling word, he found it oxymel ;  
 " A potent thing, 'twas said to cure the ills  
 " Of ailing lungs—the oxymel of squills :  
 " Squills he procur'd, but found the bitter  
 strong,  
 " And most unpleasant ; none would take it  
 long ;  
 " But the pure acid and the sweet would make  
 " A m.d.cine numbers would for pleasure  
 take.  
 " There was a fellow near, an artful knave,  
 " Who knew the plan, and much assistance  
 gave ;  
 " He wrote the puffs, and every talent plied  
 " To make it sell : it sold, and then he died.  
 " Now all the profit fell to Ned's controul,  
 " And pride and avarice quarrel'd for his soul ;  
 " When mighty profits by the trash were made,  
 " Pride built a palace, avarice groan'd and paid ;  
 " Pride plac'd the signs of grandeur all about,  
 " And avarice bar'd his friends and children  
 out.  
 " Now see him Doctor ! yes, the idle fool,  
 " The butt, the robber of the lads at school ;  
 " Who then knew nothing, nothing since ac-  
 quir'd,  
 " Became a Doctor, honour'd and admir'd ;

" His dress, his frown, his dignity were such,  
 " Ev'n some who'd known him thought his  
 knowledge much ;  
 " Nay, men of skill, of apprehension quick,  
 " Spite of their knowledge, trusted him when  
 sick :  
 " Though he could neither reason, write nor  
 spell,  
 " They yet had hope his trash would make  
 them well ;  
 " And while they scorn'd his parts, they took  
 his oxymel.  
 " Oh ! when his nerves had once receiv'd a  
 shock,  
 " Sir Isaac Newton might have gone to Rock :  
 " Hence impositions of the grossest kind,  
 " Hence thought is feeble, understanding blind ;  
 " Hence sums enormous by these cheats are  
 made,  
 " And deaths unnumber'd by their dreadful  
 trade.  
 " Alas ! in vain is my contempt exprest,  
 " To stronger passions are their words ad-  
 drest ;  
 " To pain, to fear, to terror their appeal,  
 " To those who, weakly reasoning, strongly  
 feel.  
 " What then our hopes ?—perhaps there may  
 by law  
 " Be method found, these pests to curb and  
 awe ;  
 " Yet in this land of freedom, law is slack  
 " With any being to commence attack ;  
 " Then let us trust to science—there are  
 those  
 " Who can their falsehoods and their frauds  
 disclose,  
 " All their vile trash detect, and their low  
 tricks expose :  
 " Perhaps their numbers may in time con-  
 found  
 " Their arts—as scorpions give themselves the  
 wound ;  
 " For when these curers dwell in every place,  
 " While of the cur'd we not a man can trace,  
 " Strong truth may then the public mind per-  
 suade,  
 " And spoil the fruits of this nefarious trade."

Having given these liberal extracts from  
 this noble Poem, we conclude by warmly re-  
 commending it to general perusal.







*EVENING VISITING DRESS.*





PROMENADE MORNING DRESS.

## FASHIONS

FOR

AUGUST, 1810.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

## ENGLISH COSTUME.

## No. 1.—EVENING VISITING DRESS.

A complete lemon-coloured sarsnet dress, trimmed with an embroikery of roses; a white lace drapery with train, fastened down the front with topaz snaps; a rich embroidered scarf is thrown carelessly across the shoulders. Topaz necklace, and earrings. The hair in loose ringlet curls, divided by an ornamental comb. Gloves and shoes of white or lemon-coloured kid. A bouquet of natural flowers.

## No. 2.—PROMENADE WALKING DRESS.

A plain cambric round morning dress, made high in the neck, with short train, let in round the bottom with two rows of worked trimming. A pelisse of green sarsnet, made to fit the shape, trimmed round with a narrow fancy trimming, cut with two scallops on the left side, on the right with one; fastened on the neck with a gold brooch, and confined round the waist with a girdle of the same, with gold clasp. A Lavinia unbleached chip hat, tied down with a broad white sarsnet ribband; a small white satin cap is worn underneath, with an artificial rose in front. The hair dressed in full curls. A plaid parasol; with York tan gloves; green silk sandals.

## A DESCRIPTION OF SEVERAL DRESSES WORN BY LADIES OF RANK AND FASHION.

1. A short white lace pelisse, rounded at the bottom, and trimmed with a deep Mecklin lace, made to fold over the bosom, and confined in to the waist by a pale lilac brocaded ribband; the pelisse lined throughout with lilac sarsnet; a small round French embroidered muslin, ornamented with a fancy lilac and yellow satin flowers. Shoes and gloves of pale lemon coloured kid. Parasol brown shot with yellow. Necklace and bracelets, Egyptian pebbles set in gold.

2. A pale straw coloured sarsnet pelisse, of a walking length, thrown open before, over which was worn a very small black lace tippet

by way of crape, broached at the throat with a gold or pebble brooch. Gloves and shoes of pale French grey, or stone colour.

3. A white crape frack, trimmed round the bottom with a pale pink scalloped ribband, spangled with small silverspangles resembling dew drops. Pearl necklace with diamond clasp, and small brilliant snap earrings. White kid gloves and shoes with silver roses. The hair braided in with pearls or beads, and twisted tightly round behind.

4. A petticoat formed by twisting a broad white French lace round the figure, worn over a white satin slip; the body of the dress of pale pink satin, with long white lace sleeves. Ornaments of diamonds or pearls. Shoes and gloves of white kid.

5. A robe of fine French lawn or cambric, with a great deal of lace let in on the bosom, and trimmed round the bottom, sleeves, and throat with Mecklin lace. A short white lace mantle, lined and tied with pink. A Brussels point lace cap, with a variegated pink and white satin flower. York tan gloves, shoes of pale lemon colour. Parasol shot with pink.

6. A fine plain India mull muslin pelisse, over a lining of pale buff sarsnet, made a walking length, and edged with fine edging. A large bonnet of muslin to correspond, with a careless bow of soft figured buff ribband, and tied under the chin. Nankeen half boots.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

AND REFLECTIONS ON  
FASHION AND DRESS.

THE Court of Fashion is at length dissolved, and its gay votaries are at this moment so scattered, that until they begin to rally a little, we scarcely know whither to follow them; we have, therefore, not as yet much to add to our last ample communications on this subject.

To begin, as usual, with the promenade dresses, we have noticed a great variety of

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short mantles, with small Parisian hoods, which some ladies wear over the hair, and confine under the chin with a small bow of ribband. This is undoubtedly a very pleasing and becoming fashion, and gives a look of the most bewitching modesty to the features: the hair should be dressed full, and rather high in front, and the hood must be nearly composed of lace, with only a light ribband introduced for the sake of correspondence with the mantle. Short muslin pelisses, lined with pale coloured sarsnet and hemmed with broad lace, are very prevailing, as indeed are pelisses of a walking length, lined and thrown open so as to display the dress; when they are composed only of sarsnet, a small cape of black or white lace, and sometimes fine sprigged muslin, is added by ladies of fashion. This adds something to the consequence of the dress, without taking from its simplicity. Black lace cloaks are also much worn, sometimes lined, but more frequently not; these are so convenient, so graceful, and elegantly negligent, and withal so valuable in themselves, for we speak only of the real lace, that we cannot help giving them our warmest approbation and decided recommendation; it is a fashion from which good taste can never long dispense; and there are but few periods at which it is not distinguished for its appropriate elegance, with only slight variation like jewels, in conformity to the caprice or whim of the day.

Silk, or lined spencers, with lace tippets, scarfs, and large lace handkerchiefs, are all much worn, and have a light juvenile appearance. The *al Fresco* hat, in white unbleached chip, is still a reigning favourite; for its description we must refer to our last Number. Small lace caps, ornamented with stamped satin flowers, and a light lace veil thrown over, are the most approved dress for the evening public promenade. We have observed several ladies with merely a lace veil over the hair, it is, however, generally black and rather deep; it will be evident that this fashion should not be generally or indiscriminately adopted. It requires more good sense as well as taste, and a nicer sense of propriety than is usually imagined, to adapt our dress to time, place, and season; it should be remembered that nothing can be really elegant but what is really fit. If it be true that variety, levity, fully, all appear in our dress, why may not modesty, propriety, delicacy, and good sense, as well as taste, be rendered conspicuous by it; it were surely an unfaithful mirror that reflected only our defects.

In respect to dinner, or afternoon dresses,

no difference whatever has taken place. They are made up to the throat, or just above the rise of the bosom, with long sleeves, of a moderate height in the back, and for the most part in the frock style. We have observed several dresses made up to the throat, and trimmed round with a broad vandyke lace. They are mostly made in sarsnet, Opera nets, coloured or white muslins, and generally worn with a small tippet of fine wrought muslin or lace over the dress.

Morning robes are invariably made high in the neck, with long sleeves, generally laced up the back, or wrapped, in the Grecian form, over the bosom; much lace is here also introduced; neatness polished into elegance, with a degree of graceful and modest negligence, seem to be the characteristics of this class of dress; as we have often said, that dress is always the most perfect which seems to have cost least effort. Coloured striped muslins may probably be considered too homely a style of dress for notice, they are likely, however, to become very general at our most fashionable watering-places. A new kind of hat has just appeared, made in white whalebone, which, to all the delicacy of the chip, from its transparent quality, has the appearance of being lighter; we have observed several coloured chips and straws, we have also remarked that they are very unbecoming, and are besides inconvenient, as being difficult to adopt to every kind of dress; a mixture of ribband and straw is surely to be preferred.

In full or evening dress, Paris nets, black and white lace, fine embroidered or plain muslins over satin slips, with figured gauzes, white or coloured crapes and satins, made up in the frock fashion, with short trains and sleeves, unless for dancing, when long sleeves and no trains are more convenient and most approved.

Nothing is in so much estimation for morning dresses as the fine French cambric, delicately wrought, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; the French corded, spotted, and moss muslins are rather on the decline; they have the appearance of too much substance for the present season. The waists are certainly worn long, but not extravagantly or ungracefully so by elegant people.

The dresses of all descriptions are made fuller, which is undoubtedly a great improvement, it gives ease and play to the air and figure. Coloured muslin pelisses of a very transparent texture are light and prevailing; the colours of every kind of dress are of a pale and undecided hue, gay colours at this season would appear gaudy.

Gipsy hats, with the waggoner's crown, begun to re-appear, and although straw hats are not considered of sufficient elegance for the evening promenade, no lady of fashion who indulges in the pleasures of a rural stroll or sea side ramble, can possibly dispense with one.

No variation has taken place in the mode of wearing the hair, it is curled in round, thick, flat curls over the face, plaited behind, and twisted round the back part of the head, the ends confined by a gold, pearl, or diamond comb, according to the degree of dress or fancy of the wearer. The most fashionable ornaments for the head are beads, bandeau, rolls of crape twisted with pearls or silver, silver nets or flowers, artificial and foil wreaths, which should be made to sit close to the head, in order to avoid giving an appearance of size, which, if natural, would be considered as ungraceful.

With regard to jewellery, in the morning

we have observed a great profusion of necklaces in coral, gold, Egyptian pebbles set in gold, Maltese and amber beads. In the evening pearl, diamond, and emerald necklaces abound, but amethysts and garnets are of the most select adoption, they excel all other gems in the appearance of brilliancy and whiteness which they give to the complexion. Hoop earrings are quite out, small brilliant snags, and in full dress, pearl drops are the most esteemed.

The most novel shoes are composed of brocaded silk; for walking, nankeen boots, or jean sandals, bound with coloured binding, are very general; in dress, white satin slippers or sandals, bound with silver and ornamented with silver roses, or in silver brocaded silk, are much admired.

The prevailing colours for the season are light blue, pale pink, buff, lavender, straw, lilac, and yellow.

## MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.**—On Tuesday night, July 3d, a new play was produced at this Theatre, under the title of *The Doubtful Son*; or, *The Secrets of a Palace*. The principal characters were—

The Marquis of Lerida....Mr. C. KEMBLE.  
Malvolio.....Mr. SOWERRY.  
Leon.....Mr. ARBOTT.  
Fabuletto.....Mr. BANNISTER.  
Borrahio.....Mr. FARLEY.  
The Marchioness of Lerida..Mrs. GLOVER.  
Rosaviva.....Miss H. KELLY.  
Florabella.....Mrs. GIBBS.

### THE PLOT.

The Marquis of Lerida had married, at an early period of life, the heiress of an ancient wealthy Spanish Grandee, and a few months after his marriage, being appointed Governor of Mexico, proceeded to South America, leaving the Marchioness pregnant. This lady, it appears in the sequel, had been previously and secretly married to a dependant of her father, who was killed in a battle with the Moors. The birth of a son discloses to her father the secret of her marriage. He takes the child from her, by exciting her apprehensions for its safety, compels her to marry the Marquis of Lerida, and conceals from him

the story of her former marriage. On the departure of the Marquis to South America, she sets out to visit her son, who was nursed in a hut in the Pyrenees.—The fatigue of her journey brings on a premature labour, which the infant does not survive. Her attendant *Florabella*, then suggests the idea of substituting *Leon*, her child by her former husband, for that of the Marquis of Lerida, and she adopts that plan. Travels until time had rendered the difference of age in *Leon* imperceptible, and he is presented to the Marquis, on his return from America, as his son. Between *Rosaviva* (who passes for the Ward of the Marquis, but who is really his daughter by a Mexican Lady), and *Leon*, a strong attachment has taken place. At the period when the piece commences, the Marquis has begun to entertain suspicions of his wife's virtue, which are heightened by the successful villainy of his Portuguese Secretary, *Malvolio*, who, sprung from the lowest station in life, but possessing uncommon subtlety, in masking every bad passion, worms himself into the confidence of his protector, the Marquis, and even obtains sufficient influence over the Marchioness to learn from her the secret of her former marriage, and the birth of *Leon*. *Malvolio* takes care to intimate to *Leon* that *Rosaviva* is his sister, and, by the influence he has over the Marquis, pre-

vails on him to consent to his marriage with his daughter. Contracts are signed, by which the castle of Lerida, and all the estates of the Marquis, are conveyed to *Malvolio*, and *Leon* is disinherited. In the mean time, however, a stranger appears, who exercises a mysterious authority over *Malvolio*. He had been his associate in former guilt, and by a train of circumstances his villainy is unmasked, his marriage with *Rosariva* prevented, the Marchioness, after a disclosure, restored to the confidence of her husband, and *Leon* made happy.

This piece is the production of Mr. Dimond, a gentleman of considerable talents, and much experience in dramatic composition, and who seems ambitious to take his stand between Mr. Monk Lewis and Mrs. Ratcliffe.—Like Mr. Lewis, he has acquired the happy art of dramatizing the romance and tale of horror, and of uncovering the cauldron of human woe, and marching on, with the spirit of *Alonso the Brave*, to storm the feelings of his audience; and like Mrs. Radcliffe, he has a genius well suited to agitate and absorb the mind, by a mysterious involution of fable, and a pleasing and natural development.

The design of legitimate comedy is to paint manners and character, to which fable should always be subordinate. The end of the romantic drama, which is professed by Mr. Dimond, is to select the mere possibilities of human life, the accidental errors of nature, and to blend and mix them up with a domestic fable or a homely action. He thus contrives to make plots and mysteries between man and wife, to perplex the relations of mother and child, and invert the duties of master and servant; till at length having so obscured matters, that his audience can see no further, he directs his characters to explain to each other, when a few words of common sense disentangles the intricacy and disperses the doubts.

Such is the plot of the present piece, which does great credit to his fancy and his talents of dramatic involution. Nothing could be more interesting than the course of the action, or more pleasing and graceful than the development. Laying aside the improbabilities of the previous history of the parties, what was represented on the stage was sufficiently natural. The pencil of romance may be allowed to draw with a sweeping hand, and need not be very nice in marking the boundaries of nature and truth.

With respect to the language of this piece, we have not much praise to bestow. It was

in the ordinary parts tame and prosaic; and in the characters of the Marquis and his Lady it was overstrained and flowery. Its characteristic distinction was a feeble luxuriance, a prurient imbecility, in which much was attempted, and little done.

This play has met with great success.

**CLOSE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.**—The season at this Theatre closed on Friday night. In the early part of the performance the audience was rather thin; but towards the end, the house became rapidly crowded, chiefly with men, brought evidently with the expectation of hearing the proprietors' intentions with respect to the private boxes.

The play was *Hamlet*, and Mr. Kemble exhibited more than this usual excellence in a character which required more vigour and variety of talent than any other on the stage.

Miss Bolton was the *Ophelia*; and the tears and silence of the whole house, were, perhaps, the best tribute that could be paid to this interesting actress. The other performers sustained their parts respectably, and the curtain fell amidst peals of applause.

In a few minutes after, Mr. Kemble came forward, and when the applause with which he was received subsided, he addressed the audience in nearly the following words:—

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“The proprietors cannot permit the curtain to fall for the last time this season, without attempting to express the gratitude which they feel for your munificent patronage. The performers, on their part, beg leave to say, that the sense which they have of your kindness will not suffer them at any future period to relax in their efforts to serve and amuse the public. And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, I might stop, so far as the feelings of those for whom I speak are concerned. But I am anxious to occupy your attention for a moment on another point, extremely interesting to us; and for your attention I rely on the kindness and justice which are the characteristics of a British audience.—(Applauses.)

“It is known to you, that in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances which occurred at the opening of the season, the proprietors entered into a treaty with the public, relative to the number of private boxes which it might be proper to maintain after the present season. I was on that occasion the agent for the proprietors; I made the treaty; and I here declare myself and them, if such be your pleasure, willing to execute it to the last point; notwithstanding the heavy loss



which it must bring upon us. But since that period, an Act of Parliament has been obtained for rebuilding a Theatre which had met with the same misfortune as our own. The Act of Parliament has given the proprietors of that Theatre an unlimited power of setting apart their boxes for private admission. And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, we rest our hopes. We once sustained a fair and honourable rivalry with that Theatre; and I say it with sincerity, that to have one good Theatre in London, you must have another to keep it in order.—(*Applauses.*)—But here there is no chance of an equal struggle;—that Theatre has received as a right by law, what we are only anxious to entreat, and shall be most proud to receive as a boon from your indulgence.”—(*Loud applauses, mingled with some tokens of disapprobation.*)

Mr. Kemble here paused for a moment, and then, apparently in considerable agitation, said:—“We will not resist the full demand which may be made for the observance of our agreement; but will you put us at once below the rival Theatre:—(*Cries of no, no; and wait till the other Theatre is built.*)—Ladies and Gentlemen, we wish to press nothing upon your indulgence; we only wish to stand upon the same situation in which we were before the fire.—(*Hear! Hear!*)—And now we unequivocally state, that if such be your permission, the centre of the circle of the private boxes, with the two corridors, and the splendid saloon, will be opened for the public from the commencement of the next season. A stone stair-case shall be substituted for the present one of wood. The ceiling of the middle gallery shall be raised; and every thing which has been observed by ourselves, or required by the audience for their amusement or convenience, shall be done as fast it is in the power of our zeal or our means to execute them. Ladies and Gentlemen, I now take my leave, thanking you with the most unfeigned humility and gratitude, for the indulgent attention with which you have honoured me.”

Mr. Kemble then bowed to the audience and retired.

LYCEUM.—On Monday July 9, a new Opera made its appearance at this Theatre, under the title of *Tricks upon Travellers*.

The scene is laid at Seville, and the following is the substance of the plot:—

*Don Ramirez*, a Toldean gentleman, and *Donna Clara*, have interchanged vows of mutual fidelity; but the lover proves inconstant; and having heard of the immense fortune of *Donna Laura*, a lady of Seville, he

deserts his mistress, and sets out for that city. The piece opens with the arrival of *Don Ramirez* in Seville, who is bent on his fortune-hunting expedition, accompanied by his servant *Diego*, and strongly recommended to the father of *Laura*, who awaits his arrival with impatience, as his future son-in-law. The affections of *Donna Laura*, however, are engaged to *Don Carlos de Guzman*, a nobleman, from Madrid, unknown to her father. *Don Carlos*, as usual, has also his valet, *Pedrillo*, who is active and adroit at intrigue, and the counter part of *Diego*, the other valet, who is as remarkable for his clownish simplicity and good nature. In the course of the piece these two characters are played off against each other, and produce a variety of laughable situations. The forsaken *Donna Clara* also sets out for Seville, accompanied by her steward *Bertran*, and her waiting maid; where *Bertran* having discovered that *Don Guzman* was looking out for a Duenna to attend on his daughter, waits on him in the character of a Country Schoolmaster, to recommend *Donna Clara* in that capacity, as his daughter, and widow of Vincent Rumez, a farmer. Succeeding in his attempt, *Donna Clara* and her two attendants prepare to wait on *Don Guzman* in their assumed characters. While the negotiation for *Donna Laura's* marriage was going forward, she had bestowed her affections on a young Nobleman *Don Carlos*, whose servant, *Pedrillo*, undertakes to delay the nuptials. The contrivances adopted by him, first separately, and afterwards in conjunction with the feigned Duenna, form the business of the piece, and as they ultimately prove successful, the Drama concludes with the union of *Carlos* and *Laura*, and of *Clara* and *Ramirez*.

This Opera is the composition of Sir James Bland Burgess, a gentleman of splendid fortune, and high rank, and who has endeavoured, with much ardour, and considerable success, to adorn and illustrate his station by the pursuits of elegant literature.

The duty, however, which we owe to the public and to truth compels us to say, that in the present species of composition the author has mistaken the bent of his genius. Sir James is too courtly for buffoonry, and somewhat too lofty for mirth. He has very little of the vivacity, or, as we may more justly call it, the trick and artifice of dramatic humour. He has no skill in the contrivance of trap-doors, or the more mirthful movements of tables and chairs. In truth, he seems to us to have no conception, however remote, of the humour of goods and chattels.

Sir James, we think, has done wrong in

choosing a Spanish fable; inasmuch as it requires considerable expertness and dramatic knowledge to conduct the intrigue of plots of this kind. The worst part of the present Opera is, that it wants fidelity of manners, and a general interest. It has bustle without incident, character without vivacity, and diversity without novelty.

The music by Mr. Reeves and Mr. Horn, was extremely good, and many of the Songs were rapturously encored.

The performers exerted themselves to the utmost, and did full justice to their parts. The mode in which the *dénouement* is brought about seemed rather embarrassed, and therefore lost some of its effect. Upon the whole, though we cannot give this piece much praise, it forms a pleasing entertainment, which does credit to its author, and may contribute to the public amusement. It was given out for repetition, amidst loud applause, from a numerous and respectable audience, intermixed with a few expressions of disapprobation.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

An Account of the Kingdom of New Spain; containing Researches into the Geography of Mexico; its extent and surface, and its political divisions into Intendancies, the physical aspect of the soil, the actual population, state of agriculture, manufacturing industry, and commerce. Translated from the French of Alexander Humboldt.

The London Dispensatory; containing the Elements and Practice of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, with a translation of the Pharmacopœias of the London, the Edinburgh, and the Dublin Colleges of Physicians; many useful Tables, and Copper-plates of the Pharmaceutical Apparatus; the whole forming a Synopsis of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By Anthony Todd Thompson, Surgeon.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence, of the late Mr. William Smellie, Printer in Edinburgh, Secretary to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, F.R.S. &c. &c. Together with a Selection from his hitherto unpublished Essays; with an engraved Portrait. By Robert Kerr, F.R.S. and F.A.S. Edinburgh. In 2 vols. 8vo.

Wallace; or, the Battle of Falkirk; a Metrical Romance. Second Edition, 8vo.

Mr. W. Moore, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, has in forwardness, a Treatise on the Doctrines of Fluxions, with its application to the most useful parts of the Theory of Gunnery, and other important matters in Military and Naval Science.

William Campbell, Esq. Controller of the

Legacy Duty, will shortly publish, in a royal octavo volume, the Value of Annuities, from £1. to £1000. per annum, on single Lives, from the age of one to ninety years, with the number of years purchase each annuity is worth, and the rate of interest the purchaser receives for his money.

Mr. Grant, author of Institutes of Latin Grammar, has made a considerable progress in preparing for the press, a comprehensive practical work on the English Language.

Professor Dougald Stewart, of Edinburgh, will shortly publish a quarto volume of Moral Essays.

Mr. William Coxe, the traveller, has nearly completed a Life of Stillingfleet.

Mr. Joseph Harpur has nearly ready for publication, an Essay on the Principles of Philosophical Criticism, applied to Poetry.

A Translation of Humbolt's Account of New Spain is in the press, and nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Price will publish in the course of this month an enlarged Edition of his Essay on the Picturesque, in three volumes.

A new Edition of Dr. Lamont's Sermons, on the most prevalent Vices, is expected to appear early in next month.

Strype's Lives of the Bishops is re-printing at the Clarendon Press.

Some Sydney Gazettes have reached town, one of which contains an account of a cannibal expedition from the Fijee islands, of which Mr. Thos. Smith, second officer of the Favourite, Captain Campbell, who was unexpectedly made prisoner by the natives on the 7th of October last, soon after the arrival of the vessels at those islands, was compelled to be a witness.—A large fleet of canoes sailed from Highlea on the 11th of October, to make war upon the island of Taffere, or Taffia; they arrived there on the 12th, and had a desperate conflict for some time with the natives of Taffere, who were also in their canoes, but the latter overpowered by greatly superior numbers, were forced to give way and fled on shore. The canoes were taken possession of, with only one captive, an unfortunate boy, who being presented to Bullandam, the relentless Fijee Chief, was ordered to be slaughtered, as it was his determination that not a single life should be spared. This ruthless sentence was immediately executed with a club, three blows from which the youthful sufferer endured, and then expired. The body was afterwards given into the charge of an attendant to be roasted for the Chief and his principal associates. The horrors that immediately succeeded the

defeat, the most sensible imagination can but faintly represent. A massacre was determined on; and as the men had escaped the fury of their conquerors by flight, the women and children became the chief object of search—on which mission a canoe was dispatched, and unhappily the fatal discovery was very soon made. On a signal from the shore numbers landed, and a hut was set fire to, probably as a signal for the work of destruction to commence. Within a cluster of mangroves the devoted wretches had taken sanctuary; many might undoubtedly have secured themselves by accompanying the flight of their vanquished husbands and relatives, could they have consented to a separation from their helpless children, who were no less devoted than themselves. A dreadful yell was the forerunner of the assault; the ferocious monsters rushed upon them with their clubs, and without regard to sex or infancy, promiscuously butchered all. Some who still had life and motion were treated as dead bodies, which were mostly dragged to the beach by one of their limbs, and through the water into the canoes; their groans were disregarded, and their unheeded protracted sufferings were still more hurtful to the feelings of humanity than even the general massacre itself had been. Among the slaughtered were some few men whose age, perhaps, had prevented their flight; but, in fact, so sudden and so dreadful was the consternation that succeeded the defeat of the unhappy natives of Tafié, as no doubt to paralyse the minds of the wretched creatures, when prompt consideration could alone be serviceable to their deplorable condition. The conquerors appeared to anticipate, with inordinate delight, the festival with which this sad event had gratified their horrible expectation.—Forty-two bodies were extended on one platform in Bullandam's canoe; and one of these, a young female, appearing most to attract his attention, he desired that his second in command would have it laid by for themselves.—The dead bodies were got into the canoe, and the whole fleet left Tafié on their return to the main island, where many others joined in the horrible festivity, which was conducted with rude peals of acclamation. Mr. Smith was on this occasion also taken on shore by the great chief, and here had again to experience a detestable spectacle. The bodies had been dismembered of their limbs, which were suspended on the boughs of trees in readiness for cookery; and afterwards part of a human leg was offered to Mr. Smith, who had never broke his fast for five days. The offer he rejected with abhorrence; and, upon his

captors appearing astonished at the refusal, he gave them to understand, that if he eat of human flesh he would instantly die. They were satisfied with this excuse, and continued their abominable severity the whole night.—Mr. Smith was at length released, after fasting nine days; as were also some of the crew of the vessel, who had likewise been taken prisoners.

A melancholy fate has attended the crew of the ship *Boyd*, which sailed from Botany Bay to New Zealand, in consequence of an agreement made by the Captain with one of the Chiefs of New Zealand (who happened to be at Botany Bay) to purchase timber to take to England. On the arrival of the vessel, the Captain was invited on shore, and attended the Chief with part of the ship's company in the boat. Nothing particular transpired on this occasion; but the Chief returned on board the ship attended by a number of canoes full of men. They were permitted to examine the ship, as a matter of curiosity. Tappohee, the Chief, was treated with great respect; and having continued on board some time, he got into his boat, for the purpose, as it was supposed, of meeting the Captain of the ship, who, he said, had gone to see the timber. Instead, however, of leaving the ship, he gave a yell, which was a signal for the massacre of the whole ship's company. There were about thirty in all, twenty of them they tore limb from limb, and regaled themselves upon the flesh of the unfortunate victims. About ten of the men, to save their lives, climbed the masts, and two women passengers, and a lad, ran down below. The Chief hailed the men, and told them, that they had got all they wanted, having plundered the ship; and that if they would come down, their lives should be spared. The deluded men obeyed, and fell, like their comrades, a sacrifice to the inordinate and brutal appetites of the cannibals. The two female passengers and the boy were taken on shore, and the ship was burnt.—The Captain and men on shore were never heard of. The rival Chief *Pari*, situated at a different part of the island, hearing of the affair, expressed his sorrow on the occasion to the Captain of the City of Edinburgh, who was at the island for timber, and prepared to accompany him with an armed force to release the women and the boy, in which they fully succeeded, and the latter arrived safe on board the City of Edinburgh, at the Cape.

**SHOCKING CATASTROPHE.**—The fete given by the Prince of Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador, took place at Paris on the 2d of July, at which their Majesties the Emperor

and Empress were present. They arrived at ten o'clock. The garden was illuminated with much taste. It presented different views of the country, which the Empress inhabited in her infancy. The Opera dancers executed the dances in the costumes of the different people of the Austrian monarchy. This part of the fete was followed by uncommonly fine fireworks—Twelve hundred persons were invited. In order to receive so large a party, the Prince, according to the usual custom adopted at Paris, had caused to be erected with planks of timber a ball room, ornamented with pictures of gauze, muslins, and other light stuffs. The Queen of Naples opened the ball with Prince Esterhazy, and was followed by the Viceroy and Princess Pauline of Schwarzenberg, wife of the eldest brother of the Ambassador. After the cotillions, a Scotch reel was danced, during which her Majesty arose to make the tour of the circle, and speak to the ladies. The Empress had returned to her arm-chair, and the Emperor was at the other extremity of the saloon, near the Princess Pauline of Schwarzenberg, who had presented her daughters to him, when the flame of a wax candle caught the drapery of a window curtain. Count Duma-noir, Chamberlain to the Emperor, and many other officers, who were near him, endeavoured to tear off the curtains, but the flames got higher.—They immediately informed the Emperor, who directly went to the arm chair of the Empress, and was instantly surrounded by the Ambassador and Officers of the Austrian Legation, who persuaded him to quit the place. The fire extended itself with the rapidity of lightning, and his Majesty slowly retired with the Empress, recommending calmness, in order to prevent all disorder. The openings from the ball-room fortunately being very capacious, the crowd could easily get into the garden, but many mothers lost much time in searching for their daughters, from whom they had been separated by the Scotch reel, and many young persons, in endeavouring to find their mothers. The rapidity of the fire was so great, that the Queen of Naples, who followed in the suit of the Emperor, having fallen, was only saved by the presence of mind of the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg. The Queen of Westphalia was conducted from the saloon by the King of Westphalia and Count Metternich. The Emperor and Empress got into a carriage at the garden gate, when the Emperor found his country equipage which waited for him at the Elysium Fields, and had placed the Empress in one of them, he returned

to Prince Schwarzenberg, attended by an Aide-de-Camp. Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg was among the last who remained in the ball-room. She held one of her daughters by the hand. A piece of burning wood fell upon this young person, which a man who was near her took up and carried out of the saloon. She was herself hurried into the garden. No longer seeing her daughter, she ran every where, calling her with great lamentations. After searching for a quarter of an hour, impelled by the heroism of maternal love, she entered the burning saloon, from which moment we knew not what had become of her. The fire was then got under; the Ambassador's hotel preserved, and tranquillity re-established.—Prince Joseph of Schwarzenberg was engaged all night in search of his wife. He was doubtful of his misfortune till the day broke, when her disfigured corpse was found near the saloon. Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg was daughter of the Senator Aremburg. She was mother of eight children, and four months advanced in pregnancy. She was as much distinguished for the graces of her person, as by the excellent qualities of her mind and her heart. The affectionate act which cost her her life, proves how much she deserves to be regretted. Fifteen or sixteen persons, more or less wounded, are out of danger. The Austrian Ambassador, whose horrible situation is easy to conceive, shewed, during the night, that attention, that activity, that calmness and presence of mind which might have been expected from him. The Emperor retired at three in the morning. He sent several times during the night to enquire the fate of the Princess Pauline Schwarzenberg, which remained uncertain. At five o'clock in the morning he received the account of her death. His Majesty, who had a particular esteem for this Princess, regrets her loss extremely; her Majesty the Empress exhibited the greatest calmness during the whole of the evening, but on hearing this morning of the death of the Princess, she shed abundance of tears.

Lately, when Louis Bonaparte and his wife were at Paris, on the occasion of Bonaparte's marriage, Louis lived at his mother's hotel, and his wife at another. Her children have always been considered as the children of Bonaparte, and not of Louis. Hence Louis, in resigning the crown, says, "I give it up to you Napoleon Bonaparte, and yours—that is to your son, who passes for mine, and to my wife, by whom you had this son"—A most curious family!

## INCIDENTS

OCCURRING IN AND NEAR LONDON, INTERESTING MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

**EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.**—G. Towers has been brought before Mr. Read, at Bow-street, by Humphreys, by whose exertions he had been apprehended, charged with robbing Pierce Bryan, Esq. of Manchester-street, Manchester-square, of three valuable gold watches, three gold snuff-boxes, a number of diamond and other rings, bank-notes, and other articles of considerable value, to the amount of £1000. In consequence of the wounds and bruises the Prosecutor received at the time of the robbery, he has been confined to his room, and was brought into the Office in a sedan chair, in which he remained in the body of the Office, and Mr. Read attended close to him to take his evidence. He stated that the prisoner lived with him in the capacity of a footman about six months, during that time he missed a silver butter-boat, which was traced to the prisoner, as having stolen it; in consequence of which he was apprehended, but the witness did not prosecute him, and on his liberation took his note to pay the amount of the butter-boat at seven shillings a week. In the beginning of last May the prisoner was discharged from the Prosecutor's house. On the evening of the 8th of May the Prosecutor's niece, who resides with him, went out in his carriage to pay a visit, leaving no person in the house, except an old woman; but the Prosecutor was not sure of that, and, in fact, it is very much doubted. The Prosecutor was sitting in the front parlour reading, with two candles burning. About twelve o'clock he heard the parlour door open gently, and on looking towards it he observed a man with something over his face, which had the appearance of a crape: every step the man took he made a noise like the barking of a dog, and at the same time pointing towards the door for the Prosecutor to follow him, which he declined to do: the fellow then opened the back parlour door, and dragged the Prosecutor after him, who fell over a table, and that falling upon his left leg cut it open in three places, which have not been cured. The fellow held him down, and picked his breeches and coat pockets; from the former he took bank-notes to the amount of £100, and the key of the iron chest, and from the latter he took his pocket-book, containing several bank-notes, but to what amount he could not tell. The fellow proceeded to unlock the iron chest, and took out the gold watches, snuff-boxes and jewellery, to the above amount; after which the villain got upon the Prosecutor, and, with a violent blow, cut open his temple; which induced the Prosecutor to ask if he meant to murder him; the villain made no reply, nor did he speak one word during the whole transaction, but continued the whole time making a noise like the barking of a dog. He put the candle out, and locked the old

gentleman in the back parlour. After a little time the Prosecutor, who is very infirm, got to the window, and called out "thieves! murder!" &c. which alarmed the neighbourhood, many of whom were afraid to enter the house; the watchman at length forced the street door open, and a number of persons entered the house, broke open the parlour door, and released the old gentleman. The villain, it appeared, had left the other candle in a corner in the front parlour, in such a situation that there cannot be a doubt of his intention to set fire to the house, but the candle breaking prevented it. The Prosecutor said, that although he could not see the face of the fellow who robbed and ill-treated him, yet from the appearance of the prisoner's person, and his knowledge of him when he was in his service, he had no doubt of his being the robber.—Humphreys, belonging to the Office, described the means he used to take the prisoner into custody, and produced several articles found upon him, and at his lodgings, which were identified by the Prosecutor. In the snuff-box, which was found upon the prisoner, bank-notes to the amount of £37 were found, they proved to be part of the notes taken out of the Prosecutor's breeches pocket, the numbers of which were proved by a clerk of Mr. Antrobus, the tea-dealer in the Strand, who had given the Prosecutor change the day preceding the robbery. The prisoner was committed for trial.

**ROBBERY IN A CHURCH-YARD.**—W. Webb, grave-digger to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, was brought before the Magistrate at Marlborough-street, charged with stealing a body from the parish burying-ground at the back of St. George's-row, Paddington. It appeared in evidence, that a respectable young woman, apprenticed to a fashionable milliner and dress-maker in Albemarle-street, died of the measles, and her body was interred in the burying-ground above stated. There were other funerals at the time, and the prisoner was observed very busy at the grave of the deceased after the clergyman had left it. It turned out that he had got the body out of the coffin into a sack, and returned the shroud. The mould was filled nearly to the top at one end of the grave, and the sack was placed, with the body almost in an erect posture, with the mouth of it within a foot of the surface of the grave, and the mould having been lightly filled in, the body could have been got out with ease. Information was given by a person who resides in St. George's-row to the friends of the deceased, of the prisoner's actions; and on his being challenged with stealing the body, he stated that it was then in the grave; and on an examination taking place the body was found in the sack as we have described. He was fully committed for trial.

**HURRICANE AND STORM.**—Several accidents happened in different parts of the metropolis, from eight until eleven o'clock on Sunday evening, July 1, occasioned by the hurricane and storm.—Mr. and Mrs. Lemaire, of the King's Arms, in Marylebone-street, were walking down Rupert-street, about a quarter past nine o'clock, when a brick parapet at the top of the house of a liquor-merchant, was blown down, and it fell on the head of Mrs. Lemaire. She was taken into the house in a lifeless state, and in a moment she was covered with blood from the torrents which poured forth from various fractures about the head.—Another accident, equally shocking, happened in Piccadilly to Miss Byfell, daughter of Mr. Byfell, in Park-street, by the falling of a stack of chimneys. The young lady was walking with her mother and brother when the accident befel her; and although walking arm in arm, neither of the others received any injury; but Miss B. was so much bruised that she expired on being conveyed home.—Margaret Dorset, a poor woman was killed in a similar manner in Duke-street.—Verdict in each case, Accidental death.—A light vehicle, in the stage coach trim, was blown off the wheels, at the top of Sloane-street, about half past eight o'clock, whilst the owner was driving on the box, accompanied by another gentleman, and two servants in the dickey. One of the servants had his arm broke by the fall.—A fruit-woman was killed in Duke-street, Oxford-street, by the falling of a chimney pot.—A servant maid in Westminster was struck blind by the lightning, but recovered the sight of one of her eyes on Monday evening.

**FIRE.**—Friday evening, July 13, at five o'clock, a dreadful fire broke out in Little Titchfield-street, Riding-house-lane, at a Floor-cloth Manufactory. The flames spread with the greatest rapidity, and six houses were consumed before eight o'clock. The devouring element unfortunately also reached the Chapel, which it soon consumed, and left nothing standing but the bare walls. The whole neighbourhood was thrown into great consternation, and had it happened at night many lives must have been inevitably lost. The firemen got the flames under about ten o'clock and prevented the devastation, at a late hour, from spreading further. It was some time before water could be obtained; and we were told that three children had lost their lives.

**RAPE.**—A young Gentleman of family and fortune has absconded to avoid an investigation of the charge of ravishing a young lady, the daughter of a respectable tradesman in the parish of Marylebone. The alleged rape was committed on the night of Sunday, July 1, or rather on Monday morning. The young lady is twenty-two years of age, and she lived under the roof of her father, and in which house the gentleman had apartments.—The father was in the country, the mother was gone to bed on the second floor, and the lady and a female servant were looking out linen, &c. in a back parlour, for washing the

next morning, when the offender got home. He was attended by his man servant, and some excuses were made to get the maid servant out of the house on an errand, and the man servant accompanied her.—The inmate immediately addressed the lady in indelicate language, and after much resistance, effected his purpose. The daughter immediately alarmed her mother, but the offender left the house, and has not been heard of since.

Sunday afternoon, July 1, a distressed looking man threw himself over the balustrade of Blackfriars bridge; he broke his leg by striking against a part of the arch, but was saved from drowning by a boat which came up at the moment, and was carried on a man's back to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

A fellow, well dressed in black, has lately committed violent acts of savage brutality on females, about Marylebone-fields and the New Road, by wounding them, knocking them down, &c. without provocation. Two ladies, daughters of a gentleman in Baker-street, were attacked by the ruffian on Wednesday morning, in the foot-path leading to Primrose-hill, one of whom was barbarously used, and the other knocked down by a blow in the face. The ruffian fled on the distant approach of a man. The same fellow annoyed greatly a party of ladies from a boarding-school, in the same fields. He is a sallow looking fellow, about five feet eight.

It has recently come out that the unfortunate clergyman, Mr. Glasse, who destroyed himself some time ago at an inn in the city, had collected a sum of 800*l.* with which he intended to take refuge in the privileged Palace, Holyrood-House, until it was in his power to satisfy his creditors. He had the whole of the above sum in bank notes, which he inadvertently left in a hackney-coach, without having noticed its number; and this unlucky circumstance, it is said, according to a letter he left, was the cause of his committing the rash act. Seven hundred pounds of the notes were, however, recovered by his executors in rather an extraordinary way. The hackney-coachmen and watermen were applied to, and it was discovered that a hackney-coachman, who had been very poor, was all at once become rich, and had purchased a coach and a pair of horses; the executors, accompanied by police officers, went to this man, whom they interrogated and frightened until he hinted that he would inform them how they might recover the notes, if they would promise to give him 100*l.* the sum his coach and horses had cost. This was agreed to, and Jarvis immediately produced the remaining 700*l.*

**BIRTHS.**—On Monday, July 9, at his Lordship's house in Gloucester-place, the Right Hon. Lady George Beresford, of a daughter.—In Stanhope-street, Countess Compihgham, of a daughter.—The 9th of July, at Sir James Earle's in Hanover-square, the Lady of Percival Hare Earle, Esq. of a daughter.—In Upper Cadogan-place,

Mrs. John Hose, of a daughter.—Wednesday, July 12, at his house in Threadneedle-street, the Lady of Wm. W. Prescott, Esq. of a son.—On the 6th of July, the Lady of George Stevens, Esq. of Queen Anne-street, of a daughter.—In Bernard-street, the wife of Sam. Reynolds Solly, Esq. of Serge-Hill, Herts, of a daughter.

MARRIED.—At St. Marylebone church, by the Bishop of Salisbury, the Hon. Samuel Hood, of Trinity College, Cambridge, son of Lord Hood, to Lady Charlotte Nelson, daughter of the Rev. Earl Nelson.—Thursday, July 12, at St. Paul's church, Covent-garden, by special licence, Baron de Steiger of Berne, in Switzerland, to Miss de Tastet, daughter of Fermin de Tastet, Esq. of Ashford Lodge, Essex.—By the Rev. R. Hall, John Jeffery, Esq. of Throgmorton-street, to Charlotte, third daughter of John Longley, Esq. of Hampstead.—At Marylebone church, Thomas Robinson, aged 65, to Mary Ann Peasant, a lady of property, aged 77, both of Ogle-street, Marylebone. On their return from the hymeneal altar, the venerable pair were honoured with a grand concert, which attracted many to their door, as it was a concert of marrow-bones and clavers.—On Saturday, July 7, at St. Martin's church, J. Scott Dixon, Esq. of Morden, Surry, to Mrs. Mary Wright, of the same place.—On Saturday, July 7, Captain George Bean, of the Royal Artillery, to Frances Eliza, eldest daughter of William Bicknell, Esq. of Cadogan-place.—By special licence, at Mrs. Lockart's in Spanish-place, Manchester-square, the Hon. Major Henry Murray, to Miss De Vismaes.

DIED.—The Right Hon. Lord Southampton, at his house, Fitzroy-farm, Highgate, on Sunday morning between nine and ten o'clock. His Lordship was but in the 49th year of his age, and within a month before his death appeared in the utmost vigour of life. His Lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, an infant in the sixth year of his age; he has left a daughter of his former marriage, and one other son and two daughters by the present Lady.—On Tuesday, the 3d of July, in Stratford-place, universally lamented by her numerous family and friends, the Lady of John Kingston, Esq. M. P.—The 2d of July, James Nicklin, Esq. of Hackney, in the 77th year of his age.—On Friday, the 6th July, aged 58, Mary Ann, wife of Richard Bridger, Esq. of the Bank of England.—On Tuesday, July 10, Dr. Cuthbert Gordon.—Mr. Ogden the man who best understood the fluctuation doctrines of the turf, and how to profit by them in its most prosperous times, died at his house at Turnham Green, on Monday last, worth at least 100,000l.—In Berkeley-square, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. William Egerton, relict of the late Colonel W. Egerton, brother of John, late Lord Bishop of Durham.—Mrs. Holman, wife of Mr. Holman, the actor. Mrs. Holman was the daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Hamilton.—At her house at Twickenham, Isabella, the lady of the late Major Cole, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Ibbetson, Bart. and cousin to Francis Burton, Esq. M. P. for Oxford.—On Tuesday, July 10, Isaac Heaton, Esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand, aged 72.

## PROVINCIALS.

INCLUDING REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, &c.  
IN THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

### BERKSHIRE.

A most distressing circumstance lately happened at Windsor by the incautious administration of medicine to a child, the mother giving it a dose of spirits of salt, in mistake for castor oil. When the error was discovered, medical assistance was procured, but the child languished in the most excruciating pain during two days, and then expired.

MARRIED.—At Easthamstead church, Berks, Lieutenant-General Brownrigg, Quarter-Master-General of the Forces, to Miss Sophia Bissett, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Bissett of Knighton-House, Isle of Wight.

DIED.—At Formosa-place, aged 78, Admiral Sir G. Young.—At his house in Windsor Castle, aged 88, J. Beckett, Esq. He was one of the Poor Knights of Windsor, being appointed in the year 1774, and was formerly a private in the

Life Guards. His Majesty was so pleased with his appearance and figure as a soldier, that he graciously ordered him to sit for his portrait in full length, which his Majesty had suspended in the Palace, and afterwards recommended him to the then vacant situation as Poor Knight.

### CUMBERLAND.

The following accident happened on Tuesday, the 19th of July, at the residence of Henry Spence, Esq. near Keswick. The family were awakened early in the morning by dreadful screams.—A young woman, a servant, ran into the room, all in flames. As her cap and her handkerchief were only on fire, the flames were soon extinguished; but it was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to account for the injury received in her face. It seems another maid being ill in the night, the sufferer had arisen, to get some hot water. The tinder was damp, and she could not

strike a light; when recollecting that she heard gunpowder would produce the effect, she got the servant's powderhorn which he had to destroy magpies, and put a considerable quantity into the tinder box. The consequence is obvious. We hope this will be a caution never to leave gunpowder where those who are unacquainted with its powers can procure it.

#### DEVONSHIRE.

As two boys were at play at Exeter, lifting each other from the ground by the head (termed by children, shewing the way to London), one of them, by a sudden jerk, had his neck dislocated, and died while conveying to the Hospital.

#### GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

DIED.—Mr. James Morris, musician, of Cheltenham, who lost his sight by the small-pox in his infancy. He is supposed to have caught cold from sleeping in a damp bed, as he is the third of the same party who have died, probably from that cause, within a few weeks!

#### HERTFORDSHIRE.

DIED.—On the 7th of July, in the 65th year of his age, W. Drage, Esq. of Buntingford, Hertfordshire.

#### LANCASHIRE.

MARRIED.—T. Moore, Esq. of Liverpool, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late Rev. W. Nichols, of Chelmarsh Hall, Salop.

DIED.—In his 64th year, in Manchester, the Rev. T. Barnes, LL.D. for upwards of thirty years one of the ministers of the Dissenting Chapel in Red Cross-street.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

DIED.—At Heckington, Mr. Nicholas Wilson, aged 85; his remains were interred amongst those of seven wives whom he had buried at Kyme.

#### NORFOLK.

BIRTH.—At Massingham, the Hon. Mrs. W. Wodehouse, of a son.

MARRIED.—Mr. Moses Steward, jun. to Miss Mary Sendall, Mattishall, near East Dereham.—Mr. Wm. Bell, of St. Clement's, to Miss Ann Clabburn, daughter of the late Mr. Clabburn, of St. Simon's.

DIED.—Lately at Holt House, Leziate, near Lynn, Mrs. Taylor, the Lady of Joseph Taylor, Esq. Alderman of Lynn.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND.

DIED.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Watkin, of that place; on being informed that her son was fighting in the street, she ran to the place pointed out, and on seeing one of the men fall, she exclaimed, "Oh, my son!" and expired immediately.

#### NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

As a youth, fourteen years old, named Gee, was bathing with some others in the canal at Bramcote, near Nottingham, he got out of his

depth, and was in danger of being drowned.—His companions alarmed at his situation, called for assistance, and a sawyer, who with his wife was near the spot, immediately plunged in to his assistance. Unhappily, however, in the attempt to save Gee, he himself became a victim to his humanity, being drowned together with the unfortunate youth who was the object of his solicitude, in the presence of his wife, whose feelings were so overcome by the melancholy and unexpected catastrophe that she was taken away lifeless.

DIED.—Mrs. Rawson, of St. James's-street, Nottingham, aged 74; and a few days afterwards, her brother, Mr. Thomas Rawson, of the same place, banker, aged 76.—At Wilford, near Nottingham, Mr. Davenport, aged 79; and about an hour after, at the same place, Mrs. Feacon, sister to the above, aged 90.

#### OXFORD.

INSTALLATION OF LORD GRENVILLE.—On Tuesday, July 3, Ladies and Gentlemen began to collect about the entrances of the Theatre, as early as half past seven in the morning. The doors were opened at nine. The Ladies were admitted to their seats in the Lower Gallery first; but many of them went away from want of room. The Procession of the Chancellor did not appear till nearly eleven; previous to which, the Proctors, Messrs. Brickenden, of Worcester College, and Everett, of New College; and the Pro-Proctors, Messrs. Halward and Williams, of Worcester, Sherer of New, and Rathbone of New College, were received with strong testimonials of approbation. Some time afterwards the appearance of Sir Sidney Smith, in his naval uniform, excited a general and loud expression of applause.

The Procession entered by the great south door; the Esquire Bedels of the University, Messrs. Rhodes, M. A. Hall, LL.B. and Cox, M. A. bearing their silver staves, with the Yeomen Bedels, Messrs. Vise, Taman, and Dicks, the Verger, &c. leading the way. Then came my Lord Grenville, in a dark brown court suit, and over it his official black robe, richly embroidered with gold, and wearing his academic cap and gold tassel. He was followed by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. John Parsons, Master of Balliol, and a long train of Noblemen, Doctors, and Masters, who have taken out their regency, all in their respective habits; among whom were Earl Spencer, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Sir Henry Dashwood, Bart. the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, Sir William Scott, and Mr. Abbott, Speaker of the House of Commons (the two Members for the University), Sir John Cox, Hippisley, Bart. Mr. M. A. Taylor, and several young Noblemen of the University. The Chancellor seated himself in the great chair, in the centre of the semi-circle; the Vice-Chancellor standing on his left hand. The chair to the left was occupied by Dr. Wil-



ham Howell, Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Divinity; that on the right hand was empty, Lord Eldon, the High Steward, not being present. Before the Chancellor, on each side, sat the Proctors, at the ends of the semi-circle, the two Curates of the Theatre, Dr. Marlow, President of St. John's, and Dr. Landon, Provost of Worcester, took their chairs. When the Chancellor and all the Members had taken their places, the spectacle was the grandest and most impressive that can be imagined. A vast and noble semi-circular Theatre, containing two deep galleries, the upper one entirely filled with the under-graduates in their black gowns and caps, the lower one crowded with near eight hundred ladies, all of them elegantly dressed, many of them of the first distinction, and arrayed in the most splendid taste, in all the varieties of colour and plumage—beneath, in the centre, the Chancellor, and on either side, the Nobility, and Members of the University, in their *costumes*—and the opposite end to the Chancellor's chair, occupied by the Orchestra, and the vocal Performers—presented, altogether, a picture of the most brilliant and august kind, which it is impossible to describe, but which gave the highest opinion of the greatness of the nation of any exhibition we have witnessed.

The Chancellor opened the Convocation in the usual form, and then proceeded to read from the Chair the proposition for conferring the honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon several Noblemen and Gentlemen. These were all proposed severally from the Chair, and unanimously admitted; upon which they were individually introduced in their scarlet gowns, addressed by Dr. Joseph Phillimore, of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Civil Law, and their admission declared to them, in the usual words by the Chancellor. The admission of the Marquis of Buckingham was rendered interesting by the Chancellor, who manifested a strong sensibility on the occasion of addressing his elder brother, whom he called "*carissime frater*," which produced a very general feeling. The Regius Professor of Divinity addressed M. Engel, an illustrious foreigner, at some length. The audience shewed great approbation of several of the newly admitted Honorary Doctors.

The Public Oration, Mr. Crowe, of New College, then ascended the Eastern Rostrum, and delivered his commemoration speech, which was a very elegant Latin oration, losing nothing of its earnestness by the old Wykehamist pronunciation. After an appropriate exordium, and expatiating upon the use and benefits of the University, he proceeded to call to the recollection of his attentive audience, several of those great persons who had justly distinguished their names by their munificence towards this great institution. After various other topics, he came to his peroration, in which he addressed himself to Lord Grenville, in the most elegant, delicate, and pasterly manner; complimenting him on the re-

turn of his health, he would forbear to say much of his character; and he hoped that the day was far distant, when it would fall to his lot to speak of him as he thought, without incurring the imputation of flattery. This oration was followed by loud and reiterated plaudits.

Mr. Coleridge, of Corpus Christi (nephew, we understand, to Mr. Coleridge the poet, from the Western Rostrum, recited his Latin verses, (subject "*Pyramides Egyptiacæ*"), for which he had gained one of the present Chancellor's prizes.

Mr. Whateley, of Oriel, followed, and delivered his English Essay, which won another of these prizes: the subject, "*What are the arts, in the cultivation of which the Moderns have been less successful than the Ancients?*" This Essay shewed a considerable degree of research, and good habits of analysis and comparison.

Mr. Miller, of Worcester College, then read his Essay in Latin prose, which won the present Chancellor's third prize: the subject "*In Philosophia quæ de vita et moribus est, illustranda, quantum præcipue sermonum Socraticorum fuit, excellentia?*" This was highly and deservedly applauded.

Last came Mr. Chinnery, of Christ Church, who recited his English Poem of fifty verses, which gained him Sir Roger Newdigate's Annual Prize: the subject

#### THE STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Will then no pitying sword its succour lend  
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end,  
To free the unconquer'd mind, whose generous  
pow'r

Triumphs o'er nature in her saddest hour?

Bow'd low, and full of death, his head declines,  
Yet o'er his brow indignant Valour shines,  
Still glares his closing eye with angry light,  
Now glares, now darkens with approaching night.

Think not with terror heaves that sinewy  
breast—

'Tis vengeance visible, and pain suppress'd;  
Calm in despair, in agony sedate,  
His proud soul wrestles with o'er-mastering fate;  
That pang the conflict ends—he falls not yet,  
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,  
At once by death, death's lingering pow'r to  
brave—

He will not sink, but plunge into the grave,  
Exhaust his mighty heart in one sad sigh,  
And rally all life's energies—to die!

Unfear'd is now that cord which oft ensnar'd  
The baffled rival whom his falchion spar'd;  
Those clariens mute, which on the murderous  
stage  
Rous'd from his deeds of more than martial rage:  
Once poised by peerless might, once dear to fame,  
The shield which could not guard, supports his  
frame;

His fixed eye dwells upon the faithless blade,  
As if in silent agony he pray'd,  
"O might I yet, by one avenging blow,

"Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!"  
Vain hope!—the streams of life-blood fast descend;

That giant-arm's upbearing strength must bend;

Yet shall he scorn, procreant, to betray  
One dastard sign of anguish or dismay,  
With one weak plaint to slouch his parting breath,  
In pangs, sublime, magnificent in death!

But his were deeds unchronicled; his tomb  
No patriot wreaths adorn; to cheer his doom  
No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,  
Of trophied conquests for his country won;  
And he, whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame

To Ctesilas—he dies without a name!

Haply to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride  
The hero-slave, or hircling champion died,  
When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows,

Barter'd her virtue, glory, and repose,  
Sold all that Freemen prize as great and good,  
For pomps of death, and theatres of blood!

GEORGE ROBERT CHINSEY,  
Christ Church.

On Wednesday, the grand attraction was at St. Mary's Church, for here learning and festivity go hand in hand with mercy and piety; and the press to get into the church resembled that in getting admittance to the theatre. The Rev. Dr. Howley, Regius Professor of Divinity, preached a most eloquent and excellent sermon before the Chancellor, the Nobility, the heads of houses, &c. all arranged in their proper places, and clothed with their appropriate habits. The galleries were entirely devoted to the fair sex; an order having been printed and placarded in the streets, describing the necessary arrangements.

On Thursday, the second Concert took place at the Theatre, which was crammed at an early hour. The vocal performers were Catalani, Madame Bianchi, Mrs. Vaughan, Mr. Bartleman, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Knyvett, and Mr. Braham. After Lord Grenville had entered the Theatre, and taken the Great Chair with the customary formalities, he proposed a list of names of persons for the Honorary Degree, to all which the Doctors and Masters said "Placet;" and they were all admitted.

On Friday, the Chancellor being seated, again proposed several Noblemen and Gentlemen for the Honorary Degree, who were elected and admitted in the usual way.

Thus terminated this splendid Commemoration, with the greatest satisfaction to all visitors, to the Students, the Masters and Heads of Houses, and to Lord Grenville, the Chancellor, its impression upon whose feelings was evident throughout, notwithstanding the remonians of his severe, and regretted indisposition. His Lordship has conducted himself with a proper dignity, and in all respects has been "clear in his great office." He has received almost the honours of royalty, and

been the chosen monarch of the most learned body in the land. With a mind constituted as his is, it must be to him a never-failing source of gratifying recollection. The assiduity, attention, and assiduity of the Vice-Chancellor, is the theme of every one's praise.

DIED.—At Cunner, near Oxford, of a fit of apoplexy, in the 54th year of his age, the Rev. John Slatter, Vicar of Cunner, Berks, and of Stanton Harcourt, in this county, and Chaplain of New College and of Merton College, in this University. By his sudden death the Church has been deprived of a zealous and sincere Minister, and society of an intelligent, active, and upright member. The living of Cunner is in the gift of Lord Abingdon, and Stanton Harcourt the Bishop of Oxford.

#### RUTLANDSHIRE.

DIED.—Aged 25, William Hill, Esq. of Uppingham, banker. His death was occasioned by a fall from a vicious horse, by which his right thigh was broken: although the best surgical assistance was immediately procured, a mortification ensued.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE.

A shocking murder was lately committed on the person of Isaac Progers, a farmer at Ball's Hundred near Cheltenham, in this county, by two robbers, who entered the house at midnight, and alarmed Mr. P. and his wife in bed. They demanded to know where any property might be found, and on being informed there was none in the house, one of the villains stabbed Mr. P. and then ransacked the house of plate, and other articles, and decamped. A labourer is in custody on suspicion of the murder. Mrs. Progers is not expected to survive the shock.

DIED.—At Hadspen House, in this county, Miss Hobhouse, only sister of Henry Hobhouse, Esq. of that place.—Suddenly, of an apoplectic fit, whilst dressing for divine service, in Stoke's-Croft, Bristol, Miss H. Vinpany, aged 24, eldest daughter of Mr. Vinpany, of the parish of Arlingham, Gloucestershire.

#### SHROPSHIRE.

DIED.—Suddenly, after taking a hearty breakfast, near Goulding, in this county, Sir John Dutton Coft, Bart. late of Leominster, in Herefordshire.

#### SUSSEX.

DIED.—In Horsham gaol, aged 82, Simon Southward, formerly of Boxgrove, Chichester. This singular character was a miller, which occupation he followed with industry and attention till about the year 1760, when, by a strange species of insanity, he fancied himself Earl of Derby, King in Man, assumed those titles, neglected his business, and became very troublesome to many of his neighbours. In February, 1767, he was arrested for a small debt, at the suit of the late Duke of Richmond, and was conveyed to the Old Gaol at Horsham, from which he was removed (the first prisoner after its completion) to the present gaol,

and from which he was released, after a captivity of forty-three years, by the hand of Death! He was in stature about six feet, was exceedingly well made, and had a commanding countenance: his manners were generally affable, and his deportment polite; he was, however, when offended, exceedingly wrathful, and with difficulty pacified, particularly when his ire had been occasioned by doubts about his assumed dignity. He supposed himself a state prisoner, and would accept of no money or clothes which were not presented to him as coming from the King, his cousin. His dress was generally a drab coat, of a very ancient cut, and a cocked hat, with a black cockade. He was addressed, as well by the Governors of the prison, as by his fellow-prisoners and visitors, "Mr Lord!" and to no other denomination would he ever reply. He had been supported for a number of years past by a weekly stipend from the parish of Boxgrove, which was paid to him by Mr. Smart, and which his Lordship expended on necessities with the strictest economy; but could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to receive a meal, or other favour, except under the description above stated.

#### WARWICKSHIRE.

On Sunday evening, July 1st, Birmingham and its neighbourhood were visited by a dreadful hurricane, which continued for about two hours. During the storm the lightning struck a large oak tree, in Axton Park, in the vicinity of that town, under which a fine colt was standing for shelter. The lightning struck the tree about twenty-five feet from the ground; it struck the colt between the eyes, and literally mashed its head to pieces. About eight o'clock, a youth of about seventeen years of age, at Brooksburn, Hertfordshire, was struck down by the lightning in a senseless state; he was taken to a house in the neighbourhood, and did not survive an hour.

#### YORKSHIRE.

A short time ago, a duck belonging to Mr. J. Clemenshaw, of Winmoor, near Leeds, laid an egg, rather above the ordinary size, which was broken for the purpose of being cooked for dinner, but, on examination, the contents were found to consist of a dark muddy slime, neither resembling the yolk nor the white of an egg, in the middle of which was deposited a young snake of the length of ten inches. When the egg was broken, the reptile unfolded itself, and remained apparently in a healthy state for about twenty hours, when, having wrapt itself up again, it soon after died, and is now preserved in spirits by Mr. Clemenshaw.

**BIRTHS.**—Isabella Garbutt, wife of J. Garbutt, of Sleight Bridge, near Whitby, of three children, two boys and a girl, all of whom, with the mother, are doing well.

**MARRIED.**—Mr. Robinson, merchant, to Miss Kirkman, only daughter of Sam. Kirkman, Esq. of Hull.—The Rev. L. Andrews, one of the ministers of Halifax Chapel, to Miss Adams of Nottingham.

**DIED.**—At Little Shelfeld, J. Brown, aged 88; and on the same day his wife, aged 76. This couple had been married 52 years. Their remains were interred at Wittington; the husband's being carried to the grave by six grandsons, the wife's by six grand-daughters, and followed by four sons and four daughters.—James Richardson Collins, Esq. Major in the Third West York Militia, and eldest son of J. Collins, Esq. of Knearesbro'.—Thomas Hunt, groom to Colonel Walker, of Aldwark, near Rotherburn, jumped out of a chamber window (supposed in his sleep), when some of the servants, alarmed by his groans, proceeded to the spot, where he was taken up quite senseless, and expired soon after.

#### WALLS.

A most shocking accident happened at Swansea, on Sunday July 1st, which was visited by a tremendous thunder-storm. One of the vanes of a windmill, belonging to Morgan Evan, in Llan-samlet, having been broken by a gust of wind, several people were attracted to the spot, some by curiosity, and others to assist in getting the machinery in order. About three o'clock a very heavy shower of rain fell, and drove between twenty and thirty persons into the mill for shelter; when almost immediately, thus collected, the electric fluid struck the roof of the building, and penetrating through it, set the whole in a blaze. The scene at this moment was of the most shocking description; the owner of the mill was in the loft, with two other men, both of whom were killed, and he was much injured; the remaining persons, more than twenty in number, lay in a promiscuous heap on the ground-floor, apparently lifeless; but assistance being instantly procured, they were taken out, and only one was found dead; the others were all happily recovered, and are doing well. Nothing remains of the mill but the bare wall, and a quantity of corn and flour was also destroyed.

#### IRELAND.

On Friday se'nnight, the lun at which the mail coach stops in Castleblaney, kept by Mr. Fanglehey, was burned to the ground, and Mrs. Fanglehey, her two children, two maids, and two dragoons perished in the flames. About two o'clock, Mr. Fanglehey was awake by a suffocating smell proceeding from the apartment below, and he instantly got up to explore the cause. On coming to the room which had excited a suspicion, he found it all in a blaze; at that moment the door burst open, and a body of flame forced its way up the stairs, which rendered all access to the apartments which he had just quitted impossible, and there lay his wife and infant children—he immediately gave the alarm, and endeavoured to procure assistance: a ladder was brought with as little loss of time as possible; his wife and children were his first care, and he placed the ladder to the front of their bed-room: the flames raged with unabated fury, but the tender mother was

seen to approach the window, bearing a child under each arm. A gleam of hope took possession of every countenance, but, alas! it was only for a moment—the floor gave way under her feet, and the parent with her helpless offspring snuk together into eternity. Three of five dragoons quartered in the house, were rescued from the flames: and a third servant maid, after suffering severely, precipitated herself from a window, and was shockingly mangled; there is no hope of her surviving.

On the night of Sunday the 24th of June, about the hour of twelve, a party of men paid a fatal visit to the house of Timothy Collins, an honest and industrious farmer, residing at Ballygarran, nearly on the road which leads from Waterford to Ballymacaw, and about four miles distant from the former, and three from the latter place. The family were asleep, and some little time elapsed before the command to open the door was complied with. This was at length done by Collins himself, who was instantly shot dead. Some of the assailants immediately entered, and knocked down the sister of Collins with the butt-end of their pieces. She appears to have advanced towards the door on the report of the shot. They then went forward, and deliberately fired into a bed, in which the two brothers of Collins lay. The ball entered near the shoulder of one of them, and inflicted a dangerous wound. The other brother was repeatedly and ferociously struck with the instruments in the hands of his enemies, while a boy, who was making a considerable noise, experienced similar treatment. The female, in the mean time, having somewhat recovered from the blows, had crept for safety under the bed. The assassins, imagining that they had fully accomplished their deadly purpose, went to the outside of the house, and joined their associates. There, as it may be fairly presumed, some consultation took place, when they resolved "to make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate." The door was shut, and firmly secured on the outside, and fire set to the house, in order that the flames should perfect what unexampled barbarity might possibly have left unfinished. The whole party withdrew, as soon as they saw that this concluding scene of their dreadful tragedy had taken effect. The brothers, already weltering in their blood, speedily felt the horror of their situation, aggravated by the rapid approach of the smoke and flames. The wounds they received had deprived one of them of the power of exertion; but the other, although enfeebled, had yet sufficient strength to go to the door, and, by an effort of despair, to pull it open, having laid hold of it by the under part, and dragged it inwards. He then returned, and took out his brother and the boy, and immediately went back to search for his sis-

ter. By this time the room was completely filled with the flames, which had particularly seized on the bed, underneath which the terrified and wounded female had taken refuge. He distinctly heard her groans; but to rescue her was now impossible; and he was compelled to abandon her to her fate, in all that agony of mind of which kindred affection alone can judge! Her body was found next morning, almost wholly consumed. The three survivors found accommodation in a neighbouring house until the morning, when the man who was shot in bed and the boy were brought to the Leper Hospital, Waterford, where their situation receives every attention. The ball has not been extracted, nor can the consequence of the wound be as yet pronounced upon. The boy is likely to recover, and the wounds of the other brother are not material. Of the abandoned wretches who perpetrated this crime, nothing whatever is known. They are supposed to have come from a distance. It is said, that horses were taken from lands in the western part of the county on the evening of the day on which the transaction took place, and that several strangers were seen returning in the same direction on the morning of Monday. Collins was a resident of the county of Waterford for nearly twenty years: but his original extraction from another county is a delinquency for which there was no mercy in the code of these ferocious savages. He had received from them official notice to quit his dwelling, or abide the consequences of disobedience to their mandate. By a sum of money he had purchased the promise of immunity and peace; but the contract was broken by those with whom it was made, or disregarded by some of their associates.

On Saturday, the 23d of June, Mr. Thomas Bowen, overseer of works in the Royal Engineer Department at Duncannon Fort, put a period to his existence by shooting himself through the head with a horse pistol—having placed himself (as it is thought) opposite a looking glass in his chamber, and firing the pistol under his left eye. Twelve or fifteen minutes previous to this dreadful catastrophe he sent for a gentleman, with whom he had some conversation relative to the department, and who declares that he never saw the unhappy man more tranquil or collected. In letters which were found in his room (directed to his mother and others) he assigns pecuniary embarrassment and disappointment in Lottery speculations, as the motives for his committing the rash deed. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, and the Jury brought in a verdict of *felo de se*. Mr. Bowen was about 60 years of age, extremely abstemious, of amiable and gentlemanly manners, and generally esteemed as a worthy and sensible man.

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M<sup>RS</sup> SHERIDAN.



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For AUGUST, 1810.

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A New Series.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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### The Ninth Number.

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MRS. R. B. SHERIDAN.

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DID this amiable and accomplished lady possess no other claim to notice in these pages than that arising from her being the second choice of our *arbiter elegantiarum*, and distinguished patriot, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. it would be a claim irresistibly appealing in its nature, and eminently entitled to the homage of our highest respect. But the merits of Mrs. Sheridan rest not on so superficial a foundation as this; they may be found in her life and practice, which combine the purest morality with a polish of manners, and amenity of disposition, that denote her at once to be a woman of sound sense, and a splendid ornament to the society in which she moves.

Mrs. Sheridan is the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester; and became, in 1795, some time subsequent to the decease of the former Mrs. Sheridan (the celebrated Miss

Linley), the second wife of Mr. Sheridan, by whom she has a son now living; her brother, we apprehend, is a Captain in his Majesty's navy.

Possessed as Mrs. Sheridan was before her marriage, of the advantages to be derived from the bright union of precept and corresponding conduct in her father's character, it is not to be supposed that the noble example could fail of a beneficial result on a mind more than commonly imbued with those principles which do honour to human nature.

As a wife and mother, Mrs. Sheridan has stood on a proud pre-eminence, under circumstances too well calculated, we fear, to excite despondence, and mental endurance which nothing but conscious integrity and religious conviction, nothing but the most faithful attachment and the most considerate feelings, could have prevented her from sinking under. But, as a woman

of the gay world, and an associate of the *haut ten*, it is that she sheds the most diffusive beams; it is here that Mrs. Sheridan displays herself in those colours which, like the glory round the head of a saint, in a place of darkness, appear more lustrous from the effect of contrast:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!  
"So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

SHAKESPEARE.

The graces of the heart, and the embellishments of the mind are infinitely superior to every external beauty, whether the gift of nature or the result of art; in corroboration of these sentiments we beg to add the example of Mrs. Sheridan, who mixes in fashionable life without contamination, and like the eagle, although at times compelled to stoop into the vallies of mortality, has her eye constantly fixed on a superior sphere.

It were invidious to close this article without adverting to Mr. Sheridan, to whom our limits will not permit us to

render justice, but of whom we shall, nevertheless, brief as our matter may be, conscientiously speak.

If Mr. Sheridan cannot boast of the possession of a pecuniary independence, he may lay claim to that which far surpasses it, a mental dignity, firm and constant in every point; and which, amid all the seductions of amusement and fascinations of pleasure, has been invariably attended by a rooted love for his country, and has been constantly exhibited at those times when others, less pure and less honourable than himself, shrunk from their duty, and courted popularity rather than self-approbation.

Innumerable are the instances that might be adduced in evidence of this, and most readily, most gratefully (for to Mr. Sheridan the country is certainly deeply indebted for a public-spirited use of his uncommon talents), do we bear our humble record to a magnanimity which, in these interested times, merits more praise than it has received, and is openly deemed worthy of pursuit by all, although by few it is privately practised.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### HYMENA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

(Continued from Page 7.)

ONE morning, whilst my aunt and myself were alone, a humble message was sent up stairs, requesting that the person below might be admitted to speak to my aunt, as his business concerned a charitable application in the way of his trade.

"Heaven bless me," said my aunt, on hearing the name mentioned to her, "this is a man I have much longed to have an opportunity of speaking to, without appearing to desire it. My dear Hymenæa, this is a true original. From the meanest possible origin, and without any other merit but that of the most consummate conceit, and most invincible brass, this fellow has become one of the richest men of

the day; he is our fashionable auctioneer. It is he who sold a marshy estate belonging to my Lord Trump to an Indian Nabob, who scorned to see his purchase before he made it, and accordingly paid thirty thousand pounds for what was not worth ten thousand. The auctioneer, however, described it as being the most beautiful, oldest, and most luxuriant meadow land in England; that it never wanted water, and that the grass and verdure was three feet high all the year. The estate was bought under this description, and when the purchaser came to take possession, he found that he had bought a thousand acres of uncultivated bog; that it, indeed, never wanted

water, because it was always three feet deep under water, and that the grass, that is to say the reeds, were indeed some of them three, but still more of them five feet above the surface. The same auctioneer sold another estate by a pompous description of the rich and extensive prospects; and these prospects when they came to be examined, were so many look-outs erected on the top of the highest trees, and a solitary hill which happened to be found in the neighbourhood. His language is as peculiar as his daring misrepresentation. But here he comes.—My word on it his business is some roguery."

The person spoken of was now in the room; he was a middle-sized or rather short man, with a conceited smirk on his countenance, and with a bow like a dancing-master.

"I have waited on your Ladyship," said he, "to request your assistance in the way of my business, and respectfully to assure your Ladyship, that in the same way of business I shall not forget to return it. The time may come, my Lady, when you may want some article that I may be selling at a proper price; I have only to say, that if your Ladyship will then signify your commands, you shall have it at the lowest possible price, so as not to injure the proprietor."

"I consider that as a very honest and honourable proposal, Mr. Silvertongue," said my aunt; "but pray is not every thing sold at a fair price at auctions, at the price to which a fair competition raises it?"

"No, Madam," replied he. "If the competition were fair, it would be all right, and all the buyers would have justice. But things are conducted in a very different manner. A knot of brokers and upholsterers combine together, and if they see any stranger bidding for any article, they run it up, as they call it, so that the person gives more for it than it would cost them to purchase it of their own upholsterer. This soon sickens your bargain-buyers, and throws every thing entirely into the hands of the brokers. The brokers never bid against each other. The consequence is, that with the exception of a few fashionable and useless articles with which these gentry never incur themselves, every thing is thrown away."

"What a pity there should be such roguery," said my aunt. "But may I request to know how I can oblige you Mr. Silvertongue."

"Nothing more easy, Madam.—I have got to sell off the goods of a Captain in the army, who is ordered for foreign service on a very distant station. Now I would wish, as the Captain is not rich, that the goods might fetch as much as possible. But it unfortunately so happens that the Captain's name is very little known, so that I cannot make a fashionable sale of it by the use of his name, and I have already explained to your Ladyship, that nothing is to be got in an ordinary sale. In plain words, my Lady, I have humbly to request your Ladyship's assistance to bring the people of fashion together, and to procure a good price for the Captain's family."

"Even now I do not understand you," said my aunt.

"Why, then, to explain more fully, my Lady; your Ladyship may have observed that when at watering-places, for example, an actor or manager wants a full house, he announces some play or performance under the patronage of some lady of distinction; and this lady and all her friends accordingly make a point of going; and what is more, as all the world is led by fashion, and the house becomes fashionable for that night, so all the world go.—Now Madam, it has been an invention of mine to carry into my business this kind of contrivance, and when I want a full auction, I do as the players do when they want a full house, I solicit a lady patroness; and upon my part I will do every thing to make the party comfortable. Your Ladyship may choose your own hours and seats, and every thing shall be duly provided."

"Upon my word," said my aunt, "a very happy contrivance. And pray is my name to be affixed to the bills—This day will be sold by auction, under the patronage of Lady——"

"Oh no, Madam, not so grossly as this. I shall simply say in the bills, that at the same sale will be sold some valuable effects of a lady of fashion, removed for the convenience of sale, and kindly permitted to be sold at the Captain's house by consent of the proprietor."

"Very good," said my aunt. "And so I am to have the reputation of having my goods, as you call them, sold off by auction."

"Not at all, Madam, the vulgar will not know what lady of fashion is meant, seeing so many ladies of fashion go; and as to your own friends amongst whom you make the party, they will know that it is usual, and that there is nothing in it. I shall have sales enough to pay them all the same compliment."

Whilst the auctioneer was thus proceeding, a servant entered the room, bearing two beautiful China jars, with a message that a porter had just brought them, and desired them to be carried up to the lady.

"Oh, I see they are come. May I humbly request your Ladyship to accept of these jars; they are some of my own importing; I brought them over in the last China fleet. The Queen has had a couple of them. Your Ladyship, I hope, will not disdain to make this another happy day of my life."

My aunt thanked him, and accepted them with full as much ease as they were given.

"Well, Sir," continued my aunt, "now have the goodness to inform me as to how I am to proceed in serving you."

"Why, if it will not trouble your Ladyship, I could wish the sale, in the first place, to be on Friday. Now if your Ladyship will be pleased to give your public breakfast on that day, which I see by the Newspapers stands for Sunday——"

"By all means," said my aunt. "So far therefore shall be done. Now what next?"

"Why, about two o'clock your Ladyship might propose to your visitors to take a turn to Silvertongue's auction."

"True, true," said my aunt; "you need say no more, only let it be three o'clock instead of two, for we shall not have breakfasted before."

"Madam, your Ladyship has made me infinitely happy," said the fashionable auctioneer, bowing out of the room.

"Sir, if your happiness can be procured at so easy a price, as far as depends upon me at least, it is your own fault that you are not happy every day of your life."

And with these and mutual bows the person took his leave.

"Well, what do you think of this," said my aunt.

"That it is all very well," said I. "The auctioneer knows the world, and knows how to profit by its follies."

"There can be no harm in this, at least," said my aunt.

"No," replied I, "no farther than that it is a kind of concurrence to deception, and therefore so far a violation of that truth which should never be wounded even in its minutest points. It is with truth as with female modesty or delicacy, the outlines should be guarded as the first barriers to the fortress. However, I am not disposed to censure this instance, inasmuch as it may be of service, and I do not really see that any harm is in any way intended. This Silvertongue seems really a very clever fellow."

"He really is," said my aunt; "be a thing what it may be, he will find a sale for it, and a recommendation. If you break a piece of china, he will persuade his hearers that it was a censor dish belonging to the Grand Lama.—Find an old farthing, and it will go hard with him but that he will prove it a Queen Anne's. The society of antiquaries owe him several grudges. He is most put to it, however, in pictures, for he knows nothing but the names of the masters, and yet never hesitates to offer them according to his purchasers. He has suffered two or three actions, and been once or twice within an ace of being very severely trounced; hitherto, however, he has escaped, and as I understand is now very rich."

(To be continued.)

## PERSIAN LETTERS.

## No. VIII.

FROM MULEY CID SADI, ONE OF THE SECRETARIES TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PERSIAN  
AMBASSADOR IN LONDON, TO OSMAN CALI BEG, HIS FRIEND IN ISPAHAN.

My dear friend, this is the last letter you will receive from me from this land of Infidels, and the moment is approaching when I shall return to those happy lands in which man enjoys his natural dignity, and woman lives in her natural subserviency; in which every one governs his own family, and in which he may punish the revolt of his harem, or the sedition of his seraglio, by the instant execution of a rebellious servant, and the exemplary castigation of a troublesome wife. As I now take leave of this country, I will here sum up my observations on it in a few sentences.

As to the religion of the people, every street, as far as buildings go, has a double portion, but as far as I have been able to see, there is very little sense of any religion at all in this trifling people. In the families where I visit, there is no difference between their Sabbath and what they term their week-days. Every one consults his own taste; some ride out, some remain at home; there is scarcely such a thing as any attendance on public worship amongst many of the people of fashion. To hear their incessant bells, you would think that they were the most pious nation under the sun. To see their observance of their Sabbath, and their negligence of the holy writings, you would form an opinion directly opposite. I am told, however, that there are people amongst them who do not consider their eminent rank as exempting them from their duties towards God and man, and I understand that the King of the country is the most religious man in it. It is really well that there is some one amongst them to keep up the memory of their ancient faith. A bad religion, to my thoughts, is better than none at all.

With respect to their government, the English have none at all, none at least which I have been able to observe. Every one seems to do as they please. I have

mentioned in one of my former letters that I demanded that the heads of two fellows should be sent to me for not having brought my carriage in time; but to my astonishment was informed, that no one could be put to death without an express law, and that there was no law which allowed masters to have off the heads of their contumelious servants. A servant lives with his master only as long as he pleases, and will take nothing from him but his money. One rascal of mine, an Infidel dog, which they call a footman, threatened to thrash me in return for a blow I dealt him; and I understood that to thrash, is to return blow for blow. Every one, moreover, takes what liberty he pleases with the government; abuses or praises the minister and great men, and yet none of them, as I have heard, have ever received the bastinado, and not one of them, I am certain, have ever been impaled.—Oh, were some of these coffee-house politicians to talk thus in Ispahan! how soon should we have a basket full of their heads. But in England all is liberty; that is to say, with respect to the government, every one says what he pleases.

With respect to the manners of the people, it cannot be denied that they are hospitable to a degree. They live like sheep, or swine, in a constant herd together, and are never so happy, and apparently so much at their natural ease, as when they are all eating together at a common trough. It would really make a temperate man hungry to see them eat. Instead of divans, when they have any important affair to settle, they hold a dinner, and drink success to their plans, and perdition to their enemies. Nothing goes amiss as long as the dinner is well done, and nothing is well if any thing be wrong in the kitchen.

It is no her part of their manners that they are altogether as free of their wives as of their wine. There seems to be no key

to their harams or their wine cellars. Wives are not indeed sold in the open market, but the matter is as effectually done by private contract. One of these Infidel dogs, for example, wants to rid himself of his wife; well, he agrees with another Infidel dog, that upon paying a certain stipulated sum he shall have possession; possession is accordingly had, and a law which is called *Crim. Con.* concludes the bargain, by compelling him to pay the money under the name of damages. This is the only really clever thing amongst them, and as their laws stand, almost induces me to set them down for a sagacious people.

As husbands sell their wives, so is it another part of the manners of these Infidel dogs, that they openly and avowedly sell their daughters. The price usually rises according to the age of the purchaser, a daughter in this case being sold by one rule, and a horse by another. In selling a horse, they look only to the age of the horse; in selling a daughter, they look chiefly to the age of the purchaser. If the husband that-would-be, be old, they demand a pretty round price. No father will marry his daughter to an old husband unless the latter have gold enough to weigh against his surplus years.

Another absurd peculiarity in their manners, arising from the same absurd source, their absurd estimation of their women, is what they term their gallantry. In Persia and every eastern country, where man is man, woman is woman, and an ass, if a man want an additional wife or a mule, he sends to his horse jockey or wife-broker, states the price to which he will go for a warranted woman, and the business is done. But how is it in this wretched country? Why, as men have raised women to their own level, so have they

necessarily sunk themselves to the feminine standard. They are compelled, therefore, to court, that is to say, solicit, sigh, swear, lye, and are happy if after six or seven months of this miserable servitude, they may procure the honour of making them their wives, that is to say, according to the language of this country, their rulers. An Englishman can get rid of the flies in summer, of the rains in winter,—yea, he may get the dry-rot out of the timbers of his house, but let a wife once get entrance, and there she is, a fixture for life.—Poor wretched Englishmen.

I have told you that the women walk the streets with naked faces; have I ever told you that they walk their drawing rooms in a state which makes even a Persian blush. But perhaps female modesty, like that of the Persian women, is not to be expected in this land of Infidel dogs.

Farewell, my dear friend.—How eagerly do I anticipate the day and hour when I shall return amongst you, and embrace my hundred and seventy wives.

Have you ordered an example to be made of Ismena according to my wishes expressed to you. As it is only a first offence, I would shew mercy. But her offence, that of endeavouring to look into the street, must not be passed over. Order the black Eunuch to shave her head, slit one of her ears, and give her two hundred lashes on her naked back, in daily portions of a dozen each. And for fear the strokes should cause a mortification during this hot season, order him, after every daily castigation, to anoint her naked back with brine.—Farewell.

*From London, the city of Infidels,  
in the Month denominated July."*

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

*(Continued from Page 14.)*

THE course of our history must now lead us back. It will be remembered that we left Bellasis exerting his humanity in the consolation of the unfortunate whom he had preserved from suicide. Bellasis neglected nothing which might soothe her wounded spirit, and secretly resolved to avenge her wrongs. His efforts were not wholly useless. There is nothing more consoling to the human mind, in the season of distress, than that generous benevolence which adopts as its own the miseries of another. Bellasis, probing the root of the evil, endeavoured to reconcile the unfortunate woman to herself.

"You are the wife of Mirabel," said he, "according to the laws of man, and in the sight of Heaven. That you cannot prove your right, does not take it away. The justice of Heaven will not long sleep."

Bellasis did not stop here. Considering her, as she really was, as the wife of Mirabel, whom Heaven had thrown into his hands for protection, he was resolved to execute that trust to the full; he put her, therefore, into possession of his own lodgings, and that nothing might thence attach to her character, he removed himself to others in the neighbourhood.

His thoughts now returned to Agnes, but here he was confounded, and knew not what course to pursue. He had applied to the police offices, but as Mirabel had been legally nominated her guardian, he could obtain no warrant against him, for what was considered only as the removal of her person. He was returning from one of these useless applications when he met a fellow, whose countenance he slightly remembered. It was old Jonathan the family coachman of the late Lady Priscilla; old Jonathan likewise remembered him, and immediately addressed him with emotion.

"I implore your assistance, Sir," said he, "your honour will pardon my abruptness; but, I implore you, as the friend of my Lady Priscilla, to assist me in the rescue of our young lady. Sir Mirabel has

forcibly removed her, and we know not what her situation may be."

"Whither has he taken her?" said Bellasis; "I have in vain endeavoured to discover."

"I have succeeded in this discovery, your honour," said Jonathan. "Sir Henry has an abbey in Wales, which he holds of Squire Larkins, the great lawyer. He has removed her thither. It is about thirty miles from Monmouth."

Bellasis demanded of him whether he was sure in his intelligence? "Yes," replied he, "and I can inform you of still more when we have leisure. I am coachman to Sir Henry. I had heard his character, and to prevent any mischief to Miss Agnes, resolved to get into his family. I had no difficulty to effect my purpose. Either I was too old, or Sir Henry did not chuse to trust me in this affair; but I have learned in the family that the postillions had orders to proceed towards Monmouth, and I knew before that he had a shooting residence in that neighbourhood."

"Let us lose no time, Jonathan," said Bellasis.

"No, your honour, not a minute," replied Jonathan; "I have taken care to order post horses in my way." "In your way," said Bellasis, "of whom then were you in search?"

"Of Mr. Beachcroft, Sir," replied he; "I thought as he was to be married to Miss Agnes, he was the most suitable person to go in pursuit of her. But every thing for the best. There are secrets in all families. Miss Agnes, perhaps, has chosen for herself, and why should not the young Squire do the same. And to be sure his choice is no discredit to him, though she is poor. An honest employment cannot disgrace. It is better to live by honest means, by our own industry, than to receive an unwelcome morsel from hands who may grudge it. For my part, I commend the young Squire's choice, though I do not know what his father may say to it."

I

Bellasis was so concerned in every thing which regarded Agnes, that he deemed himself justified in further questioning Jonathan. He hastened, however, to the place where the post horses were in waiting, as his eagerness to effect the release of Agnes, suspended every other wish. Having reached the spot he entered the chaise, accompanied by Jonathan, who was humbly retreating. The post-boy had his orders to proceed with all possible speed, and a dollar being put into his hands, procured a ready compliance.

They continued to travel post with the same rapidity, and by the same road, which Mirabel had travelled before. Bellasis was so much the more pleased with his companion as Agnes was the ceaseless subject of his discourse. When Agnes had related her early history to Bellasis, she had omitted, or slightly passed over, the manner in which she had fallen into the hands of Lady Priscilla. Old Jonathan now related this part of her narrative more fully.

"It was in the summer, after the death of the King of France, Sir," said Jonathan, "that my mistress, in common with many other English travellers, was detained in France, because England had, at that time, declared war against their republic as they called it."

"Lady Priscilla then," said Bellasis, interrupting him, "was travelling in France during the greater part of the revolution."

"Yes, your honour," replied Jonathan, "my Lady Priscilla was educated, from her earliest youth, in a French convent; and upon the death of the Earl, her father, was still in the convent. She remained, however, as a boarder, and had never any design to take the veil, as they call it. She was allowed to keep her coach, and about that time I became her coachman. Every thing, however, was suddenly changed in France, and from being one of the happiest of kingdoms, it became one of the most miserable. I remember, Sir, in travelling through the provinces, and more particularly of a summer's evening, that the bells of the village church would be ringing most merrily; and all the young lasses would be gathered together, and dance on the green, beneath the old elm

trees; and the bells, and the fiddle, and the laugh of the girls, used to excite my wish to join them, so happy, careless, gay, and innocent were they then; and this was under the monarchy as they call it, Sir, when there was no liberty.

"But very different was it in the days of the republic, Sir, when liberty reigned, for it began whilst we were in France. Instead of dances on the village green, the whole country was overrun by robbers; the bells no longer rung merrily, for they were all melted down for bullets to defend liberty. Even the old elm trees, and the groves and shades, so necessary in so hot a country, were hardly spared. Why, I remember, your honour, that being sent to a village not far distant from Montpellier, I hastened cheerily along, I remembered that within about two miles of the village was a long avenue of old chesnut trees on each side of the road, extending to the entrance of the village. I hurried, therefore, over the plain, which was somewhat too sunny, assured of refreshment from the cool shade of the long avenue. When I came, it was cut down, and one or two trees alone remained. As I was sinking with heat I hastened to one of these, and threw myself under it, but I happened to cast up my eyes, and beheld a man hanging on one of the branches over my head. A printed board was underneath with these words: 'Friends of liberty rejoice, friends of humanity triumph, if such ye be who behold this; here hangs an aristocrat; thus perish all the enemies of freedom.' And I was so affrighted at this spectacle, that I have ever since sickened at the very name of liberty."

Jonathan, like most travellers, proud of the opportunity of relating his travels, had diverged from his main subject; Bellasis recalled him to it by demanding in what town Lady Priscilla had met with Agnes.

"It was in Benzeval, a town not far from Montpellier," replied Jonathan. An order of government was published that all the English, in the territory of the republic, should hasten without delay to Montpellier, and should there await the further will of the republic. Lady Priscilla was, therefore, compelled to leave her convent. We reached the town of Benzeval, about the breakfast hour, upon the day following



that of our departure from the convent of my Lady. As my Lady was sitting at the breakfast table, a monk rushed into the room with wild looks, and his hair standing on an end. He had Miss Agnes, then a little girl, in his hand. 'Save her! save her!' he cried. 'Suffer me, by one act of goodness, to redeem a life of crimes. She is the daughter of an Englishman.' He had not time to add any more, for the mob had followed him into the inn, with the cry of down with the priests. I know not what became of him, but I believe that he was murdered."

Jonathan related many other circumstances, but as the reader is already informed of them, we here pass them over.

Amused by the society and conversation of his fellow traveller, Bellasis reached Monmouth without perceiving the length of his journey. He lost no time, but almost in the same moment wrote the following billet, to Sir Henry Mirabel, Baronet:—

"If Sir Henry Mirabel has as much courage to vindicate an atrocity, as he has proved himself to possess in being guilty of one, he will meet the writer of this billet in the Earl of C——'s grove, on the right hand side of the Monmouth great road."

A suitable messenger was dismissed with this billet, to which Bellasis anxiously expected an answer. It reached Sir Henry on the morning after his insult to Agnes, on meeting her in the garden. It will be remembered that Agnes received a billet from him the same morning, in which he mentioned that business required his attendance at Monmouth, and that he expected her decision upon his return.

Mirabel, whose courage was undoubted, hesitated not a moment to accept the challenge, and returned the same messenger with the following answer:—

"It has ever been an invariable maxim to Sir Henry Mirabel, never to be wanting to any honourable appointment, whether of honour with a man, or gallantry with a woman. Sir Henry Mirabel will meet the writer of the billet at the place appointed. As the writer has forgotten the mention of any time, Sir Henry Mirabel will appoint it himself, at six o'clock

to-morrow morning in the appointed place he will be ready."

The messenger, however, on his return did not find Bellasis equally rejoiced at the acceptance of the challenge as he had presaged. He was pacing the apartment in agitation. He delivered him the billet, which he opened and read without any marks of satisfaction.

The arrival of another messenger, in the interval, had caused this change. He was the bearer of a letter, the contents of which were as follows:—

"DEAR BELLASIS,

"It grieves me almost to commence our friendship by sending you intelligence which cannot fail to afflict you; the Captain, your friend, Captain Oldcastle, is dead, he died in a fit of apoplexy, without the warning of a moment. His property is said to be immense, and by will, all bequeathed to you. His death will not the less afflict you. I most sincerely condole with you as I know what the heart must feel upon the loss of so beloved a friend.

"The fatal blow took place at Lymington, in Devonshire, whither, from a secret attachment to the place of his birth, he had gone a few days before. I believe he had received a letter from that most incomparable of villains, Larkins, offering to sell him the family estate, of which by some means or another he was the possessor. The Captain was eager to conclude the bargain, but died, I believe, before the matter could be fully arranged.

"If you can attend to business, I would advise you, without delay, to hasten to Lymington. I think, indeed, it is your duty to do so, and I am sure that your interest requires it. I do not mean that you should neglect the business you are now upon; release the lovely Agnes from the power of the ruffian. I am persuaded that Sir Henry will not, nor has not, carried his outrage further than by the removal of her person, but the sooner her release is effected the better. Remember Mirabel is a ruffian. Yours, &c.

"G. BEACHCROFT."

Bellasis had scarcely time to reflect upon this unexpected incident, when the postman enquired for his name, and find-

ing that such a gentleman was in the inn, delivered him a third letter. Belasis looked at the address, he remembered it not, it was addressed to him at his lodgings in town, and thence forwarded to Monmouth. In some anxiety he tore open the seal, and found the contents as follows:—

“SIR,

“I have to inform you that a Captain, calling himself Captain Oldcastle, though I know not by what right, died this morning of an apoplexy at Lymington, in Devonshire. Being the nearest gentleman of the law I was sent for to secure his property, of which he had something considerable about him. A letter about his person is subscribed with your name. I have, therefore, written to you to inform you of the event, and that the Captain has died intestate; and, therefore, that unless some heir can be found, the property descends to the church. I understand that the property is immense. It is already sequestered by the Chancellor of the Diocese till the heir appears. I await your orders, and have a proposal to make to our mutual advantage, but which is of a nature too delicate to be committed to a letter,

“Your humble Servant,

“PETER LARKINS.”

Let us now return to Agnes, whom our history left languishing on a sick bed. The crisis of her fever had by this time passed, but contrary to the opinion of the good surgeon, her danger yet continued. The violence of her fever had reduced her to a state of weakness which still rendered her recovery more than a matter of doubt. There was still no hope except in the more than ordinary strength of her constitution, and her extreme youth.

During the whole of this time she was attended with unexampled kindness by the gentleman and his sister, the latter scarcely left her bed-side, and watched over her as if she had been her own child. In her anxiety she more than once implored the good surgeon to spare no efforts to restore the lovely girl; “You know not her worth and sweetness,” said she, “or you would be as anxious as myself for her recovery.”

Mr. Gibbons, upon his part, needed no such importunity of intreaty. He had himself, in a former period of his life, lost

a beautiful daughter of the age of Agnes; the situation of the latter recalled forcibly to his memory his lost child, and softened his heart towards the dying Agnes. He could not look without admiration on her perfect beauty. He was eager for the crisis, and saw it pass over without its expected consequences, with a more than professional satisfaction.

The weakness of Agnes still continued in a very dangerous degree. It was the strict order of Mr. Gibbons that she should not be allowed to speak, as the exertion might be fatal. Within a few days, however, her strength began to return, and one day she sunk into a sleep more profound, though with less stupor and heaviness, than she had enjoyed since the period of her malady. She awoke with the sensations of returning health. Her kind hostess was watching the moment of her awakening with a look of benignity. Agnes took her hand, “how kind is this, my dearest Madam,” said she.

“My sweetest girl, I would do more than this, though doubled a thousand-fold,” replied the good woman; “but do not exert yourself, your recovery is now certain unless prevented by your own act.”

“Tell me then to whom I owe the preservation of my life?” said Agnes; “tell me upon whom I must implore Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings?”

“Mr. Gibbons has been your medical attendant,” replied the lady, “and under the blessing of Providence his efforts have succeeded.”

“But who are you, Madam?” said Agnes; “for kindness was more necessary to me than even medical aid. I am accustomed to kindness, Madam, my dearest Lady Priscilla was invariably kind to me; Sir George indeed——”

“Do not talk thus, Agnes,” said the good lady.

“Agnes!” repeated the poor girl; “how do you know my name? Permit me to see your face, Madam, remove the curtain.”

“Another time, my sweet girl,” replied the good lady; “it is the strict order of Mr. Gibbons that you be not permitted to exert yourself.”

"Only this one question, then, Madam," said Agnes; "tell me do you know me? do you know that I am not unworthy your kindness? Indeed, Madam, I am not."

"I know it, my dear," replied her hostess; "I know that you are every thing that is good and gentle. But I must not permit you to speak, I must leave you, unless you compose yourself."

Mr. Gibbons now entered the room, and examining the state of his patient, declared, "that her recovery exceeded his expectations." "Sir, you have been so good to me," said Agnes. "Indeed, I know not how to return your attentions." "Say nothing, young lady," replied the honest surgeon, "my success has more than repaid me, but that my work may not be spoiled, I must insist that you do not exert yourself in speaking. Madame St. Etienne will be equally displeased that you should relapse after all her care and anxiety."

"Madame St. Etienne is then the name of the good lady," replied Agnes; "she is a French lady; and Monsieur is her brother."

"If you wish your restoration," said the good surgeon, "you must defer your inquiries to another time. Let it suffice you for the present to know that you have fallen into good hands, and fortunately for you has it happened, as otherwise your disease could not but have been fatal."

"How can I thank them as they merit, unless I know them?" said Agnes. "Do, Sir, express my ardent gratitude that they have preserved a life in which no one but themselves take any interest."

"You are, doubtless, mistaken," said Mr. Gibbons; "you have many friends who feel an interest in your welfare; and I am at liberty to inform you that you are not at present in the hands of strangers. But, farewell, you shall know more hereafter, and will then learn something which will render you happy."

The kindness of Monsieur and Madame St. Etienne were, at length, crowned with success, and the glow of health again returned to the cheeks of Agnes. The amiable Madame was one day sitting, by the bed of the invalid, when Agnes requested that she might, at length, know

her benefactress. "You have called me," said she, "by the name of Agnes, though I do not remember that I have mentioned that such was my name. Your general humanity, perhaps, would preform the Christian duty of charity to any one who should fall into your hands under similar circumstances; but your anxiety, your ceaseless care to me, appear to have a more particular origin. Do you know me, Madame?"

"Yes, my sweet Agnes," replied the lady, undrawing the curtain, "a d years, I think, cannot so much have changed me, but what if you regard me with attention, you will likewise remember me."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Agnes, "does the effect of my malady still deceive me, or do I behold sister St. Rachael?"

"Yes, my sweet girl, I am the same," replied she, embracing her affectionately, "your companion in the convent of St. Mary."

"My dear, my beloved, Rachael!" said Agnes, pressing her hand, and as far as her feebleness would permit, returning her embrace. "Do I, indeed, again behold you? am I not in a world in which I am wholly a stranger? is there, indeed, yet one remaining to whom I am dear?"

"Yes Agnes," replied St. Rachael, "and if I presage right, you are less deserted than you may imagine. Fortune has not thrown us again together without some further view. Confide in this, and despair not."

"But how did you escape the horrors of the revolution?"

"I did not escape them; alas! I have experienced them in their full bitterness. Compose yourself, and you shall know all," replied St. Rachael.

Agnes promised obedience, and as her apothecary had pronounced her wholly beyond danger, and that conversation would rather animate, than depress her, St. Rachael thus began:—

"You remember the night when I was secretly removed from the convent, but you are wholly ignorant of the manner by which I so suddenly disappeared. You may recel to your mind that you took leave of me at a very late hour of the night, you was fortunate, perhaps, in so

doing, as otherwise you would doubtless have been compelled to accompany me.

"You had been scarcely gone a few minutes before I thought I heard a noise under my window. You may remember that it opened upon the leads of a porch or piazzas in the garden; without much apprehension I was approaching to open it, when it was suddenly thrown up, and a man entered the room. By the light of the moon I saw that he was attended by others, who remained on the leads, by the side of the window."

"Now Rachael," exclaimed the man, "taking my hand, you must be mine." I immediately recognised the voice of the Duke of Orleans. I was about to call out but he stopped my mouth, and summoned his men to his assistance. A masque, which rendered it impossible for me to speak, was immediately forced over my face, and I was carried on the leads, and thence by a ladder of ropes, made to descend into the garden beneath. Being hurried across the lawn, we, at length, reached the gate which opens from the garden into the vintage ground, and thence into a narrow road, where a coach and four horses awaited us. A voice now exclaimed, 'who comes there.' The Duke himself answered, and the man thus satisfied approached. You may conceive my mingled indignation and surprise, when I recognised the treacherous St. Laurence, or Father Anthony, as you were accustomed to call him.

"He assisted to raise me into the coach. 'Farewell, Rachael,' said he, 'and learn to know your own interest. What was Agnes to you, or you to Agnes. You fall the just victim to your imprudence.'

"I could scarcely restrain my indignation as the traitor whispered these words. But my answer was intercepted as the Duke had now followed me into the coach, and the postillions were ordered to proceed. The Duke himself commanded the servants, who attended him as out-riders, to shoot any one who should attempt to stop or even delay their progress. And I am persuaded that the fellows would readily have obeyed had any such impediment occurred.

"We continued our route till the evening of the following day, when we arrived at the castle St. Valence, an immense neglected structure belonging to the Duke, in the province of Languedoc. Here our journey terminated, and I was compelled to enter the castle.

"I will not describe to you the long persecution to which my opposition to a wretch like Orleans exposed me. Fortunately for me, at least, the principles of the revolution were now so rapidly hastening into operation, that the attention of the Duke was occasionally diverted from his intrigues. He was the life, the soul, the origin, the end of all the parties of the day, he contrived by his countenance, and his wealth, to direct them all to the same end, opposition to the king and court, and the aggrandisement of his own reputation upon the ruin of that of the benevolent Louis.

"The Duke, however, was resolved upon success, he was too much accustomed to see every thing give way before him, to submit to repulse with patience. He told me that unless I submitted to his inclinations, he must employ other means. 'Consider,' said he, with that cool deliberate villainy which distinguished him from all others, 'of what avail can be your resistance. What can prohibit me from extorting by force what I have consented to solicit by intreaty? Are laws made for me? Are you so ignorant of the present situation of France? To-morrow evening I shall sleep at the castle, consult your true interest, and do not causelessly irritate me.'

"With these words he left me, accompanied by Mirabeau, his friend and agent. He had informed Mirabeau of his love, and my resistance, and Mirabeau himself had employed the words, which the Duke had used, 'why should you deign to solicit what you can more readily extort by force.' In politics, as in love, the Duke was wholly governed by Mirabeau, and, however, feeble in his own character and resolution, was occasionally animated to atrocity and courage by the infused spirit of his daring agent."

(To be continued.)

## HISTORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS SOCIETY CALLED THE ILLUMINATI, IN GERMANY.

(Continued from Page 33.)

When the insinuator has made choice of his victim, he is required to draw from his diary a view of his character, opinions, principles, and connections. This he is to transmit to the superiors for their examination, and that they may compare it with the diaries which they have already received, perhaps from different insinuators. When the choice of this insinuator is approved, the superiors determine which of the insinuators will be best qualified to perform the task of seducing their candidate.

Two different methods were recommended; one of which was to be employed in enticing men who were somewhat advanced in life or distinguished by science; the other was to be used in seducing young men whose character was not formed.

With men of knowledge, who had already imbibed the principles of modern philosophy (for no true philosophers were to be attempted), the insinuator was to assume the character of a philosopher well acquainted with the mysteries of ancient times. He was to descant upon the importance of the secret doctrines transmitted by tradition, to quote the gymnosophists of India, the priests of Isis in Egypt, and those of Elusis, with the Pythagorean school in Greece. He was to learn by heart certain passages from Isocrates, Cicero, and Seneca, that he might have them ready upon all occasions. He was to throw out hints, that the secret doctrines explained the difficult questions concerning the origin and order of the universe, the Providence of God, the nature of the soul, its immortality and future destination; he was to inspire them with the belief that the knowledge of these things would render life more agreeable and pain more supportable, and would enlarge their ideas of the majesty of God: he was then to declare that he had been initiated into these mysteries. If the candidate expressed any curiosity to be made acquainted with them, the insinuator was first to ascertain his opinion upon some leading points, by proposing to him to write a dissertation upon certain questions. Should the answers not please the insinuator, he was to relinquish his prey; but should they be satisfactory, the candidate was to be admitted to the first degree.

When the selected victim was young, and had not imbibed any of those opinions which corresponded with the principles of the sect, a different method was to be followed. "Let your first care (says the legislator to his insinuators) be to gain the affection, the confidence, and the esteem of those whom you are to entice into the order. Let your whole conduct be such, that they shall surmise something more in you than you wish to shew; hint that you belong to some secret and powerful society; excite by degrees, and not at once, a wish in your candidate to belong to a similar society. Certain arguments and certain books, which the insinuator must have, will greatly contribute to raise such a wish; such, for example, are those which treat of the union and strength of associations."

Every insinuator must be provided with books of this sort. But that their success might not depend solely upon books, Weishaupt gave to his disciples a specimen of the artifices which they might employ. The insinuator might begin by observing, that a child in the cradle, abandoned to itself, is entirely helpless; and that it is by the assistance of others that it acquires strength; and that princes owe their greatness and their power to the union of their subjects. Then the insinuator might touch on the importance of knowing mankind, and the art of governing them; that one man of parts might easily lead hundreds, even thousands, if he but knew his advantages. He was next to dwell upon the defects of civil society; to mention how little relief a man can obtain even from his best friends; and how very necessary it is for individuals to support one another in these days; to add, that men would triumph even over heaven were they but united. He was to adduce as examples, the influence of the Freemasons and of the Jesuits. He was to assert, that all the great events which take place in the world depend upon hidden causes, which these societies powerfully influence. He was to awaken in the breast of his pupil the desire of reigning in secret; of preparing in his closet a new constitution for the world; and of governing those who think they govern others.

After these, or other artifices of the same kind, have been employed, if the candidate

be inspired with an ardour to be initiated, and give satisfactory answers to the questions proposed to him, he is immediately admitted a novice. But should he reject all means of seduction, let him take heed to himself; "for the vengeance of secret societies is not a common vengeance: it is the hidden fire of wrath. It is irreconcilable; and scarcely does it ever cease the pursuit of its victim until it has seen them immolated."

The period of the noviciate varied according to the age of the new convert to illuminism. At first it continued three years for those under eighteen years of age, two years for those between eighteen and twenty-four, and one year for those who were near thirty; but it was afterwards shortened.

The novice was not acquainted with any of the order except his insinuator, under whose direction he remained during his noviciate. The first lessons which he was taught respected the inviolable nature of the secrecy which every illuminée was obliged to observe. He was told that silence and secrecy were the very soul of the order; that ingenuousness was a virtue only with respect to his superiors; and that distrust and reserve were fundamental principles. He was enjoined never to speak of any circumstance relating to the order, concerning his own admission, or the degree which he had received, not even before brethren, without the strongest necessity; and was required to sign a declaration to this purpose.

The novice was next taught the dictionary of the order, its geography, calendar, and cypher. To prevent the possibility of discovery, every illuminée received a new name, which was characteristic of his dispositions, or of the services which were expected of him. Thus Weishaupt, as we observed, was called *Spartacus*, because he pretended to wage war against those oppressors who had reduced mankind to slavery; and Zwack, as we have seen, was named *Cato*, because he had written a dissertation in favour of suicide, and had once determined to commit that crime.

According to the new geography of the order, Bavaria was called *Achaia*; Munich was called *Athens*; Wurtzburg was denominated *Carthage*; and Ingolstadt, the fountain of the order, was called *Ephesus*, and by the profound adepts *Eleusis*. The novice had also to learn the Persian calendar, which the order had adopted. Their era began A. D. 630. The months received new names: May was called *Adar-pahascht*; June, *Chardak*; July, *Thermeh*; August, *Merdedmeh*; and so on. The cypher consisted of numbers which corresponded to

the letters of the alphabet, in this order, *a, b, c, d*, answering to the numbers 12, 11, 10, 9.

The novice had next to study the statutes of the illuminées, which he was assured contained nothing injurious to the state, to religion, or to good morals. He was next desired to apply himself to acquire the morality of the order; which he was to do, not by reading the gospels, but by perusing Epictetus, Seneca, and Antoninus, and by studying the works of the modern sophists, Weiland, Meiners, and Helvetius, &c. The study of man was also recommended as the most interesting of all the sciences. He was taught this study not merely as a science, but as an art. A model of a journal was given him, and he was required to insert in it observations upon the character of every person that he happened to meet with. To quicken his diligence, the insinuator occasionally examined his journal. In the mean time, the insinuator was watching him as a sentinel, and noting down regularly observations upon the defects and merits of his pupil, which he always sent to his superiors.

The great object of the insinuator was to entangle the novice, and to bind him indissolubly to the order. With this view he required the novice to draw a faithful picture of himself, under the pretence that he would thus know himself better. He desired him to write down his name, his age, his country, his residence, and his employment; to give a list of the books in his library; to state his revenue; to enumerate his friends and enemies, and the cause of his enmities. He was also to give a similar account of his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, and to be very careful in pointing out their passions and prejudices, their strong and weak sides.

In the mean time, the insinuator was occupied in drawing up a new statement of every thing he had been able to discover of the character and conduct of the novice. This statement was transmitted to the superiors, compared with the former. If the novice was approved, he was admitted to the second degree, upon his answering, in a satisfactory manner, twenty-four grand questions, which might enable the order to judge of his principles and the credit to which he was entitled, and would fix him down by stronger ties to the authority of the superiors. The detestable principles of the illuminées now began to appear, as will be evident from the following questions which we have selected:—

Have you seriously reflected on the importance of the step you take, in binding

yourself by engagements that are unknown to you? Should you ever discover in the order any thing wicked or unjust to be done, what part would you take? Do you, moreover, grant the power of life and death to our order or society? Are you disposed, upon all occasions, to give the preference to men of our order over all other men? Do you subject yourself to a blind obedience, without any restriction whatsoever?

The novice having thus surrendered his conscience, his will, and his life, to the devotion of the conspirators, and thus subscribed with his own hand, and confirmed by his oath, a resolution to become the most abject slave, was now deemed qualified to ascend to the second degree, called *Minerval*.

In the dead hour of midnight he was conducted to a retired apartment, where two of the order were waiting to receive him. The superior or his delegate, appeared standing in a severe and threatening posture; he held a glimmering lamp in his hand, and a naked sword lay before him. The novice was asked, whether he still persisted in his intentions of adhering to the order? Upon answering in the affirmative, he was ordered into a dark room there to meditate in silence on his resolution. On his return, he was strictly and repeatedly questioned if he was determined to give implicit obedience to all the laws of the order? The insinuator became security for his pupil, and then requested for him the protection of the order, which the superior granted with great solemnity, protesting that nothing would be found there hurtful to religion, to morals, or to the state. Having thus said, the superior takes up the naked sword, and pointing it at the breast of the novice, threatens him with the fatal consequences of betraying the secrets of the order. The novice again takes an oath, by which he binds himself, in the most unlimited manner, to serve the order with his life, honour, and estate, and to observe an inviolable obedience and fidelity to all his superiors. He is then admitted a *Minerval*, and henceforth is allowed to attend the academy of the sect.

The *Minerval* academy was composed of ten, twelve, or fifteen *Minervals*, and placed under the direction of a Major Illuminee. It met twice every month in an inner apartment, separated from the other rooms of the mansion by an antichamber; the door of which was to be shut with care during the meeting, and strongly secured by bolts. At the commencement of every meeting, the president read and commented upon some select passages of the Bible, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus

Aurelius, or Confucius; evidently with a view of diminishing the reverence for the sacred writings, by thus placing them on a level with the heathen moralists. Then each brother was asked what books he had read since last meeting, what observations he had made, and what services he had performed for promoting the success of the order?

To each *Minerval* academy a library belonged. This was formed by the contributions of the brethren, by presents of books, and by another method very extraordinary. All Illuminees acting as librarians, or keepers of archives, were admonished to steal such books or manuscripts as might be useful to the order. At one time, sending a list of the books which he wished to be embezzled from the library of the Carmes, Wisshaupt says, "All these would be of much greater use if they were in our hands. What do those rascals do with all these books?"

Every brother at his admission was required to declare to what art or science he meant chiefly to apply; and it was expected that he should every year give an account of the discoveries or improvements which he had made. All the other brethren who were occupied in the same studies, were desired to give him every possible assistance. Thus a kind of academy was formed, to which those who could not serve by their talents might give pecuniary contributions. That this academy might have the appearance of a literary society, prizes were annually distributed; the best discourse was published, and the profits sent to the coffers of the order.

Every month the president was to take a review of the faults which he had observed in his pupils, and examine them concerning those which they might have been conscious of in themselves; and it would be an unpardonable neglect, say the statutes, should any pupil pretend that, during the space of a whole month, he had remarked nothing reprehensible.

It is impossible to read these rules without admiring them. Were men but half as anxious, attentive, and careful, to render themselves good citizens and good men, as these men were to render themselves successful conspirators, what a blessed world should we see!

The *Minerval* was rigorously scrutinized, whether he was ready to submit to every torture, or even to commit suicide, rather than give any information against the order. Suicide was reckoned not only innocent, but honourable, and was also represented as a species of voluptuousness. In order to discover

the sentiments of the *Minerals* upon this subject, they were required to write a dissertation upon the character and death of Cato, or any similar subject. They were also desired to discuss the favourite doctrine of Weishaupt, that *the end sanctifies the means*; a principle of the most pernicious tendency, which would render calumny, assassination, sedition, and treason, laudable and excellent. Next, they were called upon to compose a dissertation, by which their opinions concerning the kings and priests might be ascertained. If they performed all these tasks with the spirit of an infidel, and the desperate firmness of a conspirator, they were then judged worthy of being promoted to the degree of minor Illuminee.

The minor Illuminees held meetings similar to those of the *Mineral* academy. It was necessary that the president should be one who was raised to the degree of priest, and initiated in the mysteries; but he was required to persuade his pupils, that beyond the degree which he had attained there was no mystery to be disclosed. The minor Illuminees were to be so trained, that they might look upon themselves as the founders of the order; that by this powerful motive they might be animated to diligence and exertion. With this view, hints were scattered rather than enjoined. It was insinuated, that the world was not so delightful as it ought; that the happiness for which man is made is prevented by the misfortunes of some, and the crimes of others; that the wicked have power over the good; that partial insurrection is useless; and that peace, contentment, and safety, might be easily obtained by means drawn from the greatest degree of force of which human nature is capable. Such views, it is added, actuating a secret society, would not only be innocent, but most worthy of the wise and well-disposed.

Weishaupt had formed, with peculiar care, a code for this degree, which was intitled, *Instructions for forming useful Labourers in Illuminism*. These instructions discover an astonishing knowledge of human nature, and are drawn up with a degree of systematic coolness which perhaps no conspirator before him ever exhibited. He lays down rules, by which the character of almost any person may be ascertained. He recommends to the minor Illuminees, to attend to the conduct of any person entrusted to their care, at two periods; when he is tempted to be what he ought not to be, and when, removed from the influence of every external temptation, he follows the dic-

tates of his inclination. They were to study the particular habits and ruling passions of each; to kindle his ardour by descending on the dignity of the order, and the utility of its labours; to infuse a spirit of observation, by asking questions, and applauding the wisdom of the answers; to correct the failings of their pupil, by speaking of them as if they were not his, and thus making him judge in his own cause; to instruct and advise, not by tedious declamation, but by sometimes dropping a few words to the purpose, when the mind shall be in a proper state to receive them. Above all they were directed to avail themselves of those moments when they observed a pupil discontented with the world. "It is then (says Weishaupt) you must press the swelling heart, stimulate the sensibility, and demonstrate how necessary secret societies are for the attainment of a better order of things."

Having passed with applause through the states of probation already described, the minor Illuminee is promoted to the rank of major Illuminee, or Scotch novice. As major Illuminee, he is encompassed with more rigid chains; and as Scotch novice, he is dispatched as a missionary into masonic lodges, to convert the brethren to illuminism.

The candidate for this degree is strictly examined, in order to discover what opinion he now entertains concerning the objects of the society; the motives that prompted him to join it; whether he is disposed still to co-operate with the rest of the brethren in accomplishing the grand object; and whether he be a member of any other society; and what are the duties which it requires.

The fertile genius of Weishaupt is not exhausted; he has still in reserve artifices more profound, and bonds more powerful; his resources keep pace with the progress of his schemes. He now lays a snare for his pupils, from which he hopes none can escape, and therefore flatters himself they are his for ever. He demands of every candidate for higher degrees, to write, as a proof of confidence, a minute and faithful account of his whole life, without any reserve or dissimulation. Reserve or dissimulation would indeed be vain; for the most secret circumstances of his life are already well known to the adepts, by means of innumerable spies, who, by the appointment of the superiors, have, unknown to him, been watching and scrutinizing all his actions and words, his temper, passions, and opinions.

(To be continued.)



## JATROLOGIA; OR, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DOCTORS OF PHYSIC.

From this denomination the learned may infer that some such application of the Linnean method to physicians is intended, as Baron Born has exemplified in his classification of monks.

If those assemblages of human animals that constitute political societies, were arranged according to the nature of their occupations, one class would consist of individuals depending for their support upon opinion. This class, being provided with a name of Greek origin, might be easily split into orders; of these orders the medical tribe would make one. We have the order broken into genera ready to our hands: of the distribution into species (which is more difficult), a specimen is subjoined. Our present concern is only with the genus, *Doctor of Physic*. This genus we may subdivide into sections, or groups, as Linnaeus sometimes manages with genera, comprehending a number of species.

**SECTION I.**—*Doctors as desirous, at least, of doing good and extending knowledge, as of amassing wealth.*

1. *The philanthropic Doctor.*—Equally sensible of the importance and imperfection of medicine; compares the phenomena of health and disease with unwearied assiduity, that he may form a just arrangement of the actions of life, persuaded that this is the only sure guide in medical practice; cautiously tries new remedies, and abides by the best; beats the coverts of science that he may himself start something useful; is humane in his conduct, not so much from sudden impulses of the passion of pity, as from a settled conviction of the misery prevailing among mankind.

**VAR. A.** *The shy philanth. Doctor.*—Sick with disgust at the manœuvres of his intriguing brethren, runs into the opposite extreme, and keeps too closely retired from public notice.

**VAR. B.** *The renegade philanth. Doctor.*—Possessing activity of mind and integrity of principles; relinquishes the practice of physic partly for the same reason as **VAR. A.**, and partly from dissatisfaction at its helpless state; applies his talents to literature and science.

**OBS. 1.** Several of the greatest accessions to human knowledge are owing to this second variety.

**OBS. 2.** A careful examination and comparison of these two varieties with some of the succeeding species, will elucidate the nature

of those physicians that have usually had great local vogue.

More frequent than formerly: not apt to flourish in great cities; otherwise not confined to any particular station. As self-love grows more enlightened, the more common will this species of Doctors become, till it supplants all the others; man being an animal less liable to be duped as his ignorance decreases.

**SECT. II.**—*Mere collectors of fees, regardless of medical science, given to artifice and intrigue, each species after its own manner.*

2. *The bullying Doctor.*—*Inexorabilis acer*; looks big, struts, swaggers, swears.

**OBS.**—Surgeons, in our times, more frequently bear these marks. According to a most acute contemporary author, the famous Radcliffe was a complete specimen of the bullying Doctor. "With small skill in physic, and hardly any learning, he got into practice by vile arts. He would neglect a nobleman that gave exorbitant fees (and to heighten the insult by contrast), at the same time carefully attend a servant or mean person for nothing: he was surly and morose; treated his patients like dogs; extended his insolence even to the royal family; scorned to consult with his betters on what emergency soever; looked down with contempt on the most deserving of his profession, and never would confer with any physician who would not pay homage to his superior genius, creep to his humour, and never approach him but with the slavish obsequiousness of a court flatterer."

3. *The bacchanalian Doctor.*—Given to sottishness, if not to drunkenness; generally somewhat of the bully.

4. *The solemn Doctor.*—With garb, voice, gestures, and equipage contrived to overawe weak imaginations, and hide the futility of his art.

**OBS. 1.**—Doctors of this remarkable species first practiced physic with pomp; they invented or borrowed from the other professions those barbarous habiliments of which ridicule has but lately stripped physicians. In times when a huge wig, or a flowing gown, could more effectually command respect than sound morality, substantial justice, or useful skill, the stratagem succeeded to admiration.

**OBS. 2.**—Doctors of this species, when a pretext offers, speak ostentatiously of their experience; never suspecting any of their hearers may know that there are understand-

ings which a multiplicity of appearances serves but to confound.

5. *The club hunting Doctor*.—Frequenting the crowded haunts of men, pushing himself forward, saluting all he knows, and all who will know him; talking much and loud.

Obs.—In England, Doctors of this species have of late been often seen in paroxysms of frantic loyalty, and of *civisme* in France.

6. *The bur Doctor*.—Fastening himself upon you as tenaciously as the heads of the noisome weed (*centaurea calcitrapa*), from which the trivial name of the species is taken, fix upon your clothes.

Obs.—Nothing in art, but the juggler's address in making you take what card he pleases out of a pack, equals the dexterity with which Doctors of this species force themselves on patients.

7. *The wheedling Doctor*.—With an everlasting smirk, or glowering smile, upon his countenance; frequent at the polite end of large cities, and at places of fashionable resort.

VAR. A. *The Adonis wheedling Doctor*.—With a handsome face, joined to the wily address characteristic of the species; flourishes at watering-places; sometimes joins to his profession the trade of a fortune-hunter; and if he succeeds, "gives physic to the dogs."

Obs. 1.—Doctors of this species, when most moderate, prescribe for every rich patient two draughts a day, and one night-draught, besides pills and powders. Hence needlessly to swallow nauseous drenches may be numbered among the curses of wealth.

Obs. 2.—The Adonis Doctor has sooner or later a patient of note ill of a fever, or some disease, that usually terminates favourably; in case of a recovery the female busy-bodies of the place exert their spirit of cabal in behalf of the wonder-working youth, and his fortune is made.

8. *The case-coining Doctor*.—Publishing forged or falsified cases.

Obs.—"A very fertile source of false facts has been opened for some time past. This is, in some young physicians the vanity of being the authors of observations which are often too hastily made, and sometimes, perhaps, entirely dressed in the closet. We dare not at present be more particular; but the next age will discern many instances of perhaps the direct falsehoods, and certainly the many mistakes in fact, produced in the present age, concerning the virtues and powers of medicines."—CULLEN'S *Mater. Med.*

Akin to this flagitious abuse is the practice of purchasing false attestations, on oath, for advertisements; and what is still worse in

effect though not in intention, a custom beginning to prevail among persons of distinction, who cannot be supposed capable of discriminating diseases, or deciding on the efficacy of drugs, but who nevertheless permit Quacks to use their names in testimony of cures which they suppose themselves to have witnessed.

9. *The good sort-of-man Doctor*.—A good sort of man, armed, by some mistake with a diploma.

VAR. A. *The gossiping good-sort-of-man*.—Fetches and carries scandal.

Obs.—Varieties innumerable.

10. *The sectarian Doctor*.—Dwelling among his own people at first; and by them often pushed on to spread devastation among the rest of mankind.

Obs.—Varieties manifold; each distinguished by the livery of its sect. One is too curious to be omitted.

VAR. A. *The inspired sect Doctor*.—Believing himself to be inspired with the knowledge of diseases and remedies.

In civilized countries not much more frequent than witches. Among rude tribes, as among the Tartar hordes, a kindred variety is universally found; but these seem rather to pretend to inspiration than really to believe that their deity serves them in the capacity of prompter; and they conjoin the characters of priest and conjuror with that of physician. We have not been able to ascertain whether our variety receives the afflatus, except in its medical capacity; and the miracles it has wrought in this are not so perfectly authenticated as to silence cavillers.

Obs.—People are now delicate in giving recommendations upon some occasions; but the best bred persons make no scruple of pressing a favourite physician or apothecary upon their acquaintance. Yet one would think that they are nearly as competent to speak to the merit of a footman as of a prescriber or compounder of drugs. Sects sometimes improve this propensity into a regular system of cabal. The deeper the hypocrisy, or the wider the enthusiasm of the sectarian Doctor, the more eagerly will his brother fanatics dash through thick and thin to serve him. Now, as belief or disbelief in certain points of theology, has no apparent connexion with skill in the administration of antimony, mercury, opium, or bark, we may deduce from this fact a rule which is probably as little liable to exceptions as any that can be laid down on the whole subject.—"Never call in a physician because he is recommended by a person of the same

sect; the more you are urged be the more upon your guard against the snare."

This rule extends to all demouiaes possessed by the corporation spirit, and to all sorts of persons remarkably gregarious.

Obs.—Concerning this decade of Doctors, there remains a caution to be laid down; and that it may make the greater impression, we

shall deliver it in the style of our models, the naturalists.—*Notandum in toto hoc genere naturam mirabiles edere lusus.*\* It is indeed applicable to all the species; individuals being apt, like hybrid plants, or mule animals, to exhibit the marks of two species wholly or in part.

## HERALDRY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCESTRY AND GENTILITY.

HAVING in our preceding lectures sketched the origin of English ancestry, we cannot proceed to the more immediate investigation of heraldry without some slight notices of the ancestry of our fellow citizens in the other divisions of the British empire.

In Wales, from the earliest antiquity, the pride of ancestry and of the comparative antiquity of families were points of the utmost importance, and it followed that they were infinitely more desirous of noble than of rich alliances; so much indeed did this spirit pervade all ranks of people, that the very lowest of the inhabitants of that country have carefully preserved the genealogies of their families, and even at the present day are able to recite the names and residences not only of their immediate progenitor, but even of their more distant ancestors for nine or ten generations.

Their names, however, were entirely personal, and their attachment to their old customs prevented them from imitating their neighbours long after they had made names hereditary in families; indeed the almost constant warfare between the two nations, until the fourteenth century, had served to preclude all cordial acquaintance and intercourse, for the Welshmen never thought of visiting England except upon some important state occasion, or to avenge their injuries by incursions on the neighbouring counties. A characteristic anecdote of those times states, that in 1277, the Barons of North Wales had attended the great Lewyllyn to London, when he went there at Christmas to do homage for the four Cantreds of Rhos, &c.; and as, according to the custom of the times, they had brought large retinues with them, it was judged proper to quarter them at Islington, then a village at some distance from the capital. It is a curious fact, that Islington at that time did not furnish milk sufficient for their refreshment, and the simple Welshmen could neither drink the ale nor the wine of London! This was considered as an almost unbearable

grievance, although in other respects they had food in plenty, and were treated with the most unbounded hospitality. They slighted the English customs so much as to refuse all compliance with them, and felt much displeased at the whole of their treatment, their pride being particularly offended at the constant staring of the Cockneys, who followed them in crowds in order to gaze at their uncommon garb and uncouth appearance. "No," cried these indignant mountaineers, "no! never shall we again visit Islington, except as conquerors;" and from that instant they resolved on taking up arms. How would these haughty Welshmen have been astonished if Merlin, or any other bard, had prophesied that in future times their descendants should crowd up to London to carry milk for its inhabitants from that very village so much despised!

From this prejudice against English manners, the Welsh shewed no inclination to adopt the custom of their Saxon neighbours by assuming surnames, until the reign of Henry VIII. when the incorporation of Wales with England took place, by an act of the legislature; surnames were then adopted by them at the repeated recommendation of the English Judges who then went their circuits, and who were often puzzled by their method of tacking a whole genealogy to the baptismal name, linking each of their ancestors for many generations back with the filial conjunction of *ab* or *ap*. To conform to this recommendation, they dropped the names of all their ancestors except the father, and took his name as the surname, prefixing still to it the abbreviated *ap*, thus making 'Price, 'Pugh, 'Powell, &c. The Welsh, however, were not singular in avoiding the use of surnames until this period; for even so late as the seventeenth century, there were many rich families in the retired parts of Yorkshire, who possessed no hereditary names, but used their father's bap-

\* "Nature is wonderful in producing freaks; which is notable in all these genera."

tismal name with *son* added to it; this of course required many variations, and all the possible changes were rung upon the several names, together with all their abbreviations, from whence we have Williamson, Wilson, Bilson, Willison, Johnson, Jackson, Robertson, Robinson, Robson, Dobson, Rogerson, Hobson, &c.; and even at a later period, in the West Riding, about Halifax and its neighbourhood, surnames arose in their dialect from a kind of genealogical source, as William a Toms, John a Bells, Roger a Dicks, &c. &c. In the same manner there is now scarce a surname throughout the principality of Wales which is not derived from a baptismal one, and even at the present day there are many of the simple mountaineers who have not yet adopted them. There are still great difficulties which present themselves to a Welsh genealogist, from the members of the same family having adopted different patronymics in lieu of surnames; and indeed the only accurate guide he has is in the coats of arms of the gentry, which have been preserved with a scrupulous care, serve to distinguish the branches of the different families.

It does not appear that there was any compulsive statute to procure this adoption of family names, they therefore came into use but slowly; and Rudder, in his "History of Gloucestershire," tells us that a Welsh gentleman, in the reign of Henry VIII. being called over at the pannel of a jury, by the name of Thomas ap William ap Thomas ap Richard ap Hoel ap Evan Vechau, &c. was advised by the Judge to leave off this long system of nomenclature; when the obliging Welshman adopted the name of Mostyn, from his paternal seat, and left that name to his posterity. Mr. Rudder at the same time laments the uncertainty of family names in England from the whim and caprice of individuals, and the corruption proceeding from local dialects; and this he illustrates by an example from his own family. "There is a remarkable instance of this abuse in my own family, who about thirty years ago always wrote their own name Rutter, but were induced by an ignorant person to change it, because it should signify something they had heard of, and I have foolishly followed them!"

This disfigurement of names, indeed, takes place every day in London, as any one may observe, from a vitiated pronunciation, and from the ignorance of the sign-daubers who are employed to paint them.

But to return to our subject.—It may be observed here, that some of the Welsh families, though of ancient pedigree, are but of

modern settlement as families: thus the three lines of ap Williams, of Wynnestay, now Williams Wynne, Williams of Penbedw, and Williams of Bodlewyddan, were founded no farther back than by Sir William Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles the Second, and Solicitor-General. His first landed property was acquired by a marriage with the heiress of the Kyffyns of Glascoed. It is told of him, that whilst at the bar, and going a Welsh circuit, he dined with Miss Margaret Kyffyn at an asize ball, and obtained her consent to propose himself to her father. "And what have you?" said the old gentleman pretty roughly to him. "I have," said the lover, "a tongue and a gown!"—A thousand anecdotes have been told of Welsh pride and of Welsh vanity, which a sensible Welshman will either despise or laugh at. Of the latter order is one of the time of James the First; who, in his progress to Chester, was attended by great numbers of the gentry of the principality, that came out of curiosity and loyalty to see him. The weather was dry, the roads dusty, and the king almost suffocated; he did not well know how to dispense civilly with their close attendance, when one of his party in the coach putting his head out of the window, said "it was his Majesty's pleasure that those who were the best gentlemen should ride forward." Away scampered the whole party, except one solitary mountaineer, who was left behind, just keeping pace with the carriage.—"And so, Sir," said the king, "and you are not a gentleman then!"—"Oh yes! and please hur Majesty, hur is as good a shentleman as the rest, but hur ceffyl (*poney*), Got help hur, is not so good!"

We shall close this sketch of Welsh ancestry with an anecdote of the last century, of a Mr. Proger, of Werndee, who set off from Monmouth late in the evening to return home, accompanied by an English friend just arrived on a visit to him. On their way to Werndee it came on to rain very hard, when Mr. Proger turned off from the high road, accompanied by his friend, in order to seek for shelter from the storm at the house of his cousin Powell, at Perthyr. On their arrival, the family had retired to rest, but Proger knowing his cousin's bed-chamber, made such a noise and howling below it, that Powell opened his window to inquire the cause, when Proger replied, that he and his friend, in a cold wet night, had come to seek for shelter. "Certainly," said Mr. Powell, "you and your friend shall be instantly admitted, but on one condition only—that you will allow now and

hereafter, that *I* am the head of the family!" "No, Sir," replied the indignant Proger, "were it to rain swords and daggers I would never submit to that indignity!"—"Well then, good night, gentlemen," said Powell; but as he was coolly shutting his casement, the Englishman exclaimed, "but, Mr. Powell, you see how it pours; do let *me* in at least; I will not dispute with *you* about the rank of our families."—"And pray, Sir, what is *your* name, and where do *you* come from?"—"My name is — and from ——" "Oh! a Saxon, of course. It would indeed be very curious, Sir, were *I* to dispute with a Saxon about family. No, Sir, you must suffer for the obstinacy of your friend; so good night to you both!"

Cousin Powell, however, was not singular in being proud of an *old house*; the same pride

has since been exemplified in a descendant of cousin Proger; who, walking in the neighbourhood of his mansion at Werndee, was accosted by a tourist with the question of "Pray, whose house is that, Sir?"—"Sir," replied the stiff mountaineer, "that is Werndee. Out of that house, Sir, came the Herberts of Powis; out of that house, Sir, came the Herberts of Tredar; out of that house, Sir, came the Lloyds; out of that house, Sir, came the ——" "And pray, Sir," demanded the tourist, "who lives there now?"—"I do, Sir," haughtily answered the ancient Briton,—"then, for God's sake, Sir," said the Englishman, "*come out of it yourself*, or you'll be buried in the ruins!"

Our next Lecture shall contain some notices of Scotch and Irish ancestry, &c.

## LEGENDS OF SUPERSTITION.

MR. EDITOR,

You will perhaps consider the following extraordinary tale, as related by Ribadeneyra in the sixteenth century, deserving a place in your interesting miscellany:—

It happened once upon a time, that Dagobert, King of the Franks, being in his palace at Kirchheim, sent his huntsmen into the neighbouring forest. They arrived there with their dogs of chase, and beat every thicket without finding any game; this astonished them very much but their surprise was greater when they approached the cell of St. Florent, and discovered a great number of wild animals of every species, some of which were feeding, some lying down, and others tripping, but all in such a happy privacy and confidence that they felt no alarm though surrounded by men and dogs.

The hunters were therewith so enraged against the Saint, whom they found at his daily labour in the midst of these animals, that they took away his robe, intending to carry it off. They knew not, however, the merits of this holy personage, who, instead of complaining of the outrage, or seeming to be displeased with the rogues, ran after them offering his doublet! They had not gone far, however, before they had discovered the crime they had been guilty of; for having arrived at a marsh which it was necessary to pass, their horses of a sudden stopt short, nor could they by fair means or foul induce them to pass over. "God permitted," says the holy author, "that they should back instead of advancing."

Thinking within their own minds from whence this accident could proceed, they were all of opinion that perhaps it was a punishment of the Deity for having taken away the Saint's cloak; they judged it prudent therefore to return, and soon met the Saint who was running after them; they restored him his cloak, and then pursued their journey without any further adventure.

Such an extraordinary circumstance was worthy of the royal ear, and accordingly they were all eager who should be the first to tell it; and no sooner had Dagobert heard it than he sent a horse to St. Florent, with his compliments, requesting him to mount, and pay him a visit.

The Saint, obedient to the monarch's command, set out upon his excursion, but refused to make use of the horse, being content with an ass, who for some time had been his companion. But lo! more wonders; no sooner had he set his foot across the threshold of the palace, than the King's daughter, born deaf and dumb, recovered her hearing and speech, moving her tongue most miraculously to welcome the Saint, and calling him by his name which was totally unknown to the others. But this was not all; for the good man had no servant with him, therefore when ready to enter the presence chamber, not knowing to whom he should give his cloak in charge, he hung it upon a sunbeam which shone through a window, and the cloak was miraculously suspended in the air upon the sunbeam as if hanging upon a rail, as long as he remained

in conversation with the king, and until his return. With this Dagobert was so charmed, knowing thereby the sanctity of this wonderful saint, that he gave him great part of the

forest to build a monastery, and added thereto many villages for its support; and it is named at the present day, says Ribadeneyra, "the monastery of Haslen."

#### FATAL ELOPEMENT.—A FRAGMENT.

THE night was lowering and gloomy, and the faint crescent of the infant moon, now veiled in clouds, now emitting "a pale uncertain light," that rendered the darkness even more horrific, had just arisen, when Rosanna, with a mind equally sombre as the scene around, and bearing a small bundle of wearing apparel, ventured from the habitation that had so long protected her, to commit herself to the wide world, and the arms of him whose fate was now so deeply involved with hers.

She had not proceeded far (for frightened at her own lonely footsteps, which echoed along the deserted road, and trembling at imaginary shadows that flitted before her timid eye, she stopped almost every moment to listen if the carriage was approaching) when some pattering drops of huge rain, and the hoarse rumbling of distant thunder pointed out the necessity of some place of retreat until the chaise could take her up.

Seeking refuge under some bushes that skirted the road, the rain soon fell in torrents, and the winds, first deeply moaning and then gradually rising to tremendous fury, whistled through the trees, whose tops, scattering their withered honours in every direction, waved in rude subjection to the passing blast. At every interval of its cessation the deep roar of "the wide weltering waves" on the shore, or the ominous wailings of the screech-owl, might be distinctly heard, and every thing seemed to portend the violence of a coming storm.

Rosanna felt exceedingly alarmed; a scene of such a nature, in the periods of her former innocence, would have been viewed by her with awful admiration; but guilt unmans the stoutest soul, and self-condemning reflections had so enervated the powers of her mind, that she stood shivering with fearful horrors, which deprived her almost of every sensation.

On a sudden all was hushed save her own sobs, which she could not repress; but it was a silence preparatory only to the conflict of the elements. Fearfully elevating her streaming eyes towards Heaven, she was induced to remark a conglomerated cloud in the atmosphere, whose size, rapidly increasing, extended its influence as far almost as the eye could

reach: its lower surface was as black as Erebus; its upper of a much lighter hue, exhibiting to her fanciful mind an emblem on which she thus moralized:—

"What a picture of my own sad fate does that cloud present! not even a solitary gleam irradiates its lower part! but above, how finely arched and well defined! true type that I must expect no happiness in the dense clouds of earth, but in a rarer sphere beyond the grave!" shrinking within herself, she sought in vain some "sweet illusion of the cheated mind to sustain the weight of dark portents," but alas! what lenitive could soothe an ear rendered impervious by guilt to every consolation! This heart-rending idea had scarcely passed the ordeal of a too poignant memory, when zig-zag gleams of pale blue lightning flashed so vividly around, that her vision was for a time quenched by its fiery corruscations, and a peal of thunder, almost instantaneously crashing over her head, and re-bellowing among the cliffs with reiterated echoes, threatened as if the solid globe were bursting to its base.

She became petrified to the spot, being equally fearful of returning home as of encountering the storm, and listening with breathless expectation for the carriage wheels, which she at length heard with a melancholy and despairing satisfaction.

The chaise stopped at some distance, and Walsingham eagerly leaping from it, proceeded towards her with hurried steps.

"Rosanna!" he exclaimed in gentle accents. "I am here!" she replied; and they soon sprung into each others arms.

"Oh! Walsingham, what a night is this!" said Rosanna, (with a deeply agitated voice, while she leant on his arm for support, being in such a state of trepidation that she could scarcely stand), "even the very elements look down with anger on our crime, and, as it were, forbid the execution of our rash intentions! let me entreat you then to forbear, ere it be too late; to see me home, and to abandon forever a scheme that can lead only to remorse and infamy! the joy we shall hereafter feel at this exercise of our duty will infinitely more than compensate for every uncasiness at-



tendant on the sacrifice of our unruly wishes."

"Never!" replied Walsingham, with impatient energy; "as it is now impossible to return to that home from whence I have fled, my mind is firmly bent to the resolution which I have embraced! in the circle of your arms is now my only home! ah! will you then deny me the shelter I require?" pressing her ardently to his bosom. "I am just come to devote my life to your happiness, and can you, will you now desert me?"

Perceiving that she was inclined to yield, he proceeded: "the moments are precious, my beloved Rosanna! you will speedily be missed! the morn will soon arrive, by which period we should be many miles from hence!"

Then aggravating the unpleasantness of their mutual situations, and adopting the same seductive but unfounded line of argument which other villainous seducers had used before him, he, at length, prevailed on her to trust to his protection, to his perjured assurances of that inviolable fidelity which was due to another, and led her an unwilling victim to the carriage.

But, in the very moment of his triumph, the storm grew more violent than ever; deluges of rain poured from the clouds; and the winds, lightning, and thunder combined together, as if Divine vengeance were resolved to punish their transgression: the driver could with great difficulty keep his horses in the road, and Walsingham, struck with remorse, while he endeavoured to calm Rosanna's fears, thus mentally exclaimed:—

"Am I the cause of this horrid tempest! in defiance of God, of religion, of virtue, and of honour, I am bearing her away, having already a wife and child, and am thus dooming both the innocent and guilty to irremediable destruction! but let me rectify my error ere the power of its rectification be past, by returning to those whom I have so shamefully abandoned, and by restoring Rosanna to virtue and to her friends."

And now the clouds, as if to second the virtuous resolutions that began to resume their wonted influence, rendered rarer by the lightning, no longer rolled in heavy volumes, but separating in different places, a clear sky was exhibited to the view; the rain ceased; the viewless winds, seeking their unknown caverns, imperceptibly died away; and the landscape was again restored to serenity and

peace; but alas! the recollection of his unprincipled conduct was created only by the late furious combat of the elements, and vanished with the storm.

Resuming his former fortitude, he tried to dissipate Rosanna's gloom to the utmost of his power.

"Let not," said he, "your burthened mind be thus oppressed with unavailing anxiety! shake off, I entreat you, such gloomy cares! am I not destined to lessen your sorrows by participation? shall I not then share your pleasures also? how can I taste of happiness, while you experience so much regret? how can I offer the lesson of composure when I am rendered unhappy by seeing you afflicted?"

"Oh Walsingham!" she replied, "whoever is visited by the disease of guilt must always be miserable! when our hopes rest not on the basis of propriety it is, indeed, vain to think of felicity, which can spring only from the consciousness of acting nobly and agreeably to virtue! that felicity, alas! I must experience no more!" and throwing herself back in the corner of the carriage, she remained weeping, fixed, and silent.

"Oh! talk not thus wildly, thus dejectedly!" said Walsingham, with insinuating tenderness; "what the conscience is apprehensive of, it very frequently too firmly believes! I, alone, am the guilty being! it is I then that should suffer those torments which you now endure! but of what utility would be such an indulgence in melancholy anticipations? would it not magnify our present ills? would it not add to our present uneasiness? having braved calamity thus far, let us not shrink with dismay, when fortitude only may resist the blow! let us look forward to some propitious moment that may alleviate our fate!"

Deaf to all his artificial comforts and empty sophistry, which she was too sensible had no rational or moral foundation, she sat absorbed in sullen despondency; regardless of her fate, and insensible to every object, even to him who sat by her side; every part of the world was equally acceptable to her, and thus in vain attempts to impart consolation on one side, and a most chilling obduracy to every argument on the other, they reached an hotel in the metropolis, where some time elapsed, ere they could procure lodgings sufficiently retired to evade enquiries.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY,  
WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

(Continued from Page 36.)

AMONGST our flowering shrubs, the one which first demands our attention, whether we consider its fragrance and its beauty, or its connection with national history, is the

ROSE.

By botanists it is designated as of the class and order ICOSANDRIA POLYGYNIA, and ranked among the *Senticosæ*, but it contains upwards of forty varieties.

From the most distant ages, and among the rudest and the most polished nations of Europe and of Asia, this elegant flower has always been a favourite; and some of its varieties have been found wild not only in Africa but also in North America. Its habitation is, therefore, in some measure universal; but botanists are yet ignorant of the native soil of the double rose; it is, indeed, now generally supposed to be the child of art and of improved cultivation. In England our aboriginal indigenous variety is the *White Dog Rose*, but the introduction of the others is so obscure and so remote, that we can scarcely consider them as exotic.

Most of the varieties of the rose thrive best in a rich moist soil, and open aspect, and there they will produce a much greater quantity of finer flowers than when placed in an arid soil or shaded situation. The florist, however, must be careful not to crowd them, for if all their ramifications have not an equal benefit of the sun and air, there will be a great inequality in their productions. It has been usual to raise all the varieties, either by suckers, layers, or by budding them upon stocks of other sorts; but the best mode of procuring plants with good roots is to lay down the young branches in the autumn, which, in the course of twelve months will be fit for transplanting.

The Red Rose has been called *Rosa Gallica*, but our countryman, and early botanist, Parkinson, gives it the epithet of "*English*," because it and the White Rose are known from time immemorial in this country, and have been assumed by our royal family, in early times, as cognizances of their dignity; and because as it has, with some propriety, been asserted, that the Red Rose is much more frequent in England than in other countries. Of this species there are great varieties in co-

lour; some we find of an orient red or deep crimson, and these are the best furnished with petals; some are of a paler tint; but none are so completely *double* as the White Rose. The perfume of the red is much superior to that of the white, yet very inferior to the Damask Rose; it is a curious fact, however, that when well dried and preserved, the Red Rose will retain its flavour longer than any other. In the early state of medicine, preparations of the leaves, as conserves, have had a very high reputation in consumptive cases; but then the use of them was always joined with milk and exercise, so that although much benefit may have been derived from their mild and corroborant virtues, yet we must not attribute recoveries to them alone.

The White Rose, or *Rosa alba*, is, perhaps, more truly indigenous than the red, as of this species is the common Dog Rose, or white briar, a native of Europe, growing without culture in hedges and in woods, and decorating them with its lovely odorous flowers in June and July. From the flowers of the wild rose a perfumed water may be distilled much more fragrant than that of the garden roses; on these also is often found a mossy protuberance occasioned by an insect called *Cynips Rosæ*; a circumstance which may originally have produced the variety of the Moss Rose. This wild rose ought to be encouraged from motives of humanity, for its fruit, in the desolate months of winter, is much sought after by birds, especially by pheasants.

In its double state it is an elegant ornament to our shrubberies and gardens; and was in the unhappy contests of Lancaster and York, the cognizance of the latter house, until the politic union of Henry of Richmond with Elizabeth of York put an end to those fatal quarrels.

The Damask Rose, or *Rosa Damascena*, rises with prickly stalks to a height of eight or ten feet; it is covered with a greenish bark, and armed with short prickles. It was cultivated here by Gerarde in 1596, and said by him to be a native of the South of France, but it is now a well known fact that these garden roses were most certainly cultivated, and highly esteemed, in this country long before the time of Gerarde, being mentioned both by historians and poets. A more modern writer, indeed,



with great propriety, conceives them to have been first produced and nurtured in the more benign, and earlier cultivated regions of Asia; and it is not improbable from their name, that they may even have been brought into England, or at least into Europe, by some of the returning Crusaders.

But the most elegant of all is the Moss Provence Rose, or *Rosa muscosa*, deriving its name from the moss-like pubescence on the calyx, as well as on its stalks and branches. By naturalists it is described as having the calyx and peduncles covered with moss; the flowers of an elegant crimson, and most agreeable odour. It has never yet been seen in a single state, of course we are entirely ignorant of its native country.

We cannot close this article without noticing the Musk Rose, or *Rosa moschata*: in the language of descriptive botanists, this rises with weak stalks to the height of ten or twelve feet, but the stalks are too weak to support themselves; its flowers are white, have a fine musky odour, and are umbelliferous at the ends of the branches. This is the rose cultivated with such care in the islands of the Archipelago, and in many parts of the East, as well in Asia Minor as in India; it also grows wild in the hedges about Tunis; and in these various parts yields that highly odorous oil, the "otto of roses," by distillation of its petals. In England it was first cultivated by Gerard in 1596, and was supposed to have been brought from Italy about 1592.

To proceed in regular gradation from the shrubbery to the many-coloured parterre, we feel ourselves prompted to select the

#### VIOLET,

As an appropriate specimen, as amongst the lovers of simplicity, in the reign of Flora, there is no flower so regarded, nor so highly esteemed for its fragrance. This modest ornament of our gardens, so charmingly alluded to by nature's poet, when he describes the effect of soft music as coming o'er the soul,—

"Like the sweet south over a bed of violets,  
"Stealing and giving odour;"—

is a native of every part of Europe, and may be considered indigenous in this country, as it has long enamelled our wood-walks, sported on our warm and sunny banks, or sought an humble shelter amidst our hedge-rows, flowering in March and April, and shedding its ripened seeds in the latter part of the summer.

In the scientific classification it is considered as *SYNGENESIA MONOGAMIA*, or

rather as of the *PENTANDRIA MONOGYNIA*; being of the natural order of the *Campanaceæ*, and ranked by some botanists amongst the *Cisti*. In its generic character it has the calyx five-leaved, short, permanent; the leaflets ovate oblong, obtuse at the base; petals unequal, upper turned downwards; nectary prominent between the leaflets of the calyx, &c. Of the whole order of Violets there are no less than forty-three varieties; many of which have their names from the shape of their leaves; the others are the Sweet Violet, the Marsh, Mountain, Canadian, two-flowered, Siberian, Cape, Pyrenean, &c. together with the Pansy Violet, or heart's ease. It is only by the most scientific florists that all these varieties are raised; but in common cultivation we have the single blue and white, the double blue and white, and the pale purple.

This elegant flowret is not confined to Europe, but may be found basking in a southern sun, amidst the palm groves of Barbary, nay even amidst the barren sands of Palestine, where it flowers in the winter; and in the distant regions of Japan it ushers in the early spring, like our snow-drops, and is found scattered in wild profusion to enliven the way-worn traveller along the margins of his devious path.

To the lovers of ornamental nature in her humbler walks, it has often been a matter of regret that this flower should decay so early in the season; its place, however, is in some measure supplied by the Dog's Violet, which only differs from the Sweet Violet in the flowers possessing no fragrance. So that our fair ramblers, in their rural excursions, after the odorous flowers are gone, may still find every coppice, heath, and shady dell, variegated with the paler blossom of the *Viola Canina*.

One of the most interesting varieties is the Pansy Violet, or *Heart's Ease*, which has always been a favourite with the lovers of simplicity; it has, indeed, been so much noticed even in the earliest times, as to have acquired many provincial appellations, all allusive to the tender passion. In some of our distant counties it is called "Kiss me behind the garden gate;" "Call me to you;" "Three faces under a hood," &c. and in days of superstitious observance, it was designated as "Herb Trinity," being supposed emblematical of that holy mystery.

At present, however, its general name is "Heart's Ease," though often poetically called "Pansies," evidently from the French *Pensee*; to this name, the *Flowery Shakes-*

peare alludes when the gentle lovelorn Ophelia sighs,

"There's *pansies*, that's for *thoughts*."—

The poet of nature makes other frequent allusions to this elegant flower, whose variation from white to purple, supplied him with that beautiful idea in "The Midsummer's Night Dream:"—

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell;  
"It fell upon a little western flow'r,  
"Before milk white; now purple with love's wound,  
"And maidens call it *love in idleness*."

A flowret thus honoured must indubitably be a favourite with our fair readers, and highly deserving of their cultivation; this is easily done, as the sweet violets are propagated by slips from the roots about Michaelmas, thus giving time to them to be well set before the winter's frost, particularly if they are designed to enamel the borders of wood-walks and smaller plantations; it is customary, however, when they are cultivated in the *parterre*, to transplant and part them soon after their flowering season is past.

The Pansy is even simpler in its mode of cultivation; for soon after its flowers have withered, the seeds will scatter and take root spontaneously, flowering the ensuing spring, if they come up early in the autumn, and putting off their blossoms until the close of the season, should circumstances prevent them from shooting before they are fostered by the vernal breezes. By a simple attention, therefore, to clearing the wood-walks of the rotten leaves, there will be a regular succession of these elegant blossoms during the greatest part of the year, as they will bloom in the hottest summer, if in a shady situation, and in mild seasons, even in the depth of winter.

This flower is not only elegant, but also useful; for the petals given in the quantity of a dram or two, and mixed with sugar, act as a gentle aperient upon infants; and they are well known as constituting the basis of a syrup. Our fair readers who have attended the chemical lectures at the Royal Institution, will also recollect how useful this syrup is to ascertain the presence of an acid or an alkali; the addition of the former, changing its blue to a red colour, and in the latter case to a green. Our fair chemists may, indeed, supply themselves with elegant portable tests, by tinting slips of paper with the juice of the petals, and keeping them from the air and light until they are used.

From the *Parterre*, we naturally proceed to

the *Boispet*, where we are attracted by the fragrance of the

#### MIGNIONETTE,

whose elegance has induced a modern botanist to observe, that the luxury of the pleasure garden is greatly heightened by the delightful odour which this plant diffuses; he adds, however, that as it grows more readily in pots, its fragrance may be conveyed into the house, particularly as its perfume, though not so refreshing as that of the sweet briar, is not so apt to offend very delicate olfactories!

This sweet little flower is supposed to be a native of Egypt, from whence it was brought into the south of France early in the last century, and thence into England by Lord Bateman in the year 1730. It is mentioned, however, by Pliny, and called by him the *Reseda*, from its supposed quality (*resedandi*) of assuaging pain, and is now classed as the DODECANDRIA TRIGYNIA. It must, indeed, be confessed, that there is scarcely any *Genus* whose character is so difficult to be ascertained as that of the *Reseda*, as its several species sport both in the number and in the figure of their characteristic parts; its essential character, however, consists in its trifid petals, one of them melliferous at the base, and in the capsule not being closed but always gaping. The calyx has the perianth one leaved and parted; the petals are unequal; and the nectary is a flat upright gland.

Of this plant there are thirteen varieties, the last of which is the Sweet *Reseda*, or *mignonette*; but there is also another variety called the Yellow *Reseda*, Base Rocket, Base Dyer's Weed, or Wild *Mignonette*; and this is a native of most parts of Europe, being found with us mostly in corn-fields and meadows where the soil is calcareous, and sometimes on walls. It is a curious fact that a French florist having carefully cultivated this wild species, found it after some seasons to become like the sweet *mignonette*; but having sowed the seeds of this in its natural dry soil, the next year's plants lost all their smell, and appeared in their original state! this, however, was the species particularly called the *Trifid Reseda*, a native of the south of Europe, and of the dry sandy soil of Barbary; this species has been cultivated in England, first in 1739, and flowers from June to September.

None of the varieties, however, except the Sweet *Reseda*, are cultivated generally by florists, unless for the sake of variety, as they have very little beauty to recommend them.

The cultivation of this elegant little floweret

is easy and simple; nothing more is required than to sow the seeds in autumn, and when the plants come up, to thin and keep them clean; but those who have conveniences for the purpose may hasten their appearance by sowing the seeds on a moderate hot-bed in March: then when the plants are strong enough for transplanting, they ought to be pricked out upon another moderate hot-bed, when they will speedily come forward. It will be proper about the end of May to plant

them out for the season either in bowpots, or in warm borders; and they may be preserved through the winter in a green-house, when they will continue to flower the greatest part of the season, but they will not be so vigorous the second summer as in the first.

It is only necessary further to observe, that they should always be planted in a deep soil, as their roots are composed of many strong fibres which run deep in the ground.

(To be continued.)

## SENTIMENTAL WRITING, AND ON LONDON.

"For 'tis our way (you know) for fear o' th' worst,

"To be before hand still, and cry fool first."

*Epil. to the Old Bachelor.*

THE sentimental is the only mode of writing we are allowed to adopt in this feeling age, were we only to describe the pleasures of a puppet-show. And surely no man who makes the least pretensions to gallantry would venture to present any other offering at the feet of his *Dulcinea*. In short, it is the ton of the times, and consequently we might as well be out of the world as not to be extravagantly fond of it.

Say ye who best can tell, ye *Booksellers*, what would become of all our *journies*, our *lunubrations*, our *royages*, our *travels*, our *tours*, our *trips*, our *observations on recent excursions*, our *plays*, our *romances*, our *novels* which are daily showered down in such plenty on our happy land, did they not contain this *manna*, this light arial heavenly food? Would they not be rejected by the most voracious appetite that ever devoured a circulating library? Would they not soon be turned to thread papers, or be found at the bottom of all the pastry in the nation?

Ill-nature may suggest that this prevailing passion for sentiment is to be ascribed to a mixture of indolence and vanity, which ill-nature will say characterizes the present generation; and that, although the former prevents them from thinking, the latter will not let them appear void of thought; the consequence of which is, that authors are obliged to think for them. In the same manner as the ingenuity of their pastry-cooks, mantua-makers, and milliners furnishes a continual succession of elegancies and dainties, and saves their customers of polite taste a deal of trouble: for here also they have nothing more to do than to behold, admire, purchase, and exhibit as their own.

This malevolence may urge. But I love to put the best construction upon human actions, and therefore scruple not to assert that this modern love of sentiment proceeds from a universal refinement of morals; from that purity and perfection in virtue which makes sentimental productions the natural food, the daily bread of the times: as congenial to our refined natures as the element of water to the finny tribe, or a pure atmosphere to our organs of respiration. And what confirms me in this opinion is, the prevalence of sentiment even in the hours of the most unguarded relaxation. Often may we hear the roaring song at the tavern burst forth sentiment, and a drunken chorus re-echo their approbation. Every toast must be sweetened by this delectable ingredient, or it is no longer relished by our refined palates. "Happiness to those who wish it to others," often introduces a bloody nose. "Fidelity to friends and generosity to enemies," is proposed, or loudly applauded by the man who endeavours to cheat the choicest companion of his bottle.

Were I to be more serious, and hint at one cause which I am persuaded has its share, I might be thought to be still more in jest; or I should allege that a refined taste, and genuine delicacy of sentiment, are so attractive in the happy few who really possess them, that it is not surprising others, who do not possess them, should envy and counterfeit those excellent qualities. Though they are not more fortunate in these attempts than the illiterate vulgar in their ridiculous affectation of choice words and dainty phrases.

But, whatever be the cause, I have no objections against conformity to this prevailing taste. Far from it; I really prefer gathering

up good useful sentiments to collecting pictures, catching butterflies, picking up cockle-shells, creeping after insects, culling simples, measuring steeples, or any other occupation in which an ambitious trifler may also seek renown. I could enumerate a variety of superior advantages this pursuit possesses, but shall only mention one or two.

In the first place it is the cheapest. The largest collection of thoughts which a man can decently lay in, need not cost him more than his travelling expences. So that he must run many miles indeed before he runs out any thing of a fortune; which is not always the case with the other gentry, who are often in danger of hanging considerable sums on the proboscis of a fly, the antenna of a moth, or the spiral convolution of a shell; and of giving more money for a painted landscape, than the proprietor gave for the original territory. He is at liberty to travel when, where, and how he pleases: to go east, west, north, or south, by land or water it makes no difference; if he has but fire within him, he will be sure to find incidents enough to strike out sparks in abundance; nay, the smallest incident will often contain the most flint. The inspection of a town-hall, a parish-church, market-place, or county-prison, which the common class of travelling idlers are continually running their heads into in order to draw something out of them, shall not give rise to such shrewd remarks in a sentimental rambler, as a beggar, a bare-footed chamber-maid, a ballad-singer, or a mountabank. It matters not what accens he meets with, but what he has to say about them.

By the way, what a glorious privilege it is to be a poet! How it enables a man (like a dexterous cook who transforms a calf's head into excellent turtle soup), to make the best of every thing; and furnish from his own resources rich materials to compensate for the insipidity of incidents.

At that sweet hour of prime, when the cock's shrill clarion admonishes the drowsy dairy-maid to awaken from her slumbers, and by the repetition of his harsh notes, disturbs the delectable dreams of Thomas's love and constancy, which had long possessed her fancy, and which she now yields up with a forboding reluctance:

When the neat-herd, starting from his humble mattress, strewed on the floor, in the dark corner of a cobweb-mantled room, peeps through the apertures which accidents, or unlucky boys have made in his mildewed windows, and beholding the sun has already tipt the lofty spire with gold, arises obedient to the

wonted summons, and conducts the kine to their pasturage:

When the calm village re-echoes to the sounding horn, and the melancholy responses of the lowing herd:

When the vigilant shepherd winds over the woodlands to unfold the flock, that they may feed in luxurious liberty:

When the lark labours his flight upwards, acquiring stability, and improving his melodious notes, as every Christian ought, the nearer he advances to heaven:

When the myriads of yonder thronged metropolis, worn down by busy cares, or exhausted by criminal indulgencies, sink in the arms of sleep, and for a little time lie peaceable and innocent, like the chrystals in its cone.—Save the prudent citizen whom the eastern sky detects reeling from the tavern, or sneaking from the stews, that he may maintain a conscience void of offence towards man, and keep his character in due repair against the next election to some city honours:

Save the vociferating watchman, who artfully anticipates the hour, that he may totter the sooner to his sordid shed:

Save the dire sons of rapine, just retired to their secret haunts, and litigiously dividing their dangerous spoils:

Save the forlorn daughters of infamy and want, who, wandering from virtue and from peace, had laid down their weary limbs in solitary alleys, and attempted to rest their guilty heads on the hard unfriendly stone:

Save the assembled children of industrious poverty, waiting with anxious impatience to be draughted off by supercilious task masters, to the arduous, or hazardous employments of the day; whether to build or embellish the mansions of luxury, themselves with scarce a home; or to groan under burdens of provisions, and furnish their superiors with plenty, themselves nearly destitute of the necessaries of life:

Save the thrifty housewife, who forsakes her couch to prepare the emblematic draught of bitterness for this family of toil:

Save the sooty infant, who, born to immediate woe, and stranger to those soft indulgencies which tender years obtain from all, is driven from his squallid bed, and creeps along the streets with naked limbs and feeble steps, crying his horrid trade with weak and plaintive voice:

At this early infancy of day, did my animal spirits, invigorated by soft repose, knock at the door of my senses, and again open their passage to life and action.

In plain English, between the hours of four and five in the morning, my companion and myself arose and prosecuted our journey.

Some philosophers have asserted that the solid contents of the whole globe may be reduced to the compass of a middling-sized walnut. But I do fancy that these dimensions would be rather too circumscribed for common uses; and notwithstanding its present sponginess, there is a great advantage in the enlargement of its surface, so as to afford ample space for towns, cities, pasturages, arable lands, mountains, rivers, oceans, &c. In like manner, I humbly conceive, that although the works of the most voluminous poet would be reduced to a mere speck, stripped of every adventitious ornament, and concentrated to plain matters of fact, yet that the variety of tropes and figures, pithy antitheses, animated descriptions, elegant circumlocutions, entertaining digressions, and sentimental reflections, more than compensate for this increase of bulk.

When we arrived at the place where we had appointed to breakfast, a jolly hospitable-faced landlord, sitting on a bench by the gateway of the inn, was the first object of our attention. He advanced with a mauly freedom, and performed all the duties of his office with politeness. Finding we were inclined to take a walk whilst our breakfast was preparing, he undertook to be our guide, and shewed us the little singularities of the place, which are always the pride of the inhabitants, and frequently a transient amusement to the idle passenger. He afterwards led us into his garden, which was terminated by a large and commodious alcove, elegantly furnished, commanding an extensive and variegated prospect over the adjacent meadows. The landlord perceiving that we were charmed with the situation, courteously proposed that the waiter should serve up our breakfast there, which we cheerfully agreed to, and whilst sitting in this rural tenement, the gay parterre, contrasted by the wilder beauties of the fields, hills, and woods, gave a delectable relish to our repast.

These scenes were much too pleasing to be lost upon my lively companion. They unfroze the genial current of his soul, and set at liberty his sportive satire.

"Who can forbear," quoth he, as we were sitting together at the tea-table, "making invividious comparisons, as a lover of filth would term them, between this house of elegant hospitality, and most of the inns in London! where every surrounding object reminds you of a prison; where darkness and dirt are sworn

friends and inseparable companions! where, upon your arrival, you are hurried from the vehicle through scents and sights obscene, into a nook ycleped a parlour, but to judge from appearances, you would take it to be the mongrel breed of a garret, in some fortuitous conjunction with a watch-house. The light, or rather darkness visible, of this commodious apartment, is either borrowed from the bar, which indeed is but equitable, since the bar was borrowed from the room; or it is caught like rain-water, from the roof of the building, filtered through a layer of smoke plentifully spread upon the lattice. Happy are those who can enjoy the day from a whitened wall; and peculiarly favoured indeed is the apartment that catches a glimpse of the rising or setting sun, reflected from the casement of an opposite garret window.

"In some such gloomy cell you sit down to your turbid tea and rancid toast, if you can find them; and if you can persuade yourself that china cups and a silver milk-pot are equivalent to good cheer, you may chance to make a hearty meal."

My friend had now entered into the very spirit of his subject, and as soon as we had left the inn, he began to exult in his temporary enlargement from the great city, in a style, and with such an emphasis, that a stranger to his character would perhaps have called in question his intellects. "With what pleasure, my friend, do I turn my back upon yon melancholy prison! upon those regions of fuliginous vapour! that asylum of sharpers and swindlers; that hot-bed of satan! from whence he transfers a plenteous nursery of venomous plants into a still warmer soil! upon yon suburbs of the infernal world? A vile colony of Belzebub, stocked with the surplus of his own nefarious territory!"

I desired my ranting philosopher to compose his mind a little, and hinted to him that working himself up into such a ferment, was not the way to enjoy this enlargement.

"You are mistaking," says he; "mine is not the language of anger, but of triumph; and by rising such images in my mind as I think most descriptive of that villainous spot, I enjoy still greater luxury in the contrast."

"Can I behold," continues he, "this splendid soul of day, whom, had he not a maker, I would this instant adore, arising with new vigour over those harvest-crowned hills, as if he had recruited his stock of blessings by his slumbers in the ocean? Can I contemplate variegated nature brisk and cheerful at his approach, turning towards him to welcome his arrival, and like an affectionate bride ta-

citly acknowledging that nothing but his return was wanting to make her happy? Can I view the beautiful face of the creation, enjoy the cheery light of heaven, wander over the widely extended prospect where the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty appears in every part, and proclaims good will to all? Can I feel the salutary and invigorating breeze, rendered still more grateful by catching exhalations from those fragrant blossoms, and bringing with it all the odours of the fields? Can I hear the wild music of the sprightly songsters, whilst they are pouring forth their notes of gratitude to their Creator, rejoicing in the gift of their little beings? Can I once more enjoy the blessings congenial with our frame, and which God benevolently intended to be the inheritance of man, without entertaining a most sovereign contempt for the depraved taste of a grovelling citizen? Who, instead of walking at large, like a free creature of heaven, and beholding the open face of day, prefers the confined, gloomy, noisy, and suffocating mansions of the town! submits to be jammed between two parallel walls, commanding no larger prospect than the distance of five yards in width, and twenty or thirty in length! where all the variety he can boast of is from streets to lanes, from lanes to allies,

and from allies to courts! and where, when he chances to lift his eyes heavenward, he seems as if he was peeping through the chasms of a cavern! Where the most luxurious of the inhabitants are obliged, in order to obtain a little enlargement, to build their mansions in a stable-yard, and in the full contemplation of a dung-hill! where the air they breathe is scarcely other than a circumambient common-sewer; so that it is a question whether it be purified or contaminated by its having already been received and discharged by a thousand different pairs of lungs! where your ears are insulted by numberless harsh discordant sounds, and your sight is affected by incessant scenes of irremediable distress! where, in a word, the capricious inhabitants forego every genuine gift of heaven, every luxury of nature, every thing that wears the appearance of cleanliness, peace, and tranquillity, in order to possess a few artificial conveniences which effeminate manners and a depraved taste alone have rendered necessary. The rural beggar, who wanders from village to village, depending upon the precarious bounty of others, though he knows not where he shall dine, when he shall dine, or whether he shall dine at all, upon summing up the account would in my humble opinion appear the richer man."

## PRESENT STATE OF CANADA,

FROM LAMBERT'S TRAVELS IN CANADA, NORTH AMERICA, &amp;c. IN 1806, 1807, AND 1808.

"THE markets are supplied with beef, mutton, pork, and veal by the Habitans, as well as the butchers; though the latter generally feed their own cattle, and kill them for sale as they want. Their meat is frequently better than that of the country people. The fattest pork that can be procured is bought by the lower order of the Canadians, who scarcely eat any other meat. The Habitans, in particular, live for months upon pork; a small piece of which, boiled down with some pease or beans into a soup, constitutes their chief dish. The veal sold by the Habitans is in general very young, as red as beef, and does not eat well.

"During Lent the French people live upon fish and vegetables, which they contrive to dress in the most palatable manner. The day after Good Friday, the butchers make a shew of their meat, somewhat similar to our butchers before Christmas. The former decorate their meat with flowers and ribbons in order

to tempt their customers, though one would think that but little inducement was necessary to invite them to eat after so long a fast. The Catholics, at the close of Lent, have a regale, and the butchers do not neglect to take advantage of that propitious moment. The finest quarters and joints are ticketed with the names of those happy people, who are alert enough to rise at three or four o'clock in the morning and get to market before their neighbours.

"The dogs in little carts, which are mentioned by Mr. Weld and former writers, are now not much in use, except by boys; every thing is brought to market in carts, or sleighs, drawn by horses. The markets of Quebec are well supplied with every thing the country affords. In summer the following articles are brought to market by the Habitans, and generally sold at the price affixed to them, Sterling money:—

"MEAT.—Beef per lb. 1½d. to 4d.; mutton

per lb. 4d. to 6d.; per sheep 8s. to 10s.; lamb per quarter 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; veal 6d. to 7d. per lb.; pork 5d. to 6d. per lb.

"**POULTRY & GAME.**—Turkeys per couple 3s. to 5s.; fowls do. 1s. 3d. to 2s.; chickens do. 7d. to 10d.; geese do. 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; partridges do. 10d. to 15d.; pigeons per doz. 1s. 6d. to 4s.; hares each 6d. to 9d.

"**FISH.**—Eels, trout, perch, poisson dorée, maskinongé, price according to the size; shad each 1d. to 2d.; sturgeon achigan, black bass, salmon, fresh cod, salt cod, cutfish, of various prices, according to the size, at some periods cod and salmon are as dear as in London.

"**VEGETABLES.**—Potatoes 18d. to 20d. per bushel; cabbages 1d. to 2d. each; onions per hundred 10d.; leeks per bundle 4d.; carrots, turnips, peas, beans, beet, celery, sallad, &c. but very little cheaper than in London.

"**FRUIT.**—Apples 19s. per barrel; pears but few at market; strawberries about 6d. per quart; currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, blackberries, plums, melons.

**SUNDRIES.**—Maple sugar 2d. to 3d. per lb.; flour per cwt. 48s. to 25s.; lard 6d. to 9d. per lb.; tallow 9d. to 10d. per lb.; tobacco 9d. per lb.; butter 9d. to 14d. per lb.; oats per minot 2s. 6d. to 3s.; hay per bundle 6d. to 7d.; straw per do. 2d. to 3d.; wood per cord 12s. to 15s.; stinking cheese, soap, mogasins, furs, &c.

"In winter a portion only of the above articles are brought to market. As soon as the river between Quebec and the Island of Orleans is frozen over, a large supply of provisions is received from that island. The Canadians at the commencement of winter kill the greatest part of their stock, which they carry to market in a frozen state. The inhabitants of the towns then supply themselves with a sufficient quantity of poultry and vegetables till spring, and keep them in garrets or cellars. As long as they remain frozen they preserve their goodness, but they will not keep long after they have thawed. I have eat turkies in April which has been kept in this manner all the winter, and found them remarkably good. Before the frozen provisions are dressed, they are always laid for some hours in cold water, which extracts the ice; otherwise, by a sudden immersion in hot water, they would be spoiled.

"The articles of life are certainly very reasonable in Canada, but the high price of house rent and European goods, together with the high wages of servants, more than counterbalance that advantage. A person must pay at least 70 or 100 per cent. upon the London price, for every article of wearing apparel,

furniture, &c. unless he attends the public sales which are pretty frequent, and where articles are sometimes sold very low; but there he is often liable to be deceived, and many a keen economist has been confoundedly bit.

"The Lower Town market-place is reckoned cheaper than the other. It is not so large, but is generally well supplied. Fish is at certain seasons abundant, particularly salmon and shad; the latter is classed among the herrings, which it somewhat resembles in flavour, though widely differing in size, the shad being as large as a moderate sized salmon. They are a great relief to the poor people in the months of May and June, as at that season they are taken in shoals in the river of St. Lawrence from the entrance to more than two hundred miles above Quebec: large quantities are salted down for the use of the upper province. Fresh cod are very rarely brought to market. A merchant in the Upper Town usually gets a supply once during the summer season, which he keeps in an ice-house and retails to the inhabitants at nearly the London price. Montreal receives a supply from the United States during the winter season; they are packed up in ice, and a few of them find their way to Quebec.

"The maskinongé is a fish of the pike species, with a long hooked snout projecting over the mouth. It is caught in the small river of Maskinongé, about one hundred and thirty miles above Quebec. Trout, perch, and other small fish are plentiful. The sturgeon, the basse, the achigan, and a large species of eel, are all favourite fish with the Canadians; but the pickerel, or poisson dorée, is reckoned the best that comes to market. It is a small fish, seldom exceeding the size of a haddock, which I think it much resembles in flavour. In speaking of this fish I must not omit a curious species, about the size and appearance of large smelts, but far inferior to them in quality. They are called by the inhabitants *tommy cods*, and are caught in the St. Lawrence in the winter season, in little holes which are made in the ice. Small huts are erected over these holes, and in them the Canadians fish for the *tommy cods* with hooks and lines. They generally obtain enough to reward them for their trouble. Great quantities are brought to market, and are very serviceable during Lent. In many places up the river, where they are taken in great abundance and no sufficient sale is found, the country people feed their cattle with them. The eels of this country are all large, and by no means inviting to a refined taste; they have a strong

rancid flavour, and contain a great deal of oil.

"Considering the vast quantities of fish with which the river and gulf of St. Lawrence abound, I think the markets are very ill supplied. Though the gulf is full of mackerel yet none ever appear at Quebec. Oysters are sometimes brought from Chaleur Bay, but so seldom, and in such small quantities, that an oyster party is considered by the inhabitants as a very rare treat. They are, however, but of an indifferent quality: and though of large size when taken out of the shell, yet have so little substance in them, that, when cut with a knife, the water runs out, and they diminish at least a fourth. The shells are large, and adhere to each other in great clusters. The herrings of Canada are large, but of indifferent quality. Sprats there are none; at least none ever appear on shore.

"In the spring, the markets are abundantly supplied with wild pigeons, which are sometimes sold much lower than the price I have mentioned; this happens in plentiful seasons; but the immense flocks that formerly passed over the country, are now considerably diminished; or as the land becomes cleared they retire farther back.

"The beef of Canada is in general poor, and tough eating. The Canadians have not got into a proper method of fattening their cattle, which are for the most part lean and ill fed. The butchers, however, contrive to furnish a better sort, which they fatten on their own farms. The veal is killed too young to please an English taste, and the pork is overgrown. Mutton and lamb are very good, and the latter, on its first coming in, is sold at a price which would not disgrace a London market. The Habitans sell their meat by the quarter, half, or whole carcase, which accounts for the different prices I have affixed to those articles. The butchers retail them by the pound.

"It is curious in winter time to see the stiff headless carcasses of the sheep, stuck upon their hind legs in different parts of the market-place. It is also highly amusing to behold the various groups of people, of all descriptions, that surround the Habitans; looking over, and scrambling for meat, poultry, and vegetables. Here may be seen men, women, and children; masters, mistresses, and servants; judges, and members of the council; colonels, captains, and private soldiers; all promiscuously huddled together round the Habitan's cart, his basket, or his sack. One with a couple of turkeys in his hand, another with a goose, a third snatching it out of her hand, exclaim-

ing, 'that's my goose, ma'am;' a fourth smelling at a brace of partridges, a fifth throwing the fellow's potatoes, cabbages, onions, apples, &c. into a little basket which she carries on her arm; a sixth moving off with a *stinking cheese* in his pocket; a seventh putting a mutton carcase under his arm, and bawling to the Habitan to take his money for it. In the midst of all this crowd stands the poor fellow, telling the price of half a dozen different things in a breath, taking the money of some, and refusing it of others. Yet it very seldom happens that he loses any of his articles, or suffers himself to be cheated.

"Among the articles brought to market is one of a peculiar description, called *stinking cheese*, which, from the richness of its flavour, is worthy of a place at any of our city feasts. It only requires to be known, in order to be sought after by all the lovers of highly flavoured dainties; by all who can feast upon venison and wild fowl in a state of putridity; for this cheese exactly resembles those epicurean delicacies in the odour which it exhales. It is a kind of new cheese made into flat cakes; but to reduce it to a rich palatable state, the country people wrap it up in wet hay or straw, and place it under a *dunghill*, where after it has lain a sufficient time to putrify, it is taken out and carried to market for sale. I have frequently, on passing these cheeses, been obliged to hold my nose; yet gentlemen reckon them a great delicacy, and put two or three with the wet musty hay into their pockets!

"The best butter is brought from Green Island, about one hundred and fifty miles below Quebec. That sold by the Canadians in the market-place, is generally of a cheesy or sour flavour; owing to the cream being kept so long before it is churned. Milk is brought to market in the winter time in large frozen cakes.

"Large quantities of maple sugar are sold at about half the price of the West India sugar. The manufacturing of this article takes place early in the spring, when the sap or juice rises in the maple trees. It is a very laborious work, as at that time the snow is just melting, and the Canadians suffer great hardships in procuring the liquor from an immense number of trees, dispersed over many hundred acres of land. The liquor is boiled down, and often adulterated with flour, which thickens, and renders it heavy: after it is boiled a sufficient time, it is poured into tureens, and when cold, forms a thick hard cake of the shape of the vessel. These cakes are of a dark brown colour, for the Canadians



do not trouble themselves about refining it. The people in Upper Canada make it very white; and it may be easily clarified equal to the finest loaf sugar made in England.

"It is very hard, and requires to be scraped with a knife when used for tea, otherwise the lumps would be a considerable time dissolving. Its flavour strongly resembles the candid horehound sold by the druggists in England, and the Canadians say that it possesses medicinal qualities, for which they eat it in large lumps. It very possibly acts as a corrective to the vast quantity of fat pork which they consume, as it possesses a greater degree of acidity than the West India sugar. Before salt was in use, sugar was eat with meat in order to correct its putrescency. Hence, probably, the custom of eating sweet apple sauce with pork and goose, and currant jelly with hare and venison.

"Money in Canada is reckoned at the following weight and currency, agreeable to an act passed by the provincial parliament in April 1808:—

|   | Dwts. | Grs. | £    | s. | d.   |
|---|-------|------|------|----|------|
| British Guinea .....                                  | 5     | 6    | Troy | 1  | 3 4  |
| Joannes of Portugal .....                             | 18    | 0    | —    | 4  | 0 0  |
| Moidore of do.....                                    | 6     | 18   | —    | 1  | 10 0 |
| American Eagle .....                                  | 11    | 6    | —    | 2  | 10 0 |
| Milled Doubloon, or four<br>Pistole piece .....       | 17    | 0    | —    | 3  | 14 6 |
| French Louis d'or, coined<br>before 1793 .....        | 5     | 4    | —    | 1  | 2 8  |
| French Pistole, coined be-<br>fore the same period .. | 4     | 4    | —    | 0  | 18 3 |

"When weighed in bulk the rate is currency  $4\text{ }7\text{ }s. 8\frac{1}{2}\text{ }d.$  per oz. Troy; and in the same proportion for all the higher and lower denominations of the said gold coins.

"For every grain which the British, Portugal, and American coins weigh more than the standard, there is to be allowed and added  $2\frac{1}{2}\text{ }d.$  currency; and for every grain less  $2\frac{1}{2}\text{ }d.$  is to be deducted. And for every grain which the Spanish and French gold coins weigh more or less than the standard, there is to be an allowance of  $2\frac{1}{2}\text{ }d.$  currency.

"In every payment exceeding the sum of twenty pounds, where one of the parties require it, gold is to be weighed in bulk, and pass at the above rates; and a deduction of half a grain Troy is to be made on every piece so weighed, as a compensation to the receiver for the loss he may sustain in paying away the same by the single piece. The silver coins are as follow:—

|                                  | Canadian currency, £ | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|----|----|
| Spanish Piaster, or Dollar ..... | 0                    | 5  | 0  |
| English Crown .....              | 0                    | 5  | 6  |

|  | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|
| French Crown, of 6 livres tournois..                 | 0 | 5  | 6  |
| French ditto of 4 livres 10 sols tour-<br>nois ..... | 0 | 4  | 2  |
| English Shilling.....                                | 0 | 1  | 1  |
| French piece, of 24 sols tournois ...                | 0 | 1  | 1  |
| L'Escalin, or Pistoreen .....                        | 0 | 1  | 0  |
| French piece, of 36 sols tournois ...                | 0 | 1  | 3  |

"The copper coin in circulation is English. The half pence are called sols by the French and coppers by the British. To bring sterling money into Canadian currency, one-ninth must be added; and to bring currency into sterling one-tenth must be deducted.

"A curious sort of jargon is carried on in the market-place, between the French who do not understand English, and the English who do not understand French. Each endeavours to meet the other half way in his own tongue, by which means they contrive to comprehend one another by broken phrases, for the common French marketing terms are soon picked up. This intercourse between the French and English has occasioned the former to ingraft many anglicisms in their language which to a stranger arriving from England, and speaking only boarding-school French, is at first rather puzzling. The Canadians have had the character of speaking the purest French; but I question whether they deserve it at the present day.

"Besides articles of provisions, a quantity of furs, skins, moccasins, and baskets of birch bark, are brought to market by the Indians, from the neighbouring village of Lorette, whose chief subsistence rests more upon these commodities than upon the culture of the ground. Straw hats, moccasins, and baskets are also offered for sale by the Canadians; the moccasins are in general use among the country people as shoes. They are of Indian origin, and well adapted for dry weather, or when the snow is hard on the ground; but they are not calculated to resist the wet, being made of a spongy sort of leather, slightly tanned, and without the thick soles which shoes possess. Thick woollen socks are worn inside, and partly remedy their defects. Boots of the same leather, with moccasin feet, are much worn by the Habitans, and are also worn over others as swamp boots, by those who are fond of shooting.

"The fruit of Canada is not remarkable either for goodness or cheapness, except strawberries and raspberries, which are brought to market in great abundance during the season. They are gathered on the plains at the back of Quebec, and in the neighbouring woods, where they grow upon the ground, or among the

shrubs in wild luxuriance. The poor Canadians send their children to gather them, and afterwards sell them to the inhabitants at a moderate price. It is an agreeable sight to view the fields covered with strawberries, in blossom, or ripe; and few persons keep them in gardens. The raspberry bushes are intermingled with the underwood of the forests, and afford an agreeable treat to those who are fond of rambling in the woods. That pleasure is, however, more than counterbalanced by the mosquitos, and sand flies, who never fail, for three or four months in the summer, to annoy those who venture to penetrate their abode.

"Vegetables of every description thrive well in Canada, and are in tolerable abundance at the markets. Those most in request by the French Canadians, are onions, leeks, peas, beans, cabbages, and potatoes. The latter vegetable is now cultivated in large quantities all over Canada, but was scarcely known in the country before the conquest. The English settlers could not remain long without their favourite root, and soon commenced planting it. The French, who before that time declared they could find no relish in that vegetable, no sooner found that a good market was to be obtained for it, than they immediately followed their example, and by degrees came to relish what they had before looked upon as poisonous.

"Bread is not cheap in Canada, and generally of very indifferent quality, though several Scotch bakers have emigrated to that country. They complain of the want of yeast at certain seasons; but I believe their bad bread is oftener occasioned by the indifferent flour, which they purchase of the Habitans in the market-place at a low price, and which they mix with the better sort of flour, supplied from the mills of Colonel Caldwell, Messrs. Coltman, and others. Considerable quantities of flour, also come from Upper Canada, but they are generally for exportation.

"The price of bread is regulated every month, by the magistrates, who affix it according to the price of flour the preceding month. The white loaf of 4lbs. and the brown loaf of 6lbs. are sold at one price, which, upon an average, during the time I remained in Canada, was about ten pence sterling, nearly equal to the English quartern loaf at elevenpence, a price which cannot be called reasonable, in a country that produces such an abundance of wheat for exportation; though that is most likely the cause of its high price.

"Colonel Caldwell has four or five large mills, in the district of Quebec, for grinding

wheat. They are reckoned the best in the province, and are superintended by his son, who possesses considerable mechanical abilities, a great portion of the machinery having been improved under his directions. They employ European and Canadian workmen, and several Americans from the States, whom they engage for a certain time. The Colonel is possessed of large property, consisting chiefly of seignories and townships. It is said that he obtained the greatest part of his landed property by purchasing, at a very cheap rate, the lots which fell to the share of the soldiers belonging to several regiments that were disbanded in Canada. It was certainly a very poor remuneration for long services, for the Canadian government to grant lots of land to the soldiers, upon which fees of four and five pounds each, were to be paid to the government clerks. The men could not raise the money, and were obliged to dispose of their lots, consisting of two hundred acres each, for not more than thirty or forty shillings the lot. Colonel Caldwell is receiver-general of Lower Canada, and receives a salary of four hundred pounds per annum. He was an ensign in Wolfe's army at the capture of Quebec, and, at the conclusion of the war, settled in the country. He is a very respectable old gentleman, and much esteemed throughout the province.

"Within these few years, three or four extensive breweries have been established at Quebec. The first, I believe, was begun by Messrs. Young and Ainslie, who had also a very large distillery at Beauport. The success of these gentlemen, it is said, prompted Messrs. Lester and Morrough to set up the Cape Diamond Brewery; which unfortunate opposition ended in the failure of both. Some smaller concerns have also arisen into notice; and, with the two former, which are now in the possession of other proprietors, supply Quebec, and the rest of the country, with ale, porter, and table beer. That which is called mild ale, is in most request, and sells for sixty shillings the hogshead. Table beer is twenty shillings. A few years ago very little barley was raised in Canada. At present there is more than sufficient to supply the breweries, a circumstance which shews that the Canadians are not disinclined to exert themselves, when their efforts are likely to turn to a good account.

"The generality of the wine drank in Canada is of an inferior quality. A few of the principal people who do not mind the expence, import a better sort for their own consumption; but the best wines would never answer

the purposes of the merchants. Madeira is the favourite wine of the inhabitants; but, unfortunately for them, they seldom or never drink it in perfection. The excellent London particular, which they prize so much, and which the merchants puff off so much, is nothing more than a compound of Teneriffe, Sicilian, or Lisbon wines, with a few gallons of new Madeira. This choice wine is sold at sixty or seventy pounds per pipe. Their Port, which sells at about fifty pounds, is equally bad; and if by chance a pipe or two of superior quality arrives, it becomes a mere drug in the merchant's store, for their taste is so vitiated by the bad wine in common use, that they do not know how to appreciate the good, when it is offered them. Their spirits are very little better than their wines. Brandy and Hollands are not worth noticing, except that the former is most execrable Spanish, and sells for ten shillings per gallon. Their rum is new and of a very indifferent quality, yet it is drank the most of any other liquor. Old rum is unknown. In 1807, 380,130 gallons were imported from Great Britain and her colonies, and were retailed at five shillings and sixpence per gallon. An article has only to be cheap, to recommend it for sale in Canada; it is of little consequence what its qualities may be, if it is high priced; as in that case it will never answer for a Canadian market; that is, it will never bring the merchants fifty or one hundred per cent.

"Refined and coarse sugars are reasonable. Loaf sugar is frequently to be bought at ninepence, and moist sugar at fourpence per lb. Teas are high, considering there is no duty upon them. Nearly the whole of the tea drank in Canada is green, and is retailed from five to ten shillings per lb. The best Hyson is sometimes twelve or fourteen. Souchong tea, so much used in England, is scarcely known: execrable bohea sells from two shillings to three and sixpence. Teas are brought in large quantities from the United States. In 1807 the importation of that article was 42,000 lbs. while the importation from England was only 4,500 lbs. This is occasioned by their procuring teas cheaper from the United States than from England, though they are greatly inferior in quality.

"Coffee and chocolate are drank principally by the French inhabitants. The quantity imported in 1807 was 19,599 lbs. of coffee from Great Britain and her colonies, and 8,070 lbs. chocolate from the United States, where manufactories of it are established. Both these articles are of inferior quality, and

are retailed upon an average at two shillings per lb.

"Manufactories of soap and candles, are established at Quebec, and those articles are sold nearly at the same price as in London; if any thing, rather higher. The country people make their own soap and candles.

"English cheese, in consequence of the loss frequently sustained on the voyage, bears a high price; and the small quantity which arrives safe, sells at two shillings, and two shillings and sixpence per lb. The deficiency is supplied by American cheese, some of which is tolerably good, but the greatest part is little better than our Suffolk cheese. It is imported in considerable quantities from the States, and is retailed from sixpence to ninepence per lb. In 1807, 37,188 lbs. were brought into Canada.

"Tobacco, notwithstanding it is cultivated by almost every farmer in Canada, yet is imported in large quantities both from England and the United States.

"Thus it appears, that the United States have the advantage of Great Britain in the exportation of manufactured tobacco and snuff, to the amount of 65,995 lbs. and upon the whole article of tobacco to the amount of 35,164 lbs. Leaf tobacco sells from 9d. to 1s. and the manufactured from 18d. to 2s.

"Salt is procured chiefly from Liverpool. In 1807, upwards of 220,000 bushels were imported. The preceding winter there was a great scarcity of that article; and the last ship which arrived with it, sold her cargo at 7s. 6d. per bushel. At one time during the winter it was as high 12s. and 14s. but the next spring it fell to 3s. 6d. which is generally the price at which it is retailed. Ships from Liverpool are most commonly ballasted with salt; and during the season of their arrival at Quebec, some of the merchants purchased it from 15d. to 20d. per bushel, and monopolize it until the season is over, when no more supplies can be procured till the following spring.

A considerable quantity is annually exported to the United States. The Vermontese, on the confines of Canada, depend wholly on that country for their supply of salt, as they procure it much cheaper than from the sea-port towns in the New England States. These people salt large quantities of beef, pork, and butter; a great part of which they export to Canada. More than 250,000 lbs. were received in 1807 from the United States."

## POETRY.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

## PICTURE OF A SUMMER DAWN.

FROM GRAHAME'S BRITISH GEORGICS.

YES, let the husbandman rouse to toil,  
 While yet the sky a deep empurpled tint  
 Northward displays,—before the corncrik's  
     call  
 In mist veiled meads awake the nestling lark,  
 To hail the dawn. Sweet is the dubious bound  
 Of night and morn, when spray and plant are  
     drenched  
 In dew; sweet now the odour breathing birch,  
 The gaudy broom, the orchard's blushing  
     boughs,  
 The milk white thorn, on which the blackbird  
     roosts, [chants  
 Till light he shakes his ruffling plumes, and  
 His roundelay; and sweet the beanfield rows,  
 'Tween which the drilling plough is artful  
     steered,  
 Shaking the dew-drop gently from the bloom.  
 Thence on their lingering wings the west winds  
     waft  
 A balmy odour: struck with new delight,  
 The toil worn traveller pauses on his way.  
 Perhaps some veteran, whom Egyptian sands  
 Have rest of sight, (O, when will warfare  
     cease!)  
 Leans on his staff, and wishes that but once,  
 But only once, he could behold those blooms,  
 Which now recal his father's little field.

## HORACE IN LONDON.

BOOK I. ODE 33.

'Tis yourself and your readers to vex  
 With verses as feeble and bald as old Q.  
 Your fancy but echoes the creed of her sex,  
 Preferring a younger Adonis to you.  
 Amanda, the mild, follows Ned thro' the Park  
 From Kensington Gardens to Cumberland  
     Gate;  
 Yet Ned, an ungrateful and volatile spark,  
 Adores a virago, and truckles to Kate.  
 But sooner the shark from West Indian seas  
 Shall swim in a bowl, and by children be fed,  
 Than Kitty, as rampant as Pope's Eloise,  
 Surrender the mistress and marry with Ned.  
 So wills Madam Venus: she's ever delighted  
 To join young and old in one wearisome  
     yoke; [quitted,  
 Then tortures the bosom with flames unre-  
 And thinks our misfortunes an excellent joke.

Why cannot I love pretty Susan, or Polly,  
 Or gentle Nannette, or dear sensitive Jane?  
 The answer, alas! but exposes my folly—  
 I court lovely Ellen, and court her in vain.  
 I'd give all I'm worth to be able to hate her;  
 She smiles, and I picture consent in her eye,  
 When, cold and inconstant as ice to a skater,  
 She tempts me to pleasure, but leaves me  
     to die. J.

## EMMA'S KID.

By Robert Bloomfield; sent to the Countess of  
 Buchan, with a pair of Kid leather Shoes of his  
 own making. Not inserted in any collection of  
 his Poems.

FULL was the moon, and climbing high  
 Beam'd soft on Emma's flowing hair;  
 And rival stars along the sky  
 Were sparkling through the frosty air.  
 The whiten'd blades on every sod  
 Like glitt'ring arms before us lay,  
 And crumpling snow, where'er we trod,  
 Reflected back the friendly ray.  
 Her breath that met the piercing cold  
 Quick vanish'd, and a tear was seen,  
 While thus her story Emma told,  
 Of summer days, how bless'd they'd been.  
 "My father is too poor to own  
 The mountain flock, or wand'ring kine;  
 One kid has all our kindness known,  
 I call'd the blithsome creature mine.  
 "Of kids that ever clime the steep,  
 With all the frisks of vacant glee;  
 Of all that graze the dell so deep,  
 The merriest of the race was he.  
 "Without him, if I stole away  
 And gain'd the mountain's airy brow,  
 He'd join me there, and seem to say,  
 Look down upon our home below.  
 "Light on the cliff he'd bound along,  
 Now climb aloft and now descend;  
 And while I sung my morning song,  
 He'd circle round and round his friend.  
 "When wild rose-buds began to peep,  
 And June, amidst her choice of flowers,  
 Bade dripping clouds their distance keep,  
 And welcomed forth the sunny hours.  
 "When fresh the earth and clear the sky,  
 And blackbirds carrol'd through the grove;  
 Both morn and eve my kid was nigh,  
 And I paid him love for love.

"And Allen, were he here, e'en now  
He'd print the snow in scow'ring by,  
And with such strength, that even you  
Would wonder how he leap'd so high.

"My father's loss had griev'd me more,  
Then poor indeed would Emma be;  
But next to him a bosom'd store  
Was that poor innocent to me.

"And nothing but a father's weal  
Should thus have torn him from my side;  
His life supplied a sick man's meal,  
Who else for certain must have died.

"Forgive my tears; 'twas sure a sin,  
A crying sin at Donald's door,  
A travelling pedlar had his skin,  
And I shall never see him more."

Her eyes uplifted mild and blue,  
Convey'd a more than usual bliss;  
While to my lips her cheeks I drew,  
And lurking echo mock'd the kiss.

"O! sooth, sweet girl, that troubled mind,  
Tho' dear a short-lived kid might prove;  
To me as true could you be kind  
You'd find a life of lasting love.

"I've kids at home—then come with me,  
We're natives both of this sweet vale;  
Thy tenderness still bring with thee,  
But tell no more this piteous tale!

"Thou and thy kid no more can meet:  
Yet his soft skin which knows no stain,  
On some fair lady's gliding feet  
May visit these wild hills again.

"Then let the thought thy bosom cheer,  
From trifles oft may comforts flow,  
And love can spread the blessings here,  
As spring dissolves the mountain's snow.

"And will you, then, no more be sad?  
And will you share my kids with me?  
I've all the wealth my father had,  
And all his truth to merit thee."

#### MOORLAND MARY.

WITH jet-black eyes, and sloe-black hair;  
With cheeks so red, and round arms bare;  
And teeth so white, and dimpled chin;  
And bosom fair, and pure within;  
And small straw hat, so loosely tied;  
And rushy basket at her side,  
Quite full with berries red and blue,  
And heather buds, of many a hue;  
And steps as light as any fairy;—  
I met the little Moorland Mary.

"If you, sweet girl, will go with me,  
My little serving maid to be;

And those soft notes you sweetly sung,  
Repeat them to my nursling young,  
And leave these hills, so bleak and wild,  
To watch and tend my darling child,  
To cherish her I fondly love,  
And tender, true, and faithful prove,  
And o'er her infant steps be wary,  
I'll treasure you, sweet Moorland Mary."

"Oh, lady! listen to my tale,  
And let my simple words prevail:—  
My mother's old—she's old and poor,  
And scarce can totter to the door;  
And me she loves, her only joy—  
She has no other girl or boy:  
Ah! whilst she lives, with her I'll stay,  
But think of you when far away;  
She says the grave will rest the weary,  
And then I'll be your Moorland Mary."

#### THE HEATHCOCK.

GOOD morrow to thy sable beak  
And glossy plummage dark and sleek,  
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy;  
I see thee slyly cowering through  
That wiry web of silver dew  
That twinkles in the morning air,  
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
Who peeping from her early bower,  
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,  
Her braided hair and morning smile.  
The rarest things with wayward will  
Beneath the covert hide them still;  
The rarest things to break of day  
Look shortly forth and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight  
I sunn'd me in her cheering sight,  
As short I ween the time will be  
That I shall parley hold with thee.  
Through Snowden's mist red beams the day,  
The climbing herdboys chaunts his lay,  
The gnat-dies dance their sunny ring,  
Thou art already on the wing.

#### PASTORAL SONG.

COME, Anna! come, the morning dawns,  
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies;  
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,  
And watch the early lark arise;  
While nature clad in vesture gay,  
Hails the lov'd return of day.

Our flocks that nip the scanty blade  
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;

And then, secure beneath the shade,  
We'll listen to the throstle's tale;  
And watch the silver clouds above,  
As o'er the azure vault they rove.  
Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,  
That with its tones, so softly sweet,  
In cadence with my mellow flute,  
We may beguile the noon-tide heat;  
While near the mellow bee shall join,  
To raise a harmony divine.

And then at eve, when silence reigns,  
Except when heard the beetle's hum,  
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains,  
To these sweet heights again we'll come;  
And thou to thy soft lute shall play  
A solemn vesper to departing day:

#### THE WANDERER.

YET, gentle shades; where health, with smiles  
serene,

Gilds ev'ry shrub, and brightens ev'ry flower;  
Where young delight and fancy trip the green,  
And sweet peace slumbers in the myrtle  
bower:

Yet droops the soul as thro' the wilds I rove;  
Yet does my sad muse breathe her note in  
pain;

Since love, the genius of the rural grove,  
Here with sweet nature hold united reign.

'Tis love alone, yon linnet's tuneful theme,  
Love whispers thro' the grove in ev'ry gale;  
And the soft Naiad of the winding stream

With love's soft murmurs fills the list'ning  
vale.

From love alone our highest transports flow,  
And all the ills which human bliss destroy;  
Who then shall paint, or who conceive my woe,  
When all its pangs are mine, without the  
joy?

I ask not length of days, nor letter'd fame—  
Nor wealth, nor high command, nor titl'd  
pride; [frame,  
No anxious wish my youthful heart could  
But prosperous love, and that his fate denied.

Why didst thou then, relentless nature say,  
Into my soul thy softest flame inspire,  
And form my tender heart a destin'd prey  
To fond affection, and to fierce desire?

Delia I lov'd—But ah! too soon I found  
Superior wealth her feeble soul could move;  
Nor scorn'd the nymph (still bleeds the recent  
wound)

To pierce the soul of honour and of love.  
Far o'er the distant main I bore my woe,  
Nor to a mortal ear my grief confess'd:  
On India's plains I bade my sorrows flow,  
To ease the torture of my love worn breast.

"Yet, Delia! yet," I cry'd, "thou ne'er shalt  
hear [a sigh;—

"That my fond heart for thee could heave  
"Ne'er shalt thou know that one unworthy  
tear, [eye;

"One drop of weakness trickled from my  
"With martial honours shall my brow be  
crown'd; [free;

"Ambition from thy chains my soul shall  
"My heart shall dance but at the trumpet's  
sound,

"Nor ever waste a thought on love or thee!

"The glittering sabre on my side I hung,

"My fiery steed in warlike pride I dress'd!

"To themes of war the tender lyre I strung,

"And doom'd fond love an exile from my  
breast."

#### LAURA.

BRIGHT was the dawn of Laura's day,  
And gaily sped her infant hours;  
Young Hope had plann'd her future way,  
And Fancy strew'd that way with flow'rs.

Her bosom knew no secret woes,  
No dread of ill, no thought of care;  
Fair was her cheek, and fresh the rose  
Which youth and health had painted there.

Ah! whither now is Laura fled?

Transplanted to what colder sky,  
Does this fair flow'ret hang the head,  
Neglected droop, decline and die?

Alas! that morn which promis'd fair  
Was follow'd by a clouded noon;  
And hours that knew nor grief nor care,  
Were priz'd too late, or pass'd too soon.

#### SONNET

##### ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbib'd the dew,  
And Nature hail'd thee infant Queen of May;  
Scarce saw thine op'ning bloom the Sun's  
broad ray,

And to the air its tender fragrance threw,  
When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew;  
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay,  
Now droops thy head, now fades thy blushing  
hue— [gay.

No more the Queen of Flow'rs, no longer  
So blooms a maid, her guardian health and  
joy—

Her mind array'd in innocence's vest—  
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,  
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.  
She fades—the parent, sister, friend deplore  
The charms and budding virtues now no  
more.

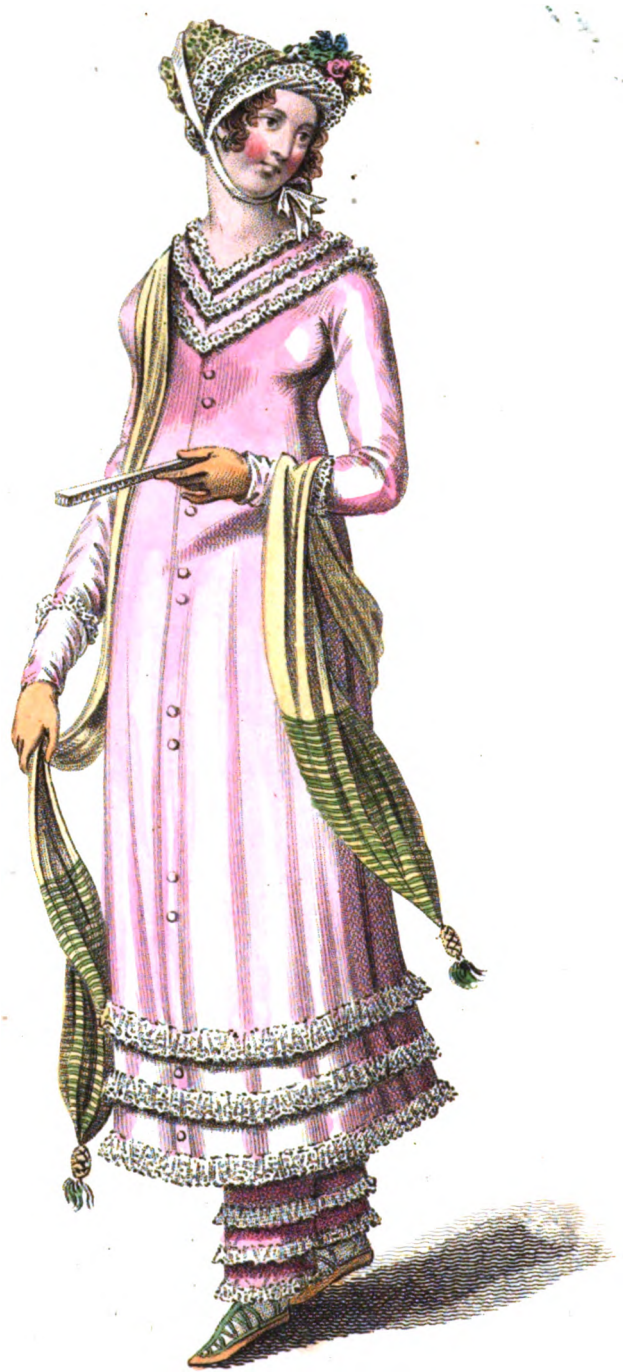




EVENING FULL DRESS







BATHING PLACE EVENING DRESS.

## F A S H I O N S

FOR

SEPTEMBER, 1810.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

## ENGLISH COSTUME.

## No. 1.—AN EVENING FULL DRESS.

A pale blue gossamer silk dress, worn over a white satin slip; made with short train, and frock back; the hind part of the dress made entirely open, and tied down with small bows of white satin ribband; long sleeves formed of pale buff gossamer net, and the same as the gown, fastened down on the outside of the arm with small pearl brooches, the tops of the sleeves and bosom of the dress bound with silver edging, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; the bottom and train is ornamented with a silver edging, a little above which is laid a rich Valenciennes lace; on the head is worn a bandeau of pearls, fastened in a knot on the right side, with Bird of Paradise plume. The hair in rather short full curls over the forehead, and curled in light ringlets on the right side of the neck. A scarf of pale buff silk (ornamented at the ends with white silk tassels) is worn fancifully over the figure, and confined in a pearl ring. Pearl earrings; shoes of pale buff satin; yellow kid gloves.

## No. 2.—A FASHIONABLE SEA-SIDE WALKING DRESS.

A gown of white French cambric, or pale pink muslin, with long sleeves, and antique cuffs of thin white muslin, trimmed with Mechlen edging; made high in the neck, without a collar, and formed in points at the centre of the bosom, with three rows of letting-in lace; confined down the front of the dress with small buttons; and hemmed round the bottom with three rows of deep Mechlen lace; made rather short, and worn over trousers of white French cambric, which are trimmed the same as the bottom of the dress. A cap composed of lace and light green silk trimming, tied under the chin, with a bunch of natural flowers in front. Hair in full ringlet curls, divided in the front of the forehead. A figured short scarf of pale buff, with deep pale-green border, and rich silk tassels; worn according to fancy or convenience; with gloves of pale buff kid; and sandals of pale yellow, or white Morocco, complete this truly simple but becoming dress.

No. IX. Vol. II.—N. S.

## PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE most elegant bonnets are surmounted by flowers, disposed like those in a parterre. The lower part is round, and bordered with silk lace. No particular preference is given to the species of the flower nor the colour of the bonnet. The colours in general are white, jonquil, sky-blue, and pink, in the gardens of Tivoli. In these assemblies the ladies display a profusion of feathers, while those who attend the promenades and the theatres, on the contrary, wear only muslin caps. Here and there among the innumerable puffed trimmings may be seen some *fichus*. Some trains in small plaits. All the trimmings are festooned.

## A DESCRIPTION OF SEVERAL DRESSES WORN BY LADIES OF RANK AND FASHION.

1. A small Opera mantle of fine checked or barred muslin, reaching to the point of the elbow, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with a light fancy pink silk trimming, finished round the neck with a plaiting of lace net, and tied on one shoulder, with a small hood. The cap of white satin, confined to the head by an open gyp silk band, through which the hair is seen, with a narrow leaf before, turned up, and two small flat ostrich feathers, disposed so as to fall back on the left side.—This is a most becoming dress to a light figure.

2. A short pelisse of lilac figured sarsnet shot with pink, confined to the waist, with a gyp band and clasp, in the form of a diamond. The bonnet composed of alternate stripes of white ribband and straw purl, ornamented with a long rosette of ribband, edged with straw to correspond.

3. A fine India jaconot muslin dress, made high in the neck, with long sleeves edged at the hands as well as collar with lace; a long scarf of yellow sarsnet shot with white; a cap of the same colour fitting tight to the head, over which is worn a small lace hood; this hood is formed with a small lace handkerchief wove with a round corner behind, this round is brought forward, and drawn at a small distance from the edge, so as to sit full

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over the temples and appear like a cap; the ends just meet and pin under the chin; a small yellow flower is worn, placed just above the frill or lace thus formed by the handkerchief. This head-dress is singularly pretty, but is most becoming with the hair-dress *à la Malouin*. Gloves, shoes, and parasol of light stone colour.

4. During the late cold westerly winds, we observed on a lady of undisputed fashion, a short pelisse of white bombazee, lined with pale green sarsnet, and trimmed at a small distance from the edge with a narrow floss fancy trimming; she wore on her head a small white satin Highland cap, with two white flat ostrich feathers, pale-green shoes, and green crape handkerchief round her neck. We have noticed one or two mantles lined with sarsnet, and several tippets trimmed with swansdown of the same material; it must be recollected that the breezes from the sea have been unusually cold for the season.

5. Race Ball dress.—A white bodice, with long sleeves, made to lace tight to the waist, which is rather long and moderately high, trimmed round the bosom and hands with a double row of silver spangles. In the centre of the bosom is placed a large diamond, or trencher of white crape, thickly spangled in silver, one point coming between the bosom, and the other extending to the bottom of the waist; a white crape spangled band, with a diamond or silver square buckle fastened in the centre of the waist before. Pearl necklace, with diamond snaps, and pearl drop earrings. Pearl combs, white kid shoes and gloves. Silver tissue fans. The petticoat of the dress was of plain undressed white crape.

6. Brighton Pavilion Dress.—A frock of silver tissue, with short bell sleeves, bound with silver, worn over a pale lilac satin slip; a silver band confined the waist with a small rosette of silver on the left side, from which were suspended two rich pearl Maltese crosses. Amethyst necklace, diamond earrings, with pearl combs. Silver brocade slippers.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

#### FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is perhaps the peculiar excellence of the present mode of dress that it belongs to no set fashion, and has no particular feature by which it can be described. Its only object seems to be utility and decorum; it has no limits but those of due proportion, no extent

beyond the claims of decency, and submits to no other ornaments than those of grace and negligence. Fancy is out of season, and glare and splendour out of countenance. May day is over, and Christmas is not yet at hand. But in compliance with those who reject this general outline in favour of a more circumstantial detail, we shall proceed to give, under our usual heads, the various and several articles of dress. We will only suggest a few words of advice in perfect conformity to the taste and fashion of the day. Let the rich remember that humility becomes persons of some degree. They want not glare: they are known to be able to afford rich dresses, and need them not, therefore, to give them consequence; simplicity only can be elegance. Be not gaudy: let not fancy, or art, or study, be seen in your dresses; but bear in mind that every thing affected or extravagant always misses the end it aims at, and excites contempt instead of admiration. Negligence is on the other hand an error that ought to be corrected; neatness, proportion, and decency of dress are always commendable. The fault only is in the excess: mind your persons, but not at the expence of your understandings, and do not be fools to be belles. Look on the simplicity of the ancients in their statuary; observe especially the figures of the Greek and Roman ladies, you will find the draperies full and carelessly hanging, which give grace and majesty to the body.

Ladies that are not well instructed in these things, would by the statues have a sorry opinion of the antique dresses; but when they are well taught what elegance, what proportion, and what convenience there are in them, they will be apt to think that the ladies of Athens and Rome were as much politer than the moderns in their dress, as the men in their learning. We have this, however, to say for ourselves, what several ages have not been able to boast of, that we begin to relish the simplicity of the ancients in their habits, which is so noble, so gracious, so comely, so rational. Fashion should be considered as a sort of slavery; and we should then only allow it what we cannot refuse it; ladies, above all things, should consult decency and ease; never to expose nor torture nature. Fashion is always aiming at perfection, but never finds it, or never stops when it has. Beauty itself, though much more amiable and charming than dress, receives a good part of its graces from the mind; would it, therefore, not better answer the end we propose to ourselves by dress or any ornaments, how modest, how costly soever, to improve and cultivate the mind,

which would heighten all our personal charms, and brighten every beauty. But we would not be understood to decry fashion; one mode of dress is as good as another, so long as the end aimed at, and the means to come at it, are pure and innocent; and, perhaps, that is the best, at least the most divested of singularity, that meets with the general suffrage — But now to our usual heads.

For the promenade, spencers remain very and deservedly general, they have, however, a small jacket attached, which gives a more graceful and airy appearance to the figure. Short pelisses, in figured sarsnet, are also in very high estimation, as are scarfs, and silk cloaks in the form of a handkerchief trimmed with a very deep French lace. We have noticed likewise several mantles in muslin, reaching only below the point of the elbow, and very narrow trimmed round with lace; checked muslin seems to be most in use for this purpose. Black lace handkerchiefs and cloaks still prevail, but the chilliness of the weather has made it necessary to line them; and during the late very cold winds we saw several mantles in white bombazeen, lined and bound with pale-green; it had the appearance of a fine India shawl converted to that purpose. In respect to head-dresses, white satin caps, with a small leaf turned up before, with two small ostrich feathers are now worn by elegant people, but the mixture of ribband and straw purl is becoming general; straw and lace are sometimes blended in caps, but not we think with a happy effect; the crowns of the bonnets are mostly in the cone form, sometimes flattened at the top; the fronts in the shape of the huntsmen's caps, sitting hollow from the face. In a higher degree of dress, small caps in coloured sarsnets, with lace hoods, are much worn, ornamented with a small branch of flowers. The form of each

kind of dress remains precisely the same as described in our last.

Morning dresses are still made high in the neck, with a plain or stand-off ruff collar, with long sleeves, and without trains, scooped or ornamented round the bottom with lace.

Dinner or afternoon dresses are made up to the throat, or not, according to the taste of the wearer, either in sarsnet, checked, hail spot, or other muslins; these gowns have mostly small trains.

In full or evening dress, unless for dancing, the gowns are made with short sleeves and trains, the bosoms rather low, the backs rather high, the waists as long as grace and proportion will admit. Crapes, particularly white crape mixed with satin, and ornamented with silver, seem to meet with the approbation of the most elegant people; sometimes pearls ornament the waists of the dresses instead of silver, we have not been able to decide which has the preference; white and lilac satins, Imperial gauze nets, figured gauze, black and white lace, with fine India muslins, are the principal, and, indeed, only articles in this class of attire. Bands for the waist, with small corsetts, or satin mixed with beads or pearl, are a novel and becoming ornament. Silver wheat is a very fashionable ornament for the head, as are corn flowers in coloured foil; pearls and beads introduced in the hair are simply and unaffectedly elegant.

The hair is dressed in thick round curls before, and plaited with beads and rolled round behind.

Jewellery remains the same as last month; necklaces and crosses in amethysts, garnets, pearls, rubies, diamonds, amber, and drop-earrings to correspond; the necklaces are, however, worn longer, reaching to the belt.

The prevailing colours for the season are azure blue, jonquille, green, and straw.

## MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Ancient Poems, from MSS. temp. Elizab. now first published: with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix. By John Fry.

To be speedily published, in 2 vols. 4to. *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, illustrating the Origin, chiefly, of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. By John Brand, M A late Fellow and Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London.

Dr. Cogan intends to publish in the course of the month, the third Volume of his *Treatise on the Passions and Affections of the Mind*.

Mr. Kidd's Edition of Dawes' *Miscellanea Critica* is in considerable forwardness at the press.

Mr. Beloe's fifth volume of *Anecdotes of Literature* is now printing, and a great part finished.

Mr. Bertrand de Molleville is printing, in

English, an Abridgement of the History of England, in the manner of Henault, in three octavo volumes; and he will afterwards publish a volume of Chronological Tables, for the use of schools.

Mr. Charles Phillips of the Middle Temple will shortly publish the *Loves of Madelaine and St. Aubert*, a tale, partly founded on fact.

The Familiar Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, some time ago announced by the Rev. Thomas Rees, will, at his request, and on account of his other avocations, be speedily completed by the Rev. J. Joyce, in a duodecimo volume, illustrated by wood cuts and copper-plates.

A Missionary's Account of Tonkin and Cochinchina will shortly be published here in French.

A Biographical Dictionary of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers, in a duodecimo volume, is nearly ready for publication. It contains sketches of the lives of the most celebrated artists, ancient and modern; with an Appendix, from Vertue, forming a complete English School.

Mr. D. M. Crimmin of the Middle Temple, is translating Aristotle's Dissertation on Rhetoric, which will be printed in an octavo volume.

The British Novelists, with an Essay and Prefaces by Mrs. Barbauld, in fifty volumes, to correspond with the British Essayists, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Hewetson, author of the drama of the Blind Boy, &c. will shortly publish a translation of Eliezer and Nephthaly, a posthumous work of Chevalier Florian, from the Hebrew.

The new edition of Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary, in two volumes quarto, which has been so long delayed, is expected to be ready by the end of this month.

A new edition of Dr. Patrick's Terence is nearly ready for publication.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SILK WORM.

—*Phalane mori*, or mulberry moth, is a species of caterpillar, which, like all others of the same class, undergoes a variety of changes, that to persons who are not acquainted with objects of this kind, will appear to be not a little surprising. It is produced from a yellowish coloured egg, about the size of a small pin-head. These eggs, in the temperature of this climate, if beyond the reach of fire and sun-shine, may be preserved during the whole of the winter and spring months without danger of hatching, if they are kept in a cool place; but in warmer climates, it is scarcely possible to preserve them from hatching even

for a few days. Hence it is easy for a native of this island to keep the eggs till the food on which the worm is to feed be ready. When it is in perfection the eggs need only be exposed to the sun a day or two, when they will be hatched with great facility. When the animal is first protruded from the egg, it is a small black worm, which is active, and naturally ascends to the top of the heap in search of food. At this period it requires to be fed with the youngest and most tender leaves for about eight days, in which time he increases in size about a quarter of an inch in length. He is then attacked with his first sickness (a kind of lethargy) for about three days; during which time he refuses to eat, and changes his skin, preserving the same size. This sleep being over he begins to eat again, for five days, at which term he is grown to the size of half an inch; he is then attacked with his second sickness, like the former. He then feeds for five days again and increases to about three-quarters of an inch, when he has his third sickness. This being over he begins to eat again, and continues to do so for five days more, when he is attacked by his fourth sickness, and has arrived at his full growth. When he recovers this sickness he feeds once more during five days with a most voracious appetite; after which he refuses food, becomes transparent, a little on the yellowish cast, and leaves silky traces on the leaves where he passes. This denotes that he is ready to begin his cocoon, and will eat no more. When the worm has attained its full perfection, it seeks for a convenient place for forming its cocoon, and mounts up any branches or leaves that happen in its way for that purpose; after two days spent in this manner, it settles in its place, and forms the cocoon by winding the silk, which it draws from its bowels, round itself into an oblong roundish ball. During this operation it gradually loses the appearance of a worm; its length is much contracted, and its thickness much augmented. By the time the web is finished it is found to be transformed into an oblong roundish ball, covered with a smooth shelly skin, and appears to be perfectly dead. In this state of existence it is called an *Aurelia*, and remains several days entirely motionless in the heart of the cocoon; after which it bursts like an egg hatching, and from that comes forth a heavy dull looking moth with wings; but these wings it seldom uses for flying, only crawling about in the place it was hatched. At last, forcing its way through the silk covering it had previously formed, he goes immediately in quest of its mate, after which the female

lays about four hundred eggs. Having now fulfilled the object of their existence, neither male nor female tasting food, they die in a very short time. This is the duration of its life in our climate, in warmer it arrives at perfection in much less time; the periods of sickness being much shortened about Madras, each period being but a few hours. Of food, there is no doubt but the mulberry is the most proper; but it is very probable that several other plants may be found to sustain life if not to nourish it. A lady who has made some successful experiments on raising the silk-worm, has found that it can with safety be kept on lettuce; the common ice lettuce answered better than any other. The *chicorium infybus* is, like lettuce, a lack-scent plant; the common endive is also of the same class. As far as one experiment can go, this affords a very exhilarating prospect in many points of view. Linnæus enumerates seven varieties of the mulberry-tree, five of which the silk-worm is known to feed on, and four of which may be reared in any part of this island. The white is a native of Sweden; the red grows spontaneously about Quebec; the black will grow even in bleak situations on the sea-shore; and the Tartarian is a hardy tree, very like our hawthorn, and to be found in many parts of Russia. The white is supposed to be the best. The ground for them should be a light soil, capable of being watered in the hot season, and, at the same time, so as not to be flooded in the wet. The best method of planting them is as follows:—take a straw rope, and with a good handful of ripe berries, rub your hand along it, bruising the berries as much as possible as your hand runs along, so that the pulp and seeds may adhere in a great abundance to the straw rope. Next dig a trench in the ground where you wish to plant them; cut the rope into the length of your trenches, put them in and cover them carefully over with earth, water it well if the weather should be dry. The seeds of the berries will soon shoot out young suckers which will bear young ones; they should not be suffered to grow higher than the gooseberry and currant bushes in our gardens. The white mulberry does not produce fruit; it, however, may be propagated by layers.

**METHOD OF PREVENTING COLD FEET AT BED-TIME.**—Draw off your stockings just before undressing, and rub your ankles and feet well with your hand as hard as you can bear the pressure, for five or ten minutes, and you will never have to complain of cold feet in bed. It is hardly conceivable what a pleasurable glow this diffuses.—Frequent washing of the

feet and rubbing them thoroughly dry with a linen cloth or flannel is very useful.

An ointment, made of the essential oils of alder, carraway, and rosemary, with rose leaves and camomile flowers, and rubbed to the pit of the stomach at bed-time, is said to be an effectual remedy for the whooping-cough.

A German chemist has, by the aid of various substances, extracted from the green shells of horse chesnuts, very beautiful yellow and brown colours, and the latter in the greatest diversity of hues. They are said to stand both on woollens and silks, though the stuffs have been wetted and wrung out, and some of them even washed in caustic liquids.

**CHANGE OF TIMES.**—From the subversion of the Roman Empire to the 14th and 15th century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entire strangers to the joys of social life, and seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced. Francis I. was the first who introduced women on public days to Court. Before this time nothing was to be seen at any Court of Europe but grey-headed politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armour, ready to put their plots into execution. In the 13th and 14th century, elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of the fair sex, in those days, wore woollen shifts. In the time of Henry VIII. Peers of this realm brought their wives behind them on horseback when they came to town, and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, wrapt in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold. And in Paris, during the reign of Francis the Fair, to ride in a two-wheeled cart along the dirty streets, was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature, that he prohibited the wives of his citizens from enjoying it; and at that time wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ARMOURY, AT CARLTON HOUSE.**—This valuable and unique collection is a Museum, not of arms only, but of various works of art, dresses, &c. It is arranged with great order, skill, and taste, under the immediate inspection of his Royal Highness. It occupies five rooms in the attic story; the swords, fire-arms, &c. are disposed in various figures upon scarlet cloth, and enclosed in glass-cases; the whole is kept in a

state of the most perfect brightness. Here are swords of every country, many of which are curious and valuable, from having belonged to eminent men; of these the most remarkable is a sword of the famous Chevalier Bayard (Bayard) the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. A sword of the great Duke of Marlborough, one of Louis XIV. and one of Charles II.; the two last are merely dress swords. A curious silver basket-hilted broad sword of the Pretender's, embossed with figures and foliage. But the finest sword in this collection is one of excellent workmanship, which once belonged to the celebrated Hampden; it was executed by Benvenuto Cellini, a celebrated Florentine. The ornaments on the hilt and ferule of the scabbard are in basso-relievo in bronze, and are intended to illustrate the life of David; it is a most beautiful piece of work, and in the highest preservation. In the armoury is a youthful Portrait of Charles XII. of Sweden, and beneath is a *couteau de chasse* used by that Monarch, of very rude and simple workmanship. A sword of Gen. Moreau's, and one of Marshal D'uckner's.—In another room are various specimens of plate armour, helmets, and weapons, some Indian armour of curious workmanship, composed of steel ringlets, similar to the hauberk worn by the Knights Templars, but not so heavy, and the helmets are of a different construction; also some cuirasses as now worn in Germany; a curious collection of fire-arms, from the match-lock to the modern improvements in the fire-lock; air-guns, pistols, &c.—In this room are also some curious saddles, Manaluke, Turkish, &c.; some of the Turkish saddles are richly ornamented with pure gold. Another room contains some Asiatic chain armour; an effigy of Tippoo Sultan on horseback, in a dress that he wore; also models of a cannon and a mortar on new principles; some delicate and curious Chinese works of art in ivory, many rich Eastern dresses, and a palanquin of very costly materials. In another apartment are some curious old English weapons, battle-axes, maces, daggers, arrows, &c.; several specimens also from the Sandwich and other South Sea islands, of weapons, stone hatchets, &c. Our young men of fashion who wish to indulge a taste for antiquarian researches, may project the revival of an old fashion for that appendage of the leg called boots, from the series of them worn in various ages, which form a singular part of this collection. In presses are kept an immense assemblage of rich dresses of all countries; also sets of uniforms, from a General to a private, of all countries which have adopted uniforms,

and military dresses of those who have not. All sorts of banners, colours, horse-tails, &c.; Roman swords, daggers, stilettoes, sabres, the great two-handed swords, and amongst the rest one with which executions are performed in Germany, on the blade of which is rudely etched on one side a figure of Justice, and on the other, the mode of the execution, which is this:—the culprit sits upon a chair, and the executioner comes behind him, and at one blow severs the head from the body. Besides the portraits of several Dukes of Brunswick, and Count de Lippe, are those of the Emperor Joseph II. Frederick the Great, and of various Princes and great men renowned for their talents in the art of war.

BEES.—The produce of bees is more profitable than the generality of persons may be inclined to imagine, and the time bestowed upon them is seldom uselessly employed. A French Bishop being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain curate, whose ecclesiastical benefice was extremely trifling, that he meant to dine with him, at the same time requesting that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expence. The curate promised to attend to the Bishop's suggestion, but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His Lordship was much surprised, but could not help censuring the conduct of the curate, observing, that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow, to launch out in such expence, nay, almost to dissipate his entire income in a single day. "Do not be uneasy on that score, my Lord," replied the curate, "for I assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively upon the poor."—"Then you have a patrimony, Sir!" said the Bishop. "No, Sir." "You speak in riddles; how do you then to —?" "My Lord, I have a convent of young damisels here, who do not let me want for any thing." "How! you have a convent!—I did not know that there was one in this neighbourhood. This is all very strange, very unaccountable, Mr. Curate." "You are jocular, my Lord." "But come, Sir, I entreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent."—"So you shall, my Lord, after dinner; and I promise you that your Lordship will be satisfied with my conduct." Accordingly when dinner was over, the Curate conducted the Prelate to a large inclosure, entirely occupied by beehives, and pointing to the latter, observed: "This, my Lord, is the convent which gave us our dinner; it brings me in about 1800 livres per annum, upon which I live very comforta-



bly, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteely." The surprise and satisfaction of the Bishop at this discovery may readily be conceived. The sequel of the story informs us that afterwards, whenever a curate made application to his Lordship for an improved living, he would only reply, "Keep bees, keep bees."

It has been ascertained that there are 1400 lenses in the eye of a drone bee; and Mr. Lyonet, in his quarto volume on the "Anatomy of a Caterpillar," has proved that that small and despised insect is furnished with *four thousand* muscles.

#### THE REMAINS OF ANTIENT ATHENS —

Having lately seen Lord Elgin censured for removing what remained of ancient Athens, a simple narrative of facts may tend, perhaps, to elucidate the matter, and not, we hope, be wholly uninteresting to our readers. When Lord Elgin was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, he conceived that by procuring moulds and drawings of the basso-reliefs and other parts of the Temples at Athens, the Student would be enabled to form a more exact notion of Grecian grandeur and simplicity, than from the mere measurements he already possessed: impressed with the value of such a conception, if it could be accomplished, he waited on Government, but they declined using the public money. Unwilling to relinquish his plan, Lord Elgin endeavoured to procure artists to accompany him, at his own expence, but with no better success; and almost without hope he sailed to Palermo: here the proposal was enthusiastically received: artists were procured from Rome, Lord Elgin proceeded to Constantinople, and they, under the direction of his Secretary, to Athens. We should think that Lord Elgin would not have had artists to draw and mould for three years, if he had at first intended to bring off the originals. They had no sooner commenced than they found the prejudices of the people tormenting in the extreme: if they erected scaffolds, it was merely an excuse to look in at their women; if they examined any fragment with an appearance of attention, it contained gold, and some Turk would slyly creep up and dash it in pieces before their face, in hopes of finding the supposed treasure. About this time Lord Elgin came down to Athens, and found the people more reconciled from habit. The Temples being in a ruinous state, it was likely that by excavating near them, something might be found worth moulding; he, therefore, bought the house that stood under the Parthenon, pulled it down, and in digging to the rock

discovered the fragments of Jupiter and Minerva; but, at the other end, where many figures had evidently fallen down (at the time, perhaps, the temple was shattered, when the Venetians threw in a bomb, and blew up the magazines the Turks had formed there), he was not equally successful.—On enquiring of the man to whom the house belonged, if he recollected any figures on this spot? with the greatest coldness, he answered, he could have saved them their trouble, for that he had himself pounded them into lime for mortar to build his house with, as they were excellent marble, and that the greatest part of the citadel was built with mortar procured in the same manner. From this moment it was incumbent on Lord Elgin to save what remained. With such an example of barbarity before him, would he not have deserved the curses of his country, had he neglected to save them? Why should they have met with a better fate than their companions? What a moment of excruciating anxiety! Such an opportunity might never occur again. Yes; but then he would be stripping Athens of all that rendered her yet interesting. Certainly;—but was he, for fear of offending the few who might be enabled to visit Athens the little time these exquisite things would be suffered to exist, to neglect the power he now had of placing them in security for ever—of placing them too, where, by their beauty, they might renovate art to its lost purity and grandeur? With a decision for ever to be applauded, he ordered the moulding instantly to cease, and began shipping them as quickly as they could be removed without injury. To this energetic resolution is England indebted for these exquisite productions. Behold, then, after endless anxiety, his Secretary embarked with the reward of his toil. "*Feia subant tati*;" but scarcely had they left the Grecian shores, when the ship struck on a hidden rock, heeled, sunk, and down went in a moment the labour of years; and all that remained of the once beautiful Athens was "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." This was enough to damp men of ordinary minds; but to men of energy difficulties are stimulants. Without a moment's hesitation, Lord Elgin began again, and after two additional years of labour, anxiety, and perseverance, all that were wrecked were once more rescued from destruction. Where is there another man who would have conquered so many obstacles? The mere conception of moving such ponderous monuments requires a vigour of mind few men possess. Posterity will do Lord Elgin ample justice, for their beauties

will by that time have circulated through the country, and their effects on English art will by that time be perceptible. He deserves, indeed, well of his country, and instead of affectedly lamenting that he stripped Athens of what remained, we should rather lament he was not there to strip it sooner, and then, perhaps, some of the most beautiful productions in the world would not have been pounded down for mortar.

An American ship, which sailed lately from a port in the North, was boarded by one of our cruisers. There were several foreign passengers on board the vessel, and some other suspicious circumstances concurring, the Commander of the cruiser thought it proper to send her to a British port for investigation, and he accordingly put a midshipman, and five or six men, on board her, with directions to carry the vessel to the nearest British port. As soon, however, as the American vessel was out of sight of the British cruiser, the crew and the passengers, among whom were four Danes, rose upon our men, disarmed them, and threw the midshipman overboard; but being a good swimmer, he regained the ship, and clung to the side; he was taken on board, but shocking to relate, he was again thrown into the sea. He, however, regained the vessel a second time, and was hauled upon deck. He was then pinioned, and lashed to the ring-bolts. The men were also lashed to the deck. The American Captain then ordered the small boat to be lowered down, forced the Officer and seamen into it, with only a little water and a few biscuits, and two oars, and then turned them adrift above forty miles from shore. Two of the men, who were unwilling to get into the boat, were, we understand, stabbed, but not so as to endanger their lives. They remained above fourteen hours in this miserable cockle-shell of a boat, in momentary expectation of perishing, when they were fortunately picked up by an English merchantman, and brought to England. In about half an hour after they were picked up, a heavy gale came on, in which they must inevitably have perished.

John Vouggwell, a boy, now serving on board his Majesty's ship *Centaur*, has an exact likeness of his Majesty on the side of his neck.—It is said to have been caused by his mother, when pregnant, repeatedly looking at an old picture of his Majesty, which hung in the room. The woman's name is Hannah Vouggwell, and her residence is in Church-path, Portsca.

The following is a calculation which is somewhat curious:

| <i>In the Old Testament.</i> | <i>In the New.</i> | <i>Total.</i> |
|------------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| Books 39                     | 27                 | 66            |
| Chapters 929                 | 200                | 1,129         |
| Verses 23,214                | 7,559              | 31,173        |
| Words 592,493                | 181,253            | 773,746       |
| Letters 2,728,100            | 838,380            | 3,566,480     |

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verses, and 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible is the 117th Psalm—the middle verse is the 6th of the 118th Psalm—the middle line is the second book of Chronicles, 4th c. v. 16—the word and occurs in the Old Testament 35,535 times—the same word in the New Testament occurs 10,684 times: the word Jehovah occurs 6,355 times.—Old Testament: the middle book is Proverbs, the middle chapter is 29th of Job, the middle verse is the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th c. v. 13; the least verse is the 3d book of Chronicles, 1st c. v. 1.—New Testament: the middle is the Thessalonians, 2d—the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans—the middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts; the least verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of the Gospel by St. John—the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it: the 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike: the book of Esther has 10 chapters, but neither the words Lord, or God, in it.

SENTIMENTAL ANECDOTE FROM A SWEDISH PAPER.—A circumstance has lately taken place at Tahium, the capital of Dalicaria in Sweden, which might figure with advantage in a novel.—In working to establish a new communication between two shafts of a mine, the body of a miner was discovered in a state of perfect preservation, and impregnated with vitriolic water. All inquiries as to the name of the sufferer had already ceased, when a decrepid old woman, leaning on crutches, slowly advanced towards the corpse, and knew it to be that of a young man, to whom she had been promised in marriage half a century ago. She threw herself upon the corpse, which had all the appearance of a bronze statue, bathed it with her tears, and fainted with joy at having once more seen the object of her affections on this side of the grave. It is easier to conceive than to trace the singular contrast afforded by that couple; the one buried fifty years ago, still having all the appearance of youth, while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the fervency of youthful love.

## INCIDENTS

## OCCURRING IN AND NEAR LONDON, INTERESTING MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

**FORTUNE HUNTING AND CRUELTY.**—In the Court of King's Bench an action was tried that has excited the utmost indignation against the defendant; and as it has created much conversation we insert it. The Attorney-General stated the case. This was an issue sent down from the Court of Chancery; and the question for the Jury was, whether a certain deed executed by Mrs. Ryan was made under compulsion. Mrs. Ryan had been previously married to Mr. Gossop, and had been left 400*l.* a year jointure by him. She was besides, as the daughter of Mrs. Wilmer, entitled to the possession of a valuable estate: two-thirds of a certain property in Yorkshire having been devised to Mrs. Wilmer, with remainder to her daughters, of which Mrs. Field, the wife of the present plaintiff, was one. Mr. Gossop died in 1791; in the same year, Mrs. Wilmer and Mrs. Gossop being at Scarborough, were introduced to a Mr. Robert Keating and Mr. Ryan, the latter was a showy handsome man, likely to attract a woman, and quite willing to pick up her fortune. Mr. Ryan followed the party to Harrogate. At York they were married. Mrs. Ryan's only attendant was a girl of the name of Dolly Sellers, the daughter of a tenant of her mother's, and educated as her servant. Mr. Ryan brought his wife to London, and went directly to Sablonier's hotel. The object of this was obviously to bring his unfortunate wife into a situation where, though in London, she must be perfectly alone. She could not understand a syllable of the language used in the house, and her own friends were disgusted and driven away. She was so studiously insulted, that she at length began to complain to the few female relatives who still continued to visit her, and even Dolly Sellers, who had by this time usurped all the authority, and many of the privileges of a wife, offered to assist her in making her escape from the incessant and invective cruelty of her husband. She was locked up in her own room; the money which she got occasionally from her mother was forced from her pocket by her husband. All this was a regular and systematic scheme to break down the mind of this unhappy woman, and make her fit for any disposal of her property, by the memory of past ill-treatment, and the terror of future. Mrs. Wilmer, at length, shocked at the situation of her daughter, and hoping to be the husband into gentler treatment of her unfortunate child, actually settled 500*l.* a year upon him, and to make up this, actually laid down her coach. But Ryan was not to be so appeased; he had other objects in view. The estate was devised to his wife, utterly independent of him, and his determination was to get it at all events. All treatment had been already tried to a certain length

in England; but the full scheme was not to be completed here. In order to break her mind completely to his power, he determined on carrying her to the Continent. This was news of great terror to the unhappy woman; in leaving England she was leaving friends and protection. On the Continent she must be alone. She resisted with every form of entreaty, and was at length put into a chaise at Blackheath, more dead than alive. No female attended her in this forcible estrangement from her country except Dolly Sellers, the most obnoxious and insulting object that could be obtruded on her eye. Mr. Ryan was a man of striking appearance, and for some purposes a man of ability: he had in this instance shewed himself a man of stern and fierce determination. His object had been to enfeeble, to shake, to terrify the mind of his wife, till it became pliable to his nefarious purpose, and he carried it through with dreadful perseverance. His point was, to force her to execute a deed, conveying her estate to two trustees, one of them his brother and the other a Mr. Keating, for her use during her life, and after her death to himself and his heirs for ever. But why put it in trust for her? because he knew she had now no will but his. Was the deed to be considered in any degree as her work? No; if it was those who prepared it would have applied to her; but no human being ever conversed with her on the subject; no one consulted, no one explained with her on the point. It was from the beginning to the end the work of the husband: even his friends were startled at it, and censured some of the provisions as too glaring, a likely to be resisted by her. His answer was:—"She will do whatever I desire." Where was the proof of that affection to be found which could account for so strange a surrender of her fortune. In one of the defendant's letters of May, 1792, to his friend in England, he uses these words:—"Mark what follows; the complete power of devising the estate is in my wife, even during Mrs. Wilmer's life time; lay the statement before Counsel, get an assignment prepared, and I'll have it executed. The estate is near eight hundred pounds a year, and of great importance to my family. I wait to hear from Sellers's father the value of the trees on the estate before I order them to be cut down. If they are on the entailed estate every hedge of them shall come down; I'll have an open country about me." In another letter, speaking of a new demand, he said, the old woman, or, as he elegantly called her, the old b——, would be forced to comply, as she was very ill, and miserable about her daughter." Was it possible to paint this man stronger than in his own words? This was after extracting 500*l.* a year

from her by cruel usage of her daughter, which he jocularly termed a riot in Burlington-street. Mrs. Wilmer subsequently died, and her life was doubtless shortened by her daughter's injuries. In one of his letters, he said:—"Let particular care be taken to have no hold or stop on my possession. No entailment, no revocation. My precious one is precisely the last whom I would trust, so bind her strictly and strongly." His violence was now more than mental; he had ill-used her, and left marks of his cruelty on her person. In another letter from the Hague, he talked of valuable connections, and the necessity of exerting himself, as all hopes from Yorkshire were at an end. Yet, in a subsequent letter, he found the old woman's feelings were not yet worn out. That letter stated, that a gentleman from Mrs. Wilmer came over with an offer of 100*l.* to Ryan, to let her daughter return at once to Yorkshire. This, however, he had determined not to do. His servant was ordered to say he was going to Italy, and he left the usual place of his residence. It was not easy to use the language which the gross and complicated barbarity of this man deserved. The deed was prepared without the knowledge of any friend of the family; it was carried over to Holland by an agent of Ryan's. That person was not to tell the Jury that he saw any violence used, any manual force upon Mrs. Ryan to sign the deed. Her spirit was crushed, she would then have signed any thing without a murmur. A Mr. Webber, a stranger, and Dolly Sellers, were the subscribing witnesses. This Dolly Sellers ought to be brought forward in vindication of the defendant, for she was his prime instrument and confidant, his partner at bed and board. In one of those abominable letters the words were to be found:—"Never fear, my deary, she'll not quit this side of the water on any account. She is going on as badly as ever, perpetually attempting to get letters to York, and stopping every English person she meets in the streets; she is really most dangerous, and requires all my attention to prevent mischief." Yes, she was most mischievous, for a discovery of her tyrant's conduct would have been ruin. In another letter he ordered the deed not to be registered unless absolutely necessary. This was to keep the transaction from the eyes of those who might do her justice. At the close of 1792, Ryan, hoping to extort money from his wife's relations, or raise it in some other way, came to England, leaving the wretched being in the midst of total strangers, and in a foreign country. Ryan took Dolly Sellers with him as his companion; but before he came he stripped his wife of her entire wardrobe. Mrs. Ryan had some jewels, of which she was fond, for she was probably a vain, as she had been a most beautiful woman, till sorrow and sickness had left her only the remnant of beauty. Dolly strutted up to her on the morning of her departure, took the diamond brooch out of her handkerchief, and carried it off in presence of her husband. The heart-

broken wife bore it without a murmur in their presence, but when they were gone her complaints were loud and violent. Her intercourse with her native country was stopped; her servant had usurped her bed, and was even delivered of children in her house; her chamber was become her prison, and she was kept locked up in it, while her husband and his companions were enjoying themselves below. The last act of Ryan was the crown of the rest; he ordered the woman of the house in which Mrs. Ryan was to be left, to allow only half a pint of the thin country wine, equivalent to our small beer, in the day, and by no means to allow her medicines or medical assistance. Mrs. West could not comply with these horrid restrictions; Mrs. Ryan was unwell, her skin was covered with blotches from poverty of blood and ill-treatment. Medical aid was necessarily called in, and in the absence of her tormentors her health gradually improved. Mrs. Wilmer, who was always anxious for her child, now found a plan to get her home; this was talked of, and Ryan resolved not to let her out of his power as long as he could raise a shilling on her. He brought her to England, and there imprisoned her in the very house where his infamous paramour was pregnant by him. This hateful persecution was continued till the unhappy wife got almost into that situation where external suffering could scarcely touch her any longer. She died in 1799, and died insane. The property which Ryan had got into his power by the compulsory deed, was the right of Mrs. Field, the sister of his wife, to whom it was devised in case of Mrs. Ryan's dying without heirs. The suit was brought by the husband of Mrs. Field, as her next friend, and it remained with the Jury to say whether the inheritance was given over to Ryan with or without the genuine and sincere consent of the wife, whom his cruelty had bowed down to the grave.—A great number of witnesses were examined, and at considerable length, to the main facts, but their testimony was merely a repetition of the statements which have been already given.—Mr. Park laboured in reply, to prove that there was a chasm in the evidence of the compulsion used, and that the Jury would not be justified in giving a verdict for the Plaintiff, unless the compulsion was proved to have been continued up to the moment of signing the deed.—The Attorney-General was rising to reply, when Lord Ellenborough observed, that it was scarcely necessary. The fact of the wife's spirit having been practised on, and broken down, was fully proved. It was not necessary that the chasm of compulsion should be unbroken up to the moment of effecting the object for which the force was used; an animal might be so subdued by previous ill usage, that it would fly, and tremble, and obey at the movement of a finger, without any blow at the moment. This woman's mind was obviously subdued by a long course of cruelty.—The Jury instantly found a verdict for the Plaintiff—1*l.* Damages, and 4*s.* Costs.

**COURT OF CHANCERY.**—A Bill of Discovery was filed by Mr. John King, against General Barr, under the following circumstance:—In 1807 an advertisement appeared in several Papers, with the address of Mrs. Morris, of Margaret-street, Cavendish square, offering the services of the Lady Advertiser to bring Gentlemen and Ladies together for matrimonial purposes. In consequence of this advertisement, the General called upon Mrs. Morris, and was by her introduced to Mr. King, it having been agreed that upon his (the General's) union with a certain lady possessed of £1500 per annum, he should recompense Mrs. Morris with £3000 as a douceur for her conveyance. After this introduction, entertainments were given at Mrs. King's house, to which the General was invited to meet a number of ladies; but the General being difficult in choice, the negotiation broke off. Mr. King afterwards brought his action in the Court of King's Bench to recover £400 alleged to be expended in treats, to which the General pleaded that he had made no promise to pay for the entertainments. In the action Mr. King was nonsuited, and he now filed a bill. The Lord Chancellor observed, that the Court would not lend itself to sanction a transaction, which on the face of it contained so flagrant a breach of moral duty, and dismissed the Rule.

**SUICIDE.**—Andrew Tranter, footman to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, lately put a period to his existence at Carlton-house, by shooting himself through the body. It appears that he had been out all night, as the porter let him in at six o'clock in the morning, when he proceeded down stairs to the servants' hall, where he sat down to write a letter, and during the interval, Mr. Barr, valet to his Royal Highness, entered the hall, and seemed surprised to find Mr. Tranter up so early. He said, "Ah, Mr. Tranter! how is it that you are up so soon this morning?" The deceased made no direct reply to this question, but begged of Barr to go up stairs for the Prince's clothes early, and bring them down to him to brush. Mr. Barr then left the hall for a few minutes, and on his return, found Tranter leaning against his cupboard, as if ill. He asked what was the matter with him? and on perceiving blood flowing from him, he immediately run to the porter at the Lodge Gate, that he might go with him to his assistance; and on entering the hall they heard the report of a pistol, which was the second fired by the deceased. After the discharge of the second pistol, he fell into a chair, where Barr and the porter found him. He survived about twenty minutes, and recognized every person about him; said he had committed the horrid deed himself; and would not assign any reason for it. Surgical assistance was procured as soon as possible, but without effect, he having expired in a kind of slumber, without a groan. The first pistol he had fired into the pit of his stomach, and the muzzle being so close to his body, the wadding had set fire to his waist-

coat, which he had deliberately taken off and placed on the hall table. Thinking that he had not sufficiently completed his destruction, he then walked twelve or fourteen yards, the length of the hall, for the second pistol, which he fired into his left side, just underneath the heart. The letter he wrote was found on the hall table, but contained only directions for a disposal of his property, the whole of which, excepting forty pounds, he has left to his sister. The forty pounds he appropriates to the support of a natural child. He has lived several years with the Prince, and was recommended to his Royal Highness by the Duke of Queensberry, with whom he had formerly lived. Tranter was remarkable for the neatness and cleanliness of his dress. He wore very large whiskers, and was considered a handsome young man. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, and they returned a verdict of lunacy.

The Earl of Darlington had lately a fine beautiful male infant left at his door. The dress of the child was elegant, and in the basket was a letter strongly recommending the care of the infant to his Lordship's daughters. It was, however, deemed prudent to send the little foundling to the parish, lest an encouragement might be indirectly given to similar unwelcome presents. The child is likely to do extremely well, and is the pet of the whole work-house.

An Inquest was held on Friday, Aug. 10, at the White Horse public-house, at Knightsbridge, by Anthony Gale, Esq. on the body of Mr. Robert Greur, a goldsmith, residing at Mr. Cheseeman's, at No. 7, Mansfield-street, Kentish Town, who shot himself on Wednesday morning, at the Coach and Horses public-house, in Mount-street. The first witness called in was the landlord of the house. He stated, that on Wednesday morning last, about ten o'clock, the deceased came to his house, and inquired if he had a private room; he was shewn into the back-parlour; he asked for a pint of ale; on the landlord's bringing it in, the deceased asked the witness if he knew Mr. Reynolds, the painter in Mount-street, as he wanted to speak to him. The witness went to Mr. Reynolds's, and told the maid-servant a Gentleman wished to speak to her master, and he was at his house, the Coach and Horses. The servant returned, and said her master was putting his coat on, and would wait on the Gentleman immediately. The witness returned, and was addressed by the deceased, who said, "Have you been there?" Witness answered, "Yes, I have been." To which the deceased answered, "It was my own fault—I do not blame my daughter, nor blame any body whatever, but the fault is my own." The witness perceived him very much agitated, and was much surprised at such strange talk. He left him, and went into the privy; instantly he heard the report of a pistol; he went back into the parlour, which he found full of smoke, and could scarcely see the

deceased, who was sitting in a chair. He was conveyed to St. George's Hospital, where he died at half-past four o'clock on Friday morning. The House Surgeon being next sworn, said, on examining the wounds, he found that a pistol ball had been discharged under the right jaw, and had taken the left eye completely out—he was confident it had occasioned the deceased's death. Several other witnesses were examined: one of them produced the deceased's hat. The rim of it was split by the ball, which was produced, and was as flat as a halfpenny, as it rebounded to the ceiling. The Jury returned a verdict of Lunacy. The deceased has left a wife and family; one of his daughters, a beautiful girl, sixteen years of age, came to the Coach and Horses on Wednesday, to ascertain the melancholy circumstance.

A well-dressed woman lately attempted to drown herself in that part of the Serpentine River in Kensington Gardens which empties itself into Hyde Park. She was observed by a Gentleman of the name of Gold, residing in Pall-Mall, who immediately got over the wall, and jumped in after her, and was fortunate enough to bring her to the shore. After some time, and with great care, she recovered, and the first expression she used was, "Why have you saved me? had you been a moment later I should have been happy!" She was then conveyed to St. George's Hospital. She described herself as a married woman, and the mother of three children, who, with her husband, are living; that in a situation as nurse in a Gentleman's family, where she left that morning, at five o'clock, for the purpose of destroying herself. She refused to state who her husband is, or with what time she has lived.

A fatal accident lately happened to a fine boy, between two and three years old, the son of Mr. Gifford, a Messenger of the House of Commons. Mrs. Gifford having made tea, left the table in search of something, when the little boy instantly laid hold of the tea-pot, put the spout into his mouth, and swallowed a quantity of the boiling liquid. He lived in the most excruciating agony until about four o'clock on the following morning, when he expired. The child had been accustomed to the habit of drinking cold tea out of the tea-pot, which led to this disaster.

A most audacious circumstance occurred on Tuesday, August 7, on Ludgate-hill. A Gentleman who was returning from the Bank, was hustled and had his pocket picked of his pocket-book, containing a bank-note of £100 and another of £50. The alarm having been given, the thieves flung the pocket-book into an area, but returned soon after, and had the impudence to demand it as their property, and strange to relate, it was returned to them, and they escaped with their booty. They afterwards threw the pocket-book into the street, after taking out its contents, and it was picked up by a poor woman and her daughter, who restored it to the owner, after he had stopt the payment of the notes at the Bank.

As a lusty Gentleman was passing along Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, he narrowly escaped being harpooned with a large bacon knife, darted through the window of an opposite chandler's shop; and which, after slightly scratching his hand, struck against the wall close by his side, and fell at his feet. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the owner of the shop, quarrelling with his wife, darted the knife at her, but fortunately missed his aim in that instance, as well as the random hit in the other case.

Mr. Le Roi, of Compton street, went to Chelsea lately, to see his daughters, who reside there; and while in the act of talking with them, dropped down and expired. Previous to his calling upon his daughters, he stopped at the Union public-house, drank a glass of brandy and water, and appeared in perfect health.

Two clerks in the Bank of England, of the name of Armitage, have been apprehended for forging a warrant to receive a dividend for £2,800. The crime was committed about two years ago. The discovery occurred in a most unexpected way. A few days since some forgeries of five pound bank-notes, had been detected in the Pay Office, and were traced to a man at Lambeth, who was, in consequence, taken into custody, and brought to the Bank. This man, to save his own neck, proposed to the Directors, that on condition of the prosecution against him being dropped, he would make a discovery of considerable importance, in which some persons in their own establishment were principally implicated. His proposition was accepted, and he then acknowledged that he himself was the person employed by Armitage to apply at the Pay Office for the payment of the forged warrant: the signatures to which were so well counterfeited, that the payment was made without hesitation. He next went, in pursuance of his instructions, into the Bank hall, and in the name of an eminent banking house, obtained small notes for the two £1000 notes which he had received in payment; and for this agency he received a considerable douceur. The smashing of the large notes facilitated all the advantages of fraud to the principal, though he was never, in the most distant degree, suspected, but he remained in his employment until the apprehension of his agent for the other forgery.

**BIRTH.**—In Burlington-street, the Lady of Colonel John Wilson, 4th Ceylon regiment, of a daughter.

**MARRIED.**—At Lewisham, the Rev. Edward Allen, to Ann, the youngest daughter of John St. Barbe, Esq. of Eastmouth-row, Blackheath.

**DIED.**—General Charles Vernon, in the 92d year of his age. He was Lieutenant of the Tower, and senior General of his Majesty's forces.—At his house in Air-street, Hatton-Garden, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Crouchley. He was one of the very few survivors who served under the immortal Wolfe, at the memorable battles and taking of Quebec, Louisburgh, and the Havannah.

## PROVINCIALS.

INCLUDING REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, &c.  
IN THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

## CARDIGANSHIRE.

The following distressing circumstance is said to have lately happened near Aberaeron:—A farmer, while felling some timber, received a severe blow on the leg, which fractured a small bone, and stripped off the flesh below the ankle; surgical assistance was immediately sent for, but previous to its arrival a person, claiming some professional knowledge, applied aquafortis to the wound, in order to ascertain whether there was any sensation, but unfortunately in so large a quantity that it penetrated between the bones, and corroded the surrounding parts; opium was then administered for the purpose of becalming the feelings of the sufferer, but with no good effect, he died in a state of mortification, after lingering four days, leaving a wife and six children to lament his miserable end.

## CHESHIRE.

Lately, as Mr. Percival, glass-merchant, of Chester, together with his wife, was on his journey to Carnarvon, in a gig, the horse unexpectedly made a violent plunge, and precipitated Mr. Percival to the earth. Mrs. Percival, under the agonizing impression that her husband was dreadfully hurt, in the act of jumping out of the vehicle, unfortunately entangled her dress with the lamp, and by the sudden impulse of the consequent jerk, was thrown upon her head with great violence, and broke a blood vessel, which occasioned her instantaneous death. Mr. Percival also received several contusions, the wheel having gone over his ankle and his arm, but is in a fair way of recovery. Mrs. P. was in the zenith of youth and beauty, being only twenty-two years of age, and was almost idolized by her husband.

## CUMBERLAND.

It was formerly reckoned a very rare circumstance to find one egg included in another. Of late, however, more than one instance has been noticed. Mr. Sherwen, of Alderston, near Whitehaven, has a dunghill hen which lately deposited an egg of unusual size; on examination a complete and proportionate egg was found in the place where the yolk was expected. And there is now in the possession of Mr. George Murray, confectioner, Edinburgh, a turkey's egg, which contains, besides a complete yolk and white, a perfectly formed egg, as large as a pigeon's.

## DEVONSHIRE.

The following gossip's tale will afford some food for superstition, and some conversation for the nurseries.—The inhabitants of a farm-house at Denham, near Tiverton, have been lately very much disturbed and alarmed by noises, which human reason is incapable to account for. The many reports concerning them induced some per-

sons in the neighbourhood, of the first respectability and character, to inquire into the circumstances, and ascertain the truth, or detect the imposition; to this end they made strict inquiries of the family, under an impression that the whole was an imposture. The family, however, all concurring in asserting the truth of the reports, some of these gentlemen have sat up many nights in an adjoining room, and are satisfied the noises are supernatural. The farmer's female servants sleep in an upper chamber, into which they pass through an outer one; about midnight a tapping is heard against the wainscot of the outer room, which proceeds gradually into the chambers; the most horrid and supernatural noise immediately begins, a weight seems to press the bed like a chest of drawers; an old sword that hangs behind the bed is violently shook, and something is heard to pace the room, which they say is like the foot of a bear without claws. A young child, which sleeps with the maids, was nearly suffocated with this uncommon pressure, but nothing can be seen. It sometimes visits the farmer's bedroom. One night a brass candlestick, which was on the floor, sprung round with the greatest velocity. The farmer being alarmed, attempted to ring his bell, when the candlestick was thrown with great violence at the bed's head, but fortunately missed the farmer. The room was immediately searched, but nothing could be discovered.

**DIED.**—At Topham, at an advanced age, Mr. William Townsend, shoemaker of that place, who by his parsimonious manner of living had accumulated upwards of 200*l*. He had not any person to clean his house for a number of years, it was in such a condition that scarcely any person would go to him in his illness. Since his death many guineas, and other pieces of money, wrapped up in bits of old leather, have been found concealed in various parts of the house. It is supposed he had leather in the house to the value of 500*l*.; much of it had been so long there that it was mouldering away.

## ESSEX.

**MARRIED.**—At the seat of Sir Robert Preston, Bart. at Woodford, Lieut. Gen. Sir David Baird, K. B. to Miss Preston Campbell, of Fernton and Lochlane, in the county of Perth.—At Woodford church, M. H. Percival, Esq. to Miss Flower, eldest daughter of Sir C. Flower, Bart.

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

An out-house belonging to Mr. Rogers of Sumnerwell farm, has been entirely consumed by fire. The next morning, as Mr. Rogers was proceeding to his fields, where the hay-makers were at work, he perceived several other parts of his premises

on fire, and before the engines from Tethbury had extinguished the flames, two straw ricks and a wheat rick, the latter worth 200*l.* were consumed. At noon, on the Sunday following, his premises were again discovered to be on fire, and from the different places where the flames burst forth, there can be no doubt of their having been intentionally set on fire. Mr. R. had impounded a few days previously several horses, the property of a gang of gipsies in the neighbourhood, and it is strongly suspected that these lawless banditti adopted this method of revenge.

**DIED.**—At his seat, Berkley Castle, the Earl of Berkley. His Lordship was in his 65th year: he has left a widow and a very numerous family, seven sons and three daughters; his Lordship's eldest son, Viscount Dursley, M. P. for Gloucester, succeeds to the titles and estates; his Lordship was brother to the Margravine of Anspach, and the Countess Dowager of Granard,

#### KENT.

A remarkable phenomenon presented itself lately at Ramsgate; during a squall of thunder and rain, a stream of water, seven or eight feet in diameter, issued from a very heavy black cloud in the east, which, after taking a horizontal direction towards the south, for about half a mile, suddenly fell into the sea, a very little distance from the shore, with a rushing noise, agitating the water all round in a most extraordinary manner, and rebounding again to the height of several yards.

**MARRIED.**—At Northfleet, Benjamin Sharpe, Esq. of Fleet-street, banker, to Ann, daughter of Benj. Kennet, Esq. of North Fleet.—At Woodchurch, Mr. Farmer, aged 60, to Miss Button, aged 17.

**DIED.**—At Faversham, Mrs. Jane Hunt, she was following her husband to the grave, and was taken ill near the church, and expired as she was conveying to a house.

#### LANCASHIRE.

A curious circumstance happened at Carnforth, about six miles from Lancaster, during one of the late dreadful thunder-storms. A person of the name of Taylor was sitting alone in his house, he heard something scratch at the kitchen door; thinking it was the cat, he opened the door, and, to his great surprise, a large foulmart (or pole-cat) rushed past him, and sat down by the fire. The man, astonished, sat down in his chair, looking earnestly at the strange visitor, which also stared at him; at length, after a loud clap of thunder, the foulmart leaped on the man's lap, who, not liking to touch the animal with his hands, took up the tongs, seized it by the back, and put it into a wire cage, in which he exhibited it to his astonished neighbours, many of whose ducks as well as his own, had lately had their heads bitten off, as is supposed by this animal.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—Robert Anderson, shoemaker, a native of Ulverstone, came from Carlisle to Lockerby, about five o'clock on Saturday

evening, August 11, and sent for his wife, a native of Lockerby, to an inn. He married her some time last spring. They lived together at Colin, near Dumfries, when he imprudently went off to England with a married woman, a neighbour's wife, and left his own. She, highly enraged at his former conduct, said to him, when she saw him. "How have you the assurance to come where I am?" He replied, "that he was come to die beside her, and that he would die early to-morrow morning, for his heart was broken." When she spoke of the other woman so him, he said he was wounded with remorse of conscience, and the recollection of her name went to his heart like a knife. He told the landlord to send for his wife a second time, for he should not be able to speak any after nine o'clock. While casting off his clothes, he said, "These shall never go on again." The landlord observed, "I hope you are not going to take away your own life." He replied, "God forbid! I have no such intention." About nine o'clock at night he took a fit, and continued in it till nearly five next morning, when he expired. The Surgeons said, they saw no appearance of his having taken poison, or any thing whatever to hasten his death.

#### SOMERSETSHIRE.

A most dreadful fire broke out on Saturday morning, Aug. 18th, in the premises of Messrs. Pyer and Co. Bristol. Mrs. Pyer having laid-in only five weeks, a fire was lighted to air a small room, divided from the shop by a flight of stairs that led to the upper part of the house. In this room a stool fell against a bottle of spirit of turpentine which broke, and the contents communicating with the fire-place, the whole room was instantly in a blaze. Mr. Pyer ran up stairs, and got his wife from bed into the front room on the first floor, and proceeded to seek for the rest of his family; but the flames had spread so rapidly as to fill the staircase and landing-places to the sky-light which blew up, and all the communication between the front and back rooms were thus cut off. A child of four years old was thrown by a maid-servant, who jumped after it, from the first story window, into the street. The child's fall was broken, it is hoped, so as to prevent any serious injury; but the servant was much bruised, and conveyed to the Infirmary. Every possible exertion was made to extricate a nurse and two children from the upper back-room, but without success—for when in about two hours the flames were sufficiently mastered, the remains of the poor woman were found, with those of the newly-born infant on her bosom, and the other of two years old, lying beside her, on the wreck of their bed, in a state too shocking for description!

#### STAFFORDSHIRE.

There is now living in Burslem, a market town in Staffordshire, a multifarious genius, who was



brought up in a country village, and never served an apprenticeship to any trade or calling, who is an adept, both in theory and practice, in the following sciences: a potter in all its various and curious branches, from slip-maker to the packer; an engraver, seal-sinker, and copper plate printer: a sawyer, joiner, and chair-maker; a black and white-smith; a taylor and mantua-maker; a house and sign-painter, gilder and plasterer; a boot and shoe-maker; a surgeon, dentist, and barber, &c. &c.

At the Staffordshire Agricultural Meeting held lately at Litchfield, the conversation, as usual, turned on the various branches of rural economy. A blunt honest farmer, who had taken a double dose of the country ale, thus addressed the gentlemen present, on the subject of shewing fat cattle. "Why donna yea show 'em," he exclaimed, "fedden in a natural way, and bring your cattle as they should be seen on your pastures. It's all my eye and Betty Martin, geeing 'em your nice kickshaws, and sugar, and milk! Squire— you're throwing hundreds of pounds away in pampering your beasts up like Aldermen, and Christians, and Corporations, with your oily-cakes, dainties, and tid bits: I tell you all, gentlemen, it comes to nothing!—We wanten good sound meat; and none of your greasy and sugary flim-flams, &c. &c.!!!" The mirth of his auditors proved that the old farmer's remonstrances were taken in good part, if not heard with approbation.

**MARRIED.**—Mr. James Nixon, of Flint, in Newcastle, aged eighty, to Miss Mary Story, aged twenty-six! The enamoured bridegroom tript it on foot to church, with almost the agility of a Barclay,—far out-tripping his fair intended.

#### SUSSEX.

**BRIGHTON, AUG. 13.** This day the Anniversary of the Prince of Wales's Birth-day was celebrated in a most brilliant manner. Between twelve and one o'clock the crowds of carriages of all kinds, but chiefly barouches, and coaches with four horses, exceeded all we ever witnessed on any former occasion. The day was fine though windy, and the appearance of the immense concourse of beauty and fashion, together with a line of troops exceeding nearly three miles on ground which, though sloping and varied, displayed the whole extent from the height in one view, was uncommonly magnificent. The Prince and all his royal brothers, except the Duke of Sussex, ascended the Downs about four miles from Brighton before one o'clock. He mounted his white charger in the uniform of the 10th; the Dukes of York, Kent, and Cambridge were also in uniform; the Dukes of Clarence and Cumberland in plain coats. The Prince was accompanied by more than two thousand Noblemen, General Officers, Ladies, and Gentlemen on horseback, as all the ladies and gentlemen on horseback joined in the royal cavalcade. The carriages ranged in a line opposite the troops, and the ladies mounted on the roofs, driving-boxes, and dickies. The horses

were generally taken out, and every carriage almost had four horses; for a lady of the slightest pretensions to decorum could not be so inhuman as to go such a distance as four miles with a pair. The Prince passed the whole length of the line, and then returned to the centre, where he, his royal brothers, and Staff dismounted; and the troops fired a feu de joie—the fire run along the whole line three times, and from its long continuance had an admirable effect. Their Royal Highnesses then remounted, and took a station on a beautiful level near Brighton, and the several regiments marched past him in companies. They amounted to 9700 men, and of course it occupied a considerable time. It was four o'clock before the review ended. The company then returned to Brighton, and the Steyne was crowded till near six o'clock, when the noblemen and gentlemen invited to dine with his Royal Highness at the Pavilion retired. The fete concluded with a ball and supper at the Castle, which was splendid. Above eight hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. The Prince and brothers, with a considerable part of the dinner party, entered the rooms about eleven o'clock, when his own band welcomed his approach. His Royal Highness conversed with the ladies for about an hour, and then retired. The Duke of Clarence took the chair in the principal room at supper; tables were laid in six or seven rooms, and even with all this accommodation the company could only sit down by installments.—The Duke of York proposed the health of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, after dinner, which was drunk with enthusiasm, and in the true English style, with three times three. We understand the Prince, in returning thanks for this mark of respect to the object of his pride and tenderness, said, in a short but most eloquent address, that he had made it his first care to instil into the mind and heart of his daughter the knowledge and love of the true principles of the British Constitution; and he had pointed out to her young understanding, as a model for study, the political conduct of his most revered and lamented friend, Mr. Fox, who had asserted and maintained, with such transcendent force, the just principles upon which the government under this excellent constitution ought to be administered for the true and solid happiness of the people. He had the most heartfelt enjoyment in knowing, that even in her present early years, his daughter had a just conception of the value of the precepts which had been implanted in her breast; and he could say, with confidence, that she would fulfil all the duties which she might be called upon to discharge when his bones were laid in the grave. The sensibility and pathos with which these few words were delivered, had an irresistible effect on the company.

**MARRIED.**—At Little Horsted, Sussex, Sir George Clerk, of Penniwick, to Miss Maria Law, second daughter of Ewan Law, Esq. and niece to Lord Ellenborough.—At Diebling, Sus-

sex, Mr. W. Edwards, aged 18, to Miss Henrietta Herriot, late of Plumpton, aged 12 years and three months!

#### WILTSHIRE.

**SALISBURY, AUG. 7.—BURGLARY.**—Thomas Jones, alias Hughes, and Richard Francis, were indicted for a burglary in the shop of Mr. Bennett, a silversmith and jeweller, in the market place of Salisbury, and stealing therefrom gold and silver watches, rings, chains, seals, and other articles of jewellery, to the amount of 100*l.* and upwards. It appeared in evidence, that the house had been made fast, as usual, on Thursday evening, and at five o'clock in the morning of Friday it was discovered that a pannel had been taken out of the shutter of the shop door, and that a pane of glass had been taken out, by which means an aperture was made, sufficient to have admitted either of the prisoners. There was also a pannel forced out of one of the shop shutters, and the two pannels were fastened in again with brads. It was proved that the two prisoners hailed Richardson, the driver of the Taunton coach, which was on its way to London, twenty-five miles from Salisbury, at one o'clock in the morning; they wanted inside places, but they were accommodated on the roof. Richardson had heard of the robbery committed at Salisbury as he passed through, and he suspected the prisoners. They had with them a bag, and the coachman having communicated his suspicions to Mr. Manning, a passenger, the latter took an opportunity to feel the bag, and he was satisfied it contained rings, watches, &c. The coachman was relieved previous to the arrival of the coach at Basingstoke, but Mr. Manning rode outside with the prisoners until the coach arrived at Egham, when he caused them to be secured. On them were found several of the stolen articles, which were identified by the prosecutor. The bag contained the whole of the remainder of the property, which was also identified. The defence was, that the prisoners had found the property upon the road.—Guilty death.

#### IRELAND.

A discovery has lately been made of a most barbarous murder which was perpetrated so far back as October last, and has since remained unknown and unsuspected, but an all ruling Providence has ordered that it should now come to light:

“For murder,  
“Though it has no tongue, will speak  
“With most miraculous organ.”

The circumstances connected with this foul deed are yet but imperfectly known, but the following particulars have reached us:—It appears that in September last, a person of the name of John

McClure, who resided at Slemish, in the neighbourhood of Broughshane, county of Antrim, had some dealings with another man who lived in another county at a considerable distance. In the course of their dealings they had made a bargain of considerable importance; but before it was perfected a misunderstanding took place, and a law-suit was likely to be the consequence. The person who had made the purchase from McClure, with others his associates, it now appears, formed the desperate resolution of effecting the death of McClure. Twice they attempted this by poison, but being unsuccessful in both these attempts, they determined to accomplish their purpose by assassination. With sanguinary perseverance and incredible deliberation, they looked out for a person to carry into effect their savage purpose, and having fixed upon a man named John Underwood, they acquainted him of their intentions, and agreed to pay him one hundred guineas to perpetrate the deed. This barbarian having listened to their proposal, accepted of their terms, and agreed to become the instrument of this diabolical device. It was agreed that McClure should be decoyed into some solitary place, where Underwood was to watch him. Accordingly, under the pretext of arranging the difference that had existed, he was invited to meet them at Drumaul, on the evening of the 9th of October. He attended, and they then told him that if he would go to Portlone and get stamps, they would settle with him. He proceeded for that town, but on his way thither he was, as had been preconcerted, way-laid and murdered by Underwood, who afterwards buried the body in a field near his own house, between Portlone and Toome. The crime having been effected with the greatest secrecy, a report was circulated that McClure had gone for Dublin, and when he had been a long time missing, another report was sent abroad that he had been murdered in that city, or on his way thither.—Nothing transpired of the horrid deed, and it seemed to have passed into oblivion, when lately a warrant came from Dublin, addressed to Peter Aiken, Esq. a magistrate of the county of Antrim, with instructions to apprehend certain persons named therein. Immediately on receipt of this warrant, Mr. Aiken with the greatest zeal and promptitude, aided by the High Constables for the barony of Toome, proceeded to apprehend the persons named in it, and succeeded in arresting two of them, since which further search has been made, and the corpse of McClure has been found buried in a field belonging to Underwood. We trust the whole parties concerned in this unparalleled atrocity will meet the punishment due to a crime of so deep a dye.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Tenth Number.

### THE KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.

It is the peculiar distinction of all political revolutions to level the high and elevate the mean; to reverse, as it were, the order and subordinations of social life, and instead of confining a man to that little platoon, that equal band of his brethren, in which his birth has placed him, to raise him to honours and commands, of which he could form no just expectations, and which are, therefore, as much beyond his hopes, as they are above his deserts.—Regular and well governed society is like a pyramid; it rises by a gentle swell, and tapers by easy and well proportioned gradations till it forms a point. But its apex is supported by its base, and it would lose its strength, and its beauty, if any violence were to destroy the intermediate gradations. The people form the base of the social pyramid, and though buried in obscurity, and necessarily hidden from sight, they support every thing which is elegant, illustrious, and noble in civil government.

It was the singular character of the French Revolution that it operated a complete change in the moral world; that, by a kind of deluge of fire and sword, it swept away all traces and distinctions of the former system of things, and that, having destroyed, it created anew.

Amongst those individuals who have experienced the most extraordinary elevation during this tremendous burst of anti-social principles, Joachim Murat, the present King of Naples, and Caroline Bonaparte his wife, are the most distinguished.

General Murat was the son of a water-carrier at Paris, who for some crime, to save himself from the search of the police, fled into the mountains of Dauphiny, where he joined a gang of smugglers and coiners, and where General Murat was born in 1764. Being accused of belonging to that corps of brigands commanded by the famous captain of smugglers Mandrin, Murat's father was tried at Valence, and there broken upon the wheel in May 1769; and young Murat was sent to the orphan-house at Lyons, where he remained, until an actor of the name of St. Aubin took him as an errand boy, procured him to be a *Garçon du Theatre*, or a servant attached to the theatre in that city, and paid, besides, a master for teaching him to read and write. Being of an intriguing disposition and good appearance, he easily insinuated himself into the favour of the principal actresses, and was in 1780, upon their recommendation, permitted to appear upon the stage, first in the parts of valets, and afterwards in those

of *petits maitres*; but in neither was he successful, wanting manners, memory, and application. He was, however, endured until 1786, when, being hissed while playing the Marquis, in the comedy called *Le Cercle*, he dared to threaten the spectators by his gestures. From that time hisses pursued him so much whenever he presented himself, that he was obliged to quit the stage; and after leaving Lyons secretly to avoid the demands of his creditors, he enlisted in the regiment of cavalry called *Royal Allemagne*, which was with other corps ordered to the neighbourhood of Paris, when, in 1789, Orleans, La Fayette, and other rebels of the Constituent Assembly, set up the standard of revolt against their King: he was among the few men of that loyal regiment whom their emissaries seduced, and he deserted when it was encamped in the Elysian Fields on the 12th of July. After the capture of the Bastille had completed the Revolution, and several companies of the King's guard had joined the Parisians in arms, a National Guard under the command of La Fayette was decreed, in which Murat was made a corporal. In the plots and disagreements of different factions he always assisted the Terrorists; and in return, Santerre promoted him to a Lieutenantcy in the battalion of St. Antoine, of which that brewer then had the command. On the 20th of June, 1792, he accompanied his patron and the brigands who insulted the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his family in the Castle of the Thuilleries, where he was heard to repeat: "Louis, thou art a traitor, we must have thy head!" and when the courageous Madame Elizabeth said: "Are you not ashamed to insult the most patriotic of Kings with such language;" he impudently answered: "Hold thy tongue, otherwise I will cut thee in two." The next day Santerre advanced him to his aid-de-camp; and as such he was employed on the 10th of August in the attack of that dreadful day, which made the best of Princes the most wretched of prisoners, by changing the throne into a dungeon.

Murat headed the troops who on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of September, of the same year, guarded the prison called *La Force*; where, with other innocent persons, the

beautiful Princess of Lamballe was butchered, and a refinement of savage barbarity was exercised on her person, even when a corpse, almost incredible, if it were not authenticated. For these infamous and ferocious deeds he was promoted by Marat to be a Colonel. But, instead of going to the frontiers and combating the enemies of his country, he remained at Paris, denounced at the clubs, and plotted in the committees. On the 11th of December, when Louis XVI. was carried from the Temple to be interrogated at the bar of the National Convention; and on the 21st of January, 1793, when the regicide members of this Assembly sent the most virtuous of sovereigns and of men to die like a criminal; the gens d'armes of the escort were commanded by Murat, who had passed the night before on duty in the Temple, regarded then as a post of confidence and of honour. In March, during the pillage of the grocers shops, he was a Secretary in the Jacobin Club, and signed with Marat the proclamation of the 10th, addressed to the citizens sans culottes at Paris, *inviting them to do themselves justice for the aristocracy of the bankers, merchants, and shop-keepers.* "If you want money," expresses this curious proclamation, "you know where the bankers live; if you stand in need of clothing, visit the clothiers; and if you have no other means to procure yourselves coffee, sugar, soap, &c. fraternize with the grocers. What you take from them is *only* your property restored to you, and of which you and your brethren have been robbed by their aristocratical cupidity." In May he was president of the Club of the Cordeliers; and in a speech printed in Marat's paper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, of the 25th of the same month, *he demands the heads of sixty-nine politicians of Brissot's and Rowland's factions, as the sole causers of the defeats of the armies, and of the troubles at Lyons, Bourdeaux and Marseilles; accomplices with Pitt and Cobourg, as well as with Dumourier.*

After the revolution of the 31st of May, and the victory which the terrorists gained on the two following days over the moderate party, Santerre obtained the command of an army of 14,000 men, with



whom he marched against the royalists of La Vendée; and Murat, who was then advanced to a General of Brigade, commanded the cavalry; but, either from misfortunes or from incapacity, he was continually routed, and two-thirds of the troops were killed in less than three weeks. This caused great discontent at Paris, both in the Jacobin Club and in the National Convention; and Santerre was recalled in disgrace, which was made so much the more mortifying, when, being accused by Murat of drunkenness, ignorance, and cowardice, he was sent to prison.

In the spring of 1794, he was ordered to join the army of the Alps, where he continued without distinguishing himself until 1796, when Bonaparte assumed the command over that army; where, hearing of Murat's local knowledge and military intelligence, he appointed him first aide-de-camp, and the second officer in the staff next to General Berthier. He now shewed not only an undaunted courage, but talents which nobody supposed him to possess before the battle of Mondovi, on the 17th of April 1796, where he caused himself to be particularly remarked; so much so, that when the King of Sardinia, in the latter part of the same month, made overtures for a pacification with the French Republic, Bonaparte sent him to Turin with full powers to negotiate, and afterwards gave him, together with General Junot, the honourable commission to carry to Paris, and to present to the Directory the twenty-one colours and standards conquered in several engagements from the combined army of Austria and Sardinia. On the 24th of May he came again to Turin, with dispatches from Paris, concerning the negotiations then carrying on between France and Sardinia; but after a stay of some few days only, Bonaparte ordered him back to the army, where he daily advanced in the good graces of this Chief. In June, he accompanied the French minister at Genoa, Faypoult, to the Doge, with a summons in the name of Bonaparte, to order the Imperial Ambassador to leave the territory of the Republic of Genoa within forty-eight hours. He here behaved with such insolence, that it was with difficulty

the old and respectable Doge, whom he had so cowardly insulted, could prevent the people from tearing him to pieces. On the 18th June, 1795, General Murat commanded the attack to the left, on the intrenched camp of the Austrians, near Mantua, and succeeded in carrying it. For several weeks he gained almost daily advantages over the Imperial General Wurmser, who commanded an harrassed, defeated, dispirited, and inferior army. In the retreat which this General was forced to make on the 9th of September, Murat pursued him at the head of a corps of chasseurs, and tried to cut off his retreat towards Cheva. But after having routed several divisions of the enemy, he was repulsed in his turn, though superior in number. Rallying, however, and continuing the attack, he was wounded in an engagement on the 15th, where the courageous Austrian veteran charged at the head of the light troops of his army. This wound forced him to demand leave of absence, and he resided in Mantua until December, when he re-assumed his former station in the blockading corps round Mantua.

During the campaign of 1797 he displayed the same activity. At the head of a demi-brigade of light infantry, he advanced by Monte-Baldo, forced the Austrians, who occupied La Corona, routed them after a very obstinate resistance, and obliged their cavalry to cross the Adige by swimming; and he contributed not a little by his indefatigable vigilance to the surrender of Mantua.

After the reduction of Mantua, Bonaparte ordered Murat to attack the enemy, strongly fortified near Foy; where, after being repulsed twice, and having two horses killed under him, he finally succeeded; though he on this occasion had more men killed than the number of Austrians whom he combated and vanquished; but he, like most other republican Generals, has justly been reprobated for the profusion with which they squandered away, often unnecessarily, the lives of their soldiers.

When Bonaparte left Italy, and, according to the treaty of Campo Formio, a congress for the pacification of the German

empire was assembled at Rastadt, he went by way of Switzerland, where he sent Murat to prepare for his reception, and to gain information of the public spirit, previous to executing the plans of destruction which he had formed against this once prosperous republic. This mission was delicate and difficult, because Bonaparte was disliked by the Swiss democrats, and abhorred by the Swiss aristocrats. Murat, however, by intimidating some by threats, deceiving others by specious promises, and buying over others with a small part of the plunder of Italy, procured his chief to be received with the same honours that are paid to sovereigns.

Murat was now so greatly advanced in the good graces of his commander, that when the latter chose his companions for the invasion of Egypt, the province of another friendly and neutral state, the former was the fourth upon the list of Generals which he presented, not for the approbation, but for the information of the Directory. In Egypt he always attended Bonaparte, and generally dined with him every day. He was of the expedition to Syria in the Spring of 1799, and commanded one division, consisting of the cavalry, during the memorable siege of St. Jean d'Acre. At the battle of Mount Tabor, on the 16th of April that year, Murat chased the Turks from Jacob's Bridge, and surprized the son of the Governor of Damascus. At the battle of Aboukir, on the 25th of July following, the right wing, consisting of 4000 cavalry and nine battalions of infantry, with some artillery, was commanded by Murat, who, after their defeat, cut off the retreat of the Turks, who, according to General Berthier's report, "struck with a sudden terror at being surrounded on every side with death, precipitated themselves into the sea, where no less than ten thousand perished by musquetry, grape-shot, and the waves."

In the next month, when Bonaparte unexpectedly and basely deserted the French army in Egypt, Murat was one of the four Generals whom he selected to accompany him in his flight.

When the annihilation of that constitution was determined upon, which Bonaparte had so often sworn to defend and

obey, Murat, in the confidence of his friend, received, first, the command over the posts near the Council of Five Hundred; and, when the Revolution was effected which seated Bonaparte on the throne of the Bourbons, the command over the Consular Guard. And to bind more firmly their friendship, Bonaparte gave him in marriage his sister Caroline, who, in 1797, had been betrothed to General Duphoy, murdered in an insurrection provoked by Joseph Bonaparte at Rome. What had become of Murat's former wife is not known for certain; in a pamphlet called *La Sainte Famille*, it is said that she had been divorced in 1795; and in another pamphlet it is reported that she had died of hard drinking.

At the battle of Marengo he led on the cavalry, and, though at the onset completely routed, rallied again; and when General Desaix took advantage of the imbecility of the Austrian General, he, with Generals Marmont and Bessieres, pierced the third and last line of the Austrian infantry; in consequence of which a defeat ensued.

On his return to Paris he quarreled with his brother-in-law, Lucien, challenged, fought, and wounded him. To put an end to these family quarrels, Napoleon Bonaparte promoted Murat to the command in chief over the French army in Italy, or, which is the same, made him Viceroy over the Italian and Ligurian Republics, and over the revolutionary kingdom of Etruria.

During Murat's reign in Italy, his manner of living was more expensive and more sumptuous, his retinue more brilliant, his staff more showy, his palaces more magnificent and his guards more numerous, than those of any lawful European sovereign. He introduced at Milan nearly the same etiquette that prevailed at the Thuilleries and at St. Cloud. Madame Murat had her maids of honour, her routs, her assemblies, and her grand circles; as her husband had his pages, his prefects of palace, his aids-de-camp, his military reviews, his diplomatic audiences, his presentations, his official dinners, his sallies of humour against foreign ministers, and his smiles of complaisance to his minions; with all the other

farrago of the pedantic, insolent, affected revolutionary *haut ton*.

The original occupation of Madame Murat, the present Queen of Naples, seems to have been as humble as that of her husband's; as to her family, that is of course, the same with her brother's, the French Emperor. Caroline Bonaparte, in early life, was put apprentice to the mantua-maker Madame Rambaud, at Marseilles. She seems here to have indulged in no splendid visions of a crown, and was perhaps more innocent in her shop than she was likely to be on a throne. Scandal, however, has spoken of her levity in the early part of life, but as she was then scarcely an object of notice, little was of course known of her; and of that little much could not be remembered. It has been too much the habit to cover Bonaparte and his family with every kind of atrocity; to coin new modes of iniquity

wherein to array them, and when facts failed, to draw liberally upon invention. It is right that an enemy should not be caressed as our friend, but it is neither charity nor good taste, to picture him and his family as fiends, for no other purpose than to encrease enmity to abhorrence, and to indispose the nation to that intercourse which may, one time or another, be necessary.

When Bonaparte meditated his most monstrous atrocity, the seizure of the crown of Spain for his brother Joseph, he conferred the vacant throne of Naples upon Murat, who was already a Prince of his Empire, and, as we believe, Governor of Paris. Madame Murat was, of course, raised to sovereignty with her husband.—Such is her present elevation, and she is likely to retain it as long as the Bonaparte dynasty shall continue.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

(Continued from Page 62.)

On the following morning my aunt entered my room very gaily dressed, and before I had time to enquire the cause, addressed me as follows:—

"My dearest Hymenæa, I have planned out such a charming day! In the first place, we are to go to the village of —, to hear that celebrated preacher R. H—; who is to give a sermon on the green."

"Well," replied I, "it gives me some satisfaction that you can be brought to hear a sermon any where."

"Bless me," replied my aunt, "and why not a sermon as well as a play, when the preacher has the knack of making it as interesting as a play. Why, this R. H— is a gentleman, a real gentleman as well as a Methodist preacher, and, as I am informed, the delightfulest gossip in England. He tells you all the news of the day in the

pulpit, and if he and his lady have had a dispute in the morning, he is sure to give an account of it in his sermon in the afternoon."

"I have heard his talents and his piety spoken of with great respect," said I; "and even his singularities are said to have been of much service to the kind of congregation to whom he preaches."

"Upon my word," said my aunt, "I do believe that you are a Methodist."

"No," said I; "I am for the established church; but there is something so amiable in true piety that it pleases me in every shape. I hate no sect but the Jews, and I am free to confess that I do hate them."

"I cannot say that I much like them," said my aunt; "but I have known some of them very respectable men, and neither deficient in morals or proper feelings. But

come, the carriage waits, we should be in time for the sermon, and I should be sorry to miss it, for I hear the subject of it will be a recent *faux pas* in the fashionable world. The Newspapers have been hammering on the subject these three months; R. H— keeps better company, and perhaps may give us more direct intelligence."

"And are you not ashamed," said I, "to have no better reason for going to church than to pick up a scandalous addition to a scandalous story?"

"It is not scandalous," said my aunt; "it is all true. Why, I met them myself in Kensington Gardens before the world had any suspicion of the business. I was walking up the wide gravel walk, and saw a nursery-maid with a very pretty child. Whose child is that? said I.—'My Lord —,' replied she. How is Lady —, demanded I. The woman smiled; I repeated my question.—'She is in the Gardens, madam,' answered she.—Where? demanded I. The girl made me no answer but by a wave of her head and a smile. This was enough for me."

"And I am sure it is enough for me, aunt; pray do not go any farther. It really astonishes me that you ladies of fashion, and to do you justice, ladies of character, should think so little of the most free conversation, and more particularly in the presence of young unmarried ladies and girls; surely——."

"Nonsense," said my aunt; "I mean no harm; and any one must very strangely misunderstand me, if they can find any thing indecorous in my words."

"Not in your words, most certainly," said I; "but very free and unlicensed notions may be conveyed in the modestest possible words."

"Well, say no more about it," said my aunt; "only you provoked me to go into particulars by calling a scandal what I know to be true. But come, let us go to the sermon; I long to know whether R. H— knows more of this affair than I do."

After a ride of a few miles we reached the place, where, on a village green, in the centre of an immense crowd, the preacher was already in his pulpit. The coachman seeing such a crowd stopt his horses on the edge of it; upon which my aunt calling to him, desired him to drive forwards. I should mention that we were in a barouche and four. The coachman replied by pointing to the crowd. "Drive through them," said my aunt; "and stop immediately under the preacher." The coachman obeyed, and made his way as if going to a house on the opposite side, and which being in a line with him, furnished some kind of excuse for his insolence.

The sermon commenced, and I must do the preacher the justice to say, that a most eloquent discourse it was. My aunt, however, grew dreadfully impatient when she found that she had been hoaxed, as she called it, into hearing a downright sermon in which there was not a word of gossip. She felt herself more awkward, because she had taken such a situation, in the expectation of a good story, that she had no means whatever of getting away till the end of it. Even the coachman and postilion, whether they were in the plot, or that they were really moved by the eloquence of the preacher, were evidently unwilling to stir; and when my aunt whispered him whether he could not by degrees get away, the fellow answered that the horses would not stir through such a crowd, and that he was fearful the people would overturn him. Thus, therefore, for upwards of two hours was my aunt compelled to listen. Oh the sincerity of the fashionable world!

After this martyrdom, when the preacher had finished, my aunt had the hypocrisy to thank him; to enquire anxiously when he would preach again and where, and to compliment him on his eloquence and the number of his hearers.

(To be continued.)

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

*(Continued from Page 70.)*

"NEVER was I more miserable, and never did I consider my situation as more desperate. Escape was impossible, for I was strictly guarded; a female attendant slept in the same room with me, and two sentinels were planted on the outer side of my door. Never was there a more depraved, a more hideous wretch, than my female guard. Her countenance, like her mind, was scarcely human, and though little above the middle age, her vices had furrowed her forehead. The most bitter part of my present situation was, that I was compelled to listen to the profligate language of this female dæmon. Her instructions were not only to guard, but to endeavour to corrupt me; the folly of the Duke had overlooked that the hideous countenance of the seductress must countervail even the eloquence of a Circe. Barbara, the name of this dæmon, had long been the priestess of the most licentious orgies of the Duke; the agent, the confidant, the instrument of his most atrocious amours.

"The Duke had no sooner left me than she assailed me with her usual language. 'Why,' said she, 'should you resist a prince whose power may either raise or crush you, a prince who may hereafter be your monarch? (Such was the aim of the Orleans faction, to supplant the good Louis by the atrocious Orleans.) How celebrated in the annals of French history is Madame Maintenon, which of our Queens have ever rivalled her in reputation? What is marriage but the craft of priesthood to render themselves necessary? France has become too illuminated to be affected by such a fraud; a mistress is now a name as honourable as a wife. Matrimony is nothing but power. You will be the wife of the Duke of Orleans if you possess the same power as would his wife. Where is the difference? In nothing but in the name. Be not the slave of prejudice.'

"I know not how long she would have continued this conversation had she not been given to a vice as hateful, if not as

flagitious, as any of the others which composed her character. In a word, she became too intoxicated to proceed, and retired to her bed in a state almost of senselessness.

"The moon shone bright into my casement which overlooked a park beautifully interspersed with groves. I was lost in reflection and anxiety when the sound of music suddenly reached my ear. I listened again; it was the soft sound of the clarinet, which, touched by a masterly hand, produced a long and sweet melody. I threw up my window; the clarinet played, and suddenly ceasing, a voice sung the beautiful song, 'Weep not, fair maid, thy knight is near;' I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses; I listened again, and again alternately, the voice and the clarinet filled the woods with their melody. I endeavoured to discover whence the sound proceeded; about two hundred yards from my window was a grove of laurels and other shrubs, it appeared to me to proceed from thence. I looked again, and was confirmed in my conjecture. I continued gazing, when a form habited like a shepherd boy advanced. It approached my window playing on its clarinet; the player dropped his instrument within a few yards of the house, when suddenly gazing at my window, the moon at the same time shining full on his countenance, I discovered the features of my lost, my loved Montmorency! The romance, the singularity of the incident, suddenly infused into my mind the apprehension that he was no longer among the living, and that I beheld his spirit! He called me, however, by my name, and my faculties being in a few moments more collected, I recognized him for my living lover! my passionately-beloved husband!

"He invited me to descend quickly. 'Every moment,' said he, 'in this seat of libertinism but corrupts the purity of your soul. Hasten, fly the hated mansion.'

"Alas! how is it possible, said I, I am a prisoner. There are centinels at my

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door, and a monster of my own sex within."

"Fix this," said he, throwing me up a rope ladder, 'to the posts of your bed, or in any other manner equally strong.'

"I obeyed him; and by this means he ascended into my apartment. There is not a moment to be lost, said I, as he softly stepped into the chamber. 'Let us hasten then,' said he, taking my hand to assist me out of the window. In this moment my female dragon awakened, and happening to turn my eyes I beheld her with a fixed aspect to observe us in silence. We are lost, said I, look there. 'Others then shall perish with us,' said my lover whispering, and then turning suddenly he plunged his sword into the throat of the monster. The aim was so happy as not only to effect its purpose, but even to intercept the dying groan. Should I live to a thousand years, never shall I forget the horrible, the savage air, of this daemon as she breathed her last; her features even lost the least traces of humanity; had we lived in the age of superstition and transformation, we might have believed that we had killed Urganda herself in human form.

"We now began our descent, and by the aid of my lover accomplished it without danger. A coach awaited us at one of the gates of the park. We hastened towards this place; conceive our terror and surprise, when upon reaching it neither carriage nor attendants appeared. We stumbled over something in the road as we advanced a few paces: it was the body of a man; by the beams of the moon Montmorency recognized it for that of his postillion!

"Fixed in terror and confusion we knew not in what manner to proceed. I now recalled to my mind the words of the Duke, that escape was impossible, and should only be fatal to those who should be rash enough to assist me; I doubted not that the carriage of Montmorency had been seen, and that the postillion not being able to give a satisfactory account of himself, had fallen a victim. Two bullets, as if from an *hâquebuis*, or short horse-musket, had entered the poor fellow's head, and shattered it almost in undistinguishable fragments. One hope

alone consoled us, the postillion did not know his employer, and to all appearance had not betrayed that he even had any, he had doubtless been shot upon the spot, probably upon his first equivocation.

"We were disturbed in our reflection by a noise of some one approaching; we looked, and saw no one. Yet the noise appeared near; Montmorency prepared his pistols. Whilst we were in admiration that we could see no one, a man suddenly fell at our feet, as if from the clouds!" 'Daubigny,' exclaimed my husband! 'whence come you?'

"From that tree, my Lord," replied he.

"Daubigny," repeated Agnes to herself in this place, remembering that this was the name of Mirabel's agent.—Rachael thus proceeded:

"I was within a few yards of the carriage when it was attacked by the soldiers of the Duke, but as I had retired behind the ditch, I was happily not seen. They demanded of the postillion what he did there; the fellow answered them in a tone of raillery, which irritated them to abuse. The fellow returned it, ignorant of his situation, amidst a lawless band; the soldiers again demanded for whom he was waiting, and as he sturdily refused to satisfy them, shot him on the spot. The horses were seized and conveyed to the castle. They suspected, indeed, that the release of the lady was meditated, but they know not by whom. I climbed the tree, and thus escaped their observation.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed my husband.

"I know not, Sir," replied Daubigny, 'except that we must continue our journey on foot. I am not unacquainted with the bye-paths, and narrow roads, and we may escape out of the domain of the Duke.'

"We embraced this proposal, as every thing was preferable to returning to the castle. We continued to travel during the night, and on the following day, without interruption, reached Ferte, a beautiful town on the southern coast of France. My husband here explained his views. 'Our former misfortunes,' said he, 'have arisen only from our situation; had we been less conspicuous we should have avoided them. As a Prince of the blood

my conduct is the object of jealousy and observation, and our marriage was no sooner suspected by the court, than the Duke obtained his revenge. Our future security can only consist in our remaining unknown. Under the name of Monsieur Cadoual, a farmer and gardener, I have purchased an estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Ferte; I am only, therefore, known by this name; and we may thus enjoy that peace and happiness under the obscurity of private life which we could not expect in a court. It is necessary, however, that you should exchange your present dress for one less splendid; dearest Rachael, do you sufficiently love your husband to descend apparently into a humbler state of life? Daubigny is provided with the necessary habiliments, you should lose no time.

"When Moutmorency thus addressed me, we had reached a wood about two miles from the town of Ferte. I obeyed him without delay, and retiring aside into the wood threw aside my former habit, and re-appeared in a coarse gipsy hat, and a coarser cotton gown. Montmorency complimented me on my beauty, and from a husband so tenderly loved, I must confess that the flattery did not displease me. But Daubigny and my husband, in the meantime, effected an equal change in their own appearance; the prince of the blood was now lost in the substantial farmer, the velvet coat was replaced by one of coarse grey; a coarse flapped hat, and a knotted stick, completed the metamorphosis. Daubigny having carefully buried the habits of which we had divested ourselves, we continued our journey, our spirits being animated by the novelty of the change.

"In this manner we passed through the town, and about a mile on the other side we met the cart of a peasant going the same road, seeing us wearied he offered us seats in his vehicle; we fortunately accepted them, for we had scarcely seated ourselves, before we were passed by a chariot, in which I beheld with equal terror and surprise, the hated Orleans. We reached our humble habitation without danger or further incident.

"It was a beautiful cottage, but still was nothing but a cottage. Daubigny, who passed as our brother, to whose kindness

we owed our present establishment, had provided us with two girls, and this constituted the whole of our household. On the following day we resumed each of us the exercise of our assumed characters, that nothing might be wanting to our complete disguise. Monsieur Cadoual called on the curate of the village, and after a long declamation on the peculiar hardness of the times, by the low price of corn, solicited an abatement in his tythe from what had been paid by the former tenant. His eloquence was so prevailing that he persuaded the worthy man to relinquish nearly one-third of his right.

"I was equally as prompt in the performance of my own part. I waited upon Madame, the good lady of the curate, and solicited that I might be permitted to supply her with the produce of our farm. She told me that I was a decent looking young woman, and that she had no doubt but that by our industry we should do well. She admonished me to be constant at church, and promised me her patronage.

"Your brother-in-law, Monsieur Daubigny," said she, "has judged well in purchasing your small farm for you. I understand that he is your brother, and has presented your husband with this as your fortune. Upon my word, it is no despicable provision for you. My word, you will prosper. You shall not want any thing where I can assist you. Be but industrious, and constant to your church."

"I cannot recal, without the most lively satisfaction, the short period that I lived in this humble state; a state of security, if not of splendor. Whilst our cottage externally had every appendage which suited our apparent condition, we wanted none of the advantages to which our birth entitled us. The Prince procured me a musical instrument from Paris, it passed as belonging to a lodger whom we expected to take part of our house the following summer. Under this pretext we filled our house with every elegance which we required, and still escaped the suspicion of being any thing but what we seemed. Indeed, Madame, the curate's lady, enquired more than once when our lodger was expected, and whether she was not a woman of high quality, as whatever she had sent seemed suited to no ordinary

person. But the good woman was satisfied with my answers, and gave me but little anxiety.

"That Montmorency might live with me undisturbed, he had procured permission of the king to travel into Germany; a pretext which enabled him to be absent from the court. The events of the now commencing revolution so wholly occupied the time and attention of the court, that the Prince de Montmorency was shortly as wholly forgotten as if he had ceased to exist.

"How happy, how truly happy, was this period of my mind. When the morning sun shone on my casement, embosomed in the vine which clothed the southern wall of our cottage, we arose, and sallied forth on our morning walk; with spirits animated by exercise, and a natural and uncorrupted appetite, we returned to a rural breakfast; the interval till dinner was usually passed in a summer-house at the further extremity of our garden; my husband reading whilst I worked by his side. Our mirth would here occasionally be excited by our honest and well-meaning neighbours, who would send to bespeak my butter and cheese, or to know if I had any eggs or poultry to dispose of. Madame la Curé, who was the chief personage in the village, was as constant in her custom as in her good advice. She occasionally made me small presents, and once in particular presented me with one of her own gowns, nearly as old as herself. I found that I was high in her favour, and she made me the compliment to say that I was a very extraordinary person for my condition.

"I had at length an opportunity to return the kindness of the good curate with interest. The good man, one day, called in at our cottage, and with tears in his eyes bid us farewell. 'I have lived in this village, as curate,' said he, 'nine-and-thirty years, and there is scarcely one in the parish to whom I have not been a spiritual father; I love them and they love me. It is a pity we should be separated. But Heaven's will be done. The rector is dead, and the Bishop of Aix, in whose diocese the living is, is said to intend it for his son, as the rectory is nearly as valuable as the bishopric itself. He has dismissed me this morning, by letter, from all further

care of the village, and has sequestered it, I suppose for the use of his son, into other hands.'

"His son, however, shall not have it," said Montmorency, forgetting himself. 'Not, is a word for a prince, as the proverb goes, Monsieur Cadoual,' replied the good curate; 'the living is in the gift of the Queen, and the Bishop of Aix is all powerful at court.'

"The bishop, however, shall not have it," said Montmorency. 'But do me a favour, my friend; business requires my presence at Paris for three days; remain with my Rachael during that time, as the rectory-house, of course, is occupied by the new curate.' The good curate accepted this proposal with joy; and Madame and himself became my guests till the return of Montmorency.

"Montmorency did not return till the sixth day after his departure; the curate was from home, and I was sitting with Madame when he entered the apartment. After the welcome on both sides, he demanded where the good curate was; 'I am rather uneasy,' replied Madame, 'a servant in livery spoke to him, and he hastened away without saying a word to any one. He has been absent since the morning.' She had scarcely uttered these words when the good man entered the room, and throwing himself abruptly on his knees before Montmorency; 'pardon me, illustrious stranger whoever thou art, for it is to no common hand that I owe what I have received.'

"What does the honest man mean?" exclaimed Madame.

"I mean," replied he, 'that the Queen by some solicitation has presented me with the rectory of this village, a situation as infinitely above my hopes as my merits.'

"My good friend," said Montmorency, 'I rejoice that the rectory is yours, you may perceive that I have kept my word; you doubtless remember that I said, that the Bishop of Aix should not have it. I have assuredly some interest among the great, perhaps more than my humble rank has any claim to. But do me the favour to say no more about it. Enjoy your rectory in peace.'

"To this event, however, I impute the interruption of our state of tranquillity.



From this day the excellent Madame conducted herself towards us in a manner very different to what she had formerly observed. She was now all respect, as she had formally been all kindness, protection, and patronage. She endeavoured, indeed, still to gratify us by endeavouring to appear ignorant of our rank being higher than our disguise. But her involuntary respect sufficiently proved her true sentiments, and should have put us upon our guard. With the best intentions in the world she could not avoid making us the subject of her conversation, and thus rendering us objects of curiosity. I could not but collect this from the general stare which followed us whenever we entered any place of resort. I was alarmed, my husband with more courage and resolution saw nothing to apprehend.

"A short time, however, convinced me that my fears were but too well founded. As I was one day in the dairy, in the occupations of which, perhaps from the novelty, I took much delight, two young women entered habited as dairy maids, and accompanied by a man of about thirty in the habits of the peasantry. Their appearance startled me at the first glance. Their air, their elegance of mien and manner, complicated my terror. I saw that they were in masquerade, and dreaded their secret purpose.

"They demanded of me if I did not want an assistant; 'we shall not quarrel about wages, shall we, Jasper,' said they, addressing themselves to the man. In this moment my husband entered. Never shall I forget the attitude of surprise which at once seized them all. 'My Lord of St. Vienne,' exclaimed my husband, 'what does this mean?'

"Nay, my good Lord de Montmorency,' replied the other with one of those courtly sneers which natural insolence, seconded with the power, knows so well how to assume.

"I know you well my Lord St. Vienne,' replied my husband, 'you are the basest instrument of the basest of mankind, and whom the unhappy state of the country has advanced to power. You are the associate of the wretched Orleans. But whatever may be the pur-

pose of this visit, you shall not at least reap the fruits of your perfidy without a contest. Draw, thou greater coward than villain.'

"No, my lord,' replied St. Vienne, 'I know better how to execute my commission.' With these words he discharged a pistol in the air; the signal was obeyed, four or five soldiers rushed from their place of concealment.

"I arrest you, Prince de Montmorency, as an enemy to liberty and the French revolution; I arrest you prince,' added he, 'in the name of the king, the law, and the nation.'

"In a word, the sword of my husband was forced from his grasp, and in despite of all his efforts he was compelled to surrender himself a prisoner.

"The princess will have the goodness to accompany us,' said one of the females, whom I now learned was the Marchioness de Villars, one of the ladies of the court.

"Resistance was in vain; we were forced into a carriage in waiting, which immediately proceeded to Paris. On my arrival I was conducted to the prison of the Abbaye.

"Behold me thus from happiness cast down into the depths of misery. You can imagine without difficulty what must be the horrors of a prison to one accustomed to all the splendors of life. The gaoler, indeed, was not without humanity, and in answer to my questions concerning the fate of my husband, replied that he was living, and in health, but a prisoner like myself. He refused, however, to be the bearer of any messages, or to permit me the use of pen and paper. I demanded when my trial for my imputed crimes would come on. He told me that, as my crime was but imputed, I should probably never be brought to trial, and that my only hope of release was from some change in the government.

"I now resolved to attempt means which nothing but despair could ever have suggested. By the aid of a fellow prisoner, whose dungeon communicated by grating with mine, and who was less strictly restrained, I obtained pen and paper, and drew up a petition to the king stating the whole of my situation. My fellow prisoner

had sufficient interest and liberty to get the petition presented. The petition was in a short time returned with these words, written with a red pencil beneath it:—‘I see nothing but misery around me, but no longer hold the prerogative to remedy it. King, nobles, we must all fall together; nothing remains but to submit with dignity, and fall with honour.’

“These words were in the hand of the king himself, as I was acquainted with the characters. I now gave up all hopes of liberty. But one night as I was meditating on the horrors of my situation, the gaoler suddenly entered my dungeon, and with a smile of humanity on his features, bid me follow him. I obeyed; he conducted me to the door of the prison, and thence assisted me into a carriage which awaited me. The carriage drove on, but at length stopped before a large house; being assisted from the carriage I entered a long gallery, and was thence conducted into a most magnificent bedchamber. Two females received me at the door, and requested me to repose myself for the night. ‘We are commanded to answer no questions for the present,’ said they, ‘repose yourself for the night, and to-morrow you shall know every thing.’ With these words, after having assisted me to disrobe, they departed, and left me alone.

“I was so wearied that in despite of the novelty of my situation I sunk into sleep, nor awoke till a late hour in the morning. The same females were at my bedside, assisted me to dress, and then conducted me into the adjoining apartment. You may guess my surprize when I saw the Duke of Orleans. He arose to receive me. ‘You see, Madam,’ said he, ‘that I do not easily forget my friends and enemies. I need not repeat that I ardently love you. You are equally well informed that I am at the head of a party in France which acknowledges no controul, and compels the king to submit to its pleasure. There is but one choice remains, either consent to become the adored mistress of Orleans, or as the wife of Montmorency perish in a dungeon.’

“Then my choice is fixed,” said I; “the daughter of La Tremouille, and the wife of Montmorency cannot submit to dishonour. Retire, my lord, reverse your

own rank as mine; I am a princess by the same laws that you are yourself acknowledged as a prince.”

“Then behold,” said he, “what your Prince de Montmorency is when he has called down upon his head the indignation of an Orleans.”

“The conversation was here interrupted by the sound of drums and trumpets. The Duke took my hand and led me to the window of the apartment. My attention was attracted by a long procession by torch light. Guess my horror when by the dreadful apparatus I saw that an execution was about to take place! But, do not endeavour to conceive my emotions, when in the same moment I saw my husband ascend the scaffold, and receive the stroke of the executioner!

“Oh! thou monster! exclaimed I, looking wildly distractedly at Orleans; and in the same moment I sunk senseless to the floor.

“During a whole month I continued so ill, so enfeebled both in body and mind, that I was incapable of seeing or attending to any one. The Duke had given general orders that nothing should be neglected to restore me to health. But the grief of my mind was beyond the reach of medicine. My days were consumed in tears, and my nights in sleepless sorrow. If wearied with the indulgence of my tears my jaded spirits sunk into a moment's sleep, the headless corps of my husband appeared before my fancy, and was the sole object of my dreams. My sorrows preyed upon my form, and whatever I once had of personal beauty vanished.

“The Duke visited me in my apartment upon the intelligence of my recovery, but seeing the change which my illness had produced, he retired in silence, and within a few minutes afterwards I was informed that I was at liberty to depart whither I pleased. I eagerly seized the permission, and left the hated mansion. But whither was I to fly. My husband was murdered, my convent had been sacked and plundered, and the holy sisters turned adrift by the fury of the now triumphant democracy. The king was committed a close prisoner to the temple, the ancient monarchy was overthrown, and the government declared a republic.”

(To be continued.)

## WALTER; A TALE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED AND ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH.

WALTER was a tall and finely-formed youth, the pride of his father's bosom, and the admiration of all who had ever seen or conversed with him. He was the eldest son of the Castellan D'Aupais, and though never taught either the management of a horse, or the use of arms, was sent by his father to a tournament near Beauvais; where, having fearlessly presented himself in the lists, he found himself surrounded by at least a score of combatants, and half-deafened by the noise of clashing spears and swords, received a number of severe blows, and with difficulty disengaged himself from the throng without any material injury to his person, or the animal he rode upon.

It was now late, and he had eaten nothing during the day, and feeling faint with fatigue and hunger, he stopped upon the road at a tavern, where there were several persons drinking, and where, having seen his horse put in the stable, he ordered an excellent supper, which, while eating, he relished exceedingly, but which he had entirely forgotten it was out of his power to pay for. In such a dilemma, what was he to do?—To steal away like a thief, without paying for his entertainment and accommodation, was inconsistent with the spirit of our hero.—To weep or grieve for what could not be remedied, was childish and useless.—To pawn his horse or his accoutrements, pride forbade; and after a considerable time given to reflection, he determined on trying his fortune at the gaming-table, round which he had observed a number of persons busily employed, and where he resolved likewise to make trial of his luck, in the hope of being able to gain a sufficient sum to pay the landlord, and extricate him from a scrape such as he trusted never again to fall into. But of all the uncertainties which baffle the hopes of mortals, there is none more likely to disappoint them than the chances of the gaming-table; and poor Walter shortly found he had committed the greatest possible imprudence, in placing his dependence on the hope of acquiring a sum to defray his expenses by gambling. On the contrary, he was soon deprived of the only resources that had been in his power for discharging his debt; and the whole of what he possessed, his horse, his armour, even his garments were staked and lost; and the first recollection he had of his misconduct and misfortunes, was finding himself alone, naked,

and beaten by the inhuman landlord on the road to Aupais. Miserable were Walter's reflections; but the reflections of an unsuccessful gamester must ever be intolerable; and, when added to all, he thought of his humiliation in being stripped and beaten by the landlord of a tavern, he was indescribably wretched. To be seen in such a plight by the inhabitants of the town was a circumstance of the most vexatious nature; and to avoid observation, he made a wide circuit round the suburbs, and at dusk reached the castle through the meadows. But here he was destined to meet a yet greater mortification and punishment for his folly. His father, disappointed in the high-raised hope he had cherished of his son's return in triumph, no sooner saw him and became acquainted with the cause of his son's disgraceful appearance, than he flew into a violent rage, and beat him most unmercifully. Walter, though of a mild demeanour, possessed a proud soul, and this addition to his indignities wounded him severely. In sullen indignation he quitted the scene of his disgrace and the presence of his enraged parent, determined it should be long ere he made his appearance again before a person who had treated him so unkindly. So proud and indignant was the youth, that he disdained even to accept from his brothers and sisters a portion of his own cloaths; he embraced and wept over these dear relations, but he was inflexible in his resolution to depart in the state in which he had arrived at home.

Without cloaths, without money or friends, behold then Walter, exposed to all the rigours of a severe season, enduring every thing with a stern indifference; running from place to place; eating what chance afforded, and sleeping where he could find a shelter. During four years, passed in the midst of hardships, miseries, and evils of various kinds, the wanderer at length arrived at a city where there resided a man of immense fortune and high birth, whose only child, Ogina, was accounted a prodigy for beauty, wit, and those accomplishments which were then accounted graceful, and befitting the dignity of a female to practice. Chance, which favours even the most unfortunate upon some occasions, led the beautiful Ogina to behold Walter, and he to see, and lose his heart to her for ever. Having no longer a wish to pursue his rambles further, he passed three tedious months in

vain endeavours to gain another look of his enchantress. Baffled, however, in every attempt he made to that effect, he determined to get introduced into the mansion of her father; and as no situation under the roof with his fair enslaver was deemed too humiliating, he made offer of his services in any capacity in which he might gain employment.

It is necessary, however, to observe, ere we proceed in our story, that some humane persons had long ere then accommodated Walter with a covering to his nakedness, and his dress, though of the homeliest kind, was tolerably decent for the rank in which he appeared. No opening, however, seemed at that time likely for the accomplishment of his wishes. Every place in the household was filled up, and none remained for Walter, in the rich man's service, but that of plough-boy, which, when offered for his acceptance, so overcame his feelings, and wounded his pride, that, bursting into tears, and looking on his cloaths, he exclaimed, "Oh! cursed poverty, how thou makest us to be despised, how much respected soever we might be in a different situation!" The servant who had made him the offer was surprized, and touched with his grief; but recollecting that his master wanted a centinel for the castle, he inquired if Walter would undertake that situation, provided his master agreed to the proposal, and promising to bring an answer on the following day departed.

Desirous only of being near Ogina, Walter received the proposal with thankfulness. The application was successful. A horn and brass trumpet were delivered to him, to discharge the duties of his office; but his appearance pleasing the master very highly, he was shortly promoted to the office of one of the waiting-men at table, a place exactly according to his wishes, and where he could daily have an opportunity of beholding the charmer of his soul.

The gratification which thus attended the passion of Walter, was, however, of evil consequences to his peace of mind, and naturally following the same course, insensibly injured his health also. He grew thin and pale; his spirits sunk, his rest forsook him, and Walter was really greatly indisposed; but he was afraid to say he was unwell, lest he should lose his place, and be deprived for ever of the pleasure of beholding the captivating Ogina.

To relieve the breast when full, is, however, too great to be always resisted; and from which not even the dictates of prudence can on every occasion restrain us. Walter had

contracted an intimacy with a young musician in the castle, and after many questions from his friend upon the subject of his apparent ill health, he one day acknowledged to him his unconquerable attachment to the beautiful Ogina; entreating him to grant in return his advice how to act, or how to conquer a folly of which he was almost ashamed. At first his friend attempted to rally him out of his predilection, and offered to introduce him to other fair ones, who, he averred, would shortly make him forget his fruitless passion for Ogina. But neither ridicule nor remonstrances were of any avail, and the musician at length proposed to teach him, as he had a powerful and a pleasing voice, some amorous airs, which he might take an opportunity of singing in the hearing of Ogina; which, if they failed in touching her heart, could not at all events prove of evil consequence to himself, and would at least shew whether she was likely to become inclined to listen to his suit or not. To this proposal Walter made no objections. The songs were speedily learned, and Walter sung them in the most affecting manner imaginable. An opportunity of trying their effect upon Ogina soon occurred. She was alone in her apartment, and Walter, emboldened by the looks she had occasionally cast on him, entered where she was, under the pretence of inquiring about her health, as she had recently been indisposed. But scarcely had he begun to speak ere a trembling seized his frame; his countenance was overspread by paleness, and he seemed nearly fainting at her feet. Ogina was alarmed, and desired him to be seated; he obeyed, and after some hesitation and embarrassment, avowed his passion, and besought her pity for his love. But no sooner had he uttered these words, than, struck with the force of his temerity, confused, abashed, fearful of having offended, and dreading the vengeance of her parents, if she disclosed to them his rashness, he hurried from the apartment, and escaping, as if he had committed a crime of the deepest dye, he retired to his chamber, and shunned the sight of every person; at one moment imagining he heard the voices of persons coming in pursuit of him, in order to inflict the punishment due to his boldness; at the next, recalling to mind the charming features of Ogina, and the mildness of her looks as she listened to his tale. In a word, he was in a state of mind the most painful that can be imagined; but a second interview with his mistress convinced him he had nought to apprehend from her discovering of his passion. Far from intending to afflict

him, she listened with the deepest attention to the history of his adventures from the moment of his attending the tournament to that of his entering the castle. The impression which his discourse made on the susceptible heart of Ogina discomposed her so much that she requested Walter to retire. He obeyed, sorrowfully fearing he had yet offended past forgiveness. Nor was Ogina in a state of mind more enviable, or at ease. The idea of encouraging a passion for one who had appeared as a menial in the service of her father, was mortifying to her pride, and revolting to her delicacy. She dreaded the voice of slander, but she dreaded yet more the loss of Walter. Agitated, restless, and unhappy, she passed the night, and rising at an early hour, dispatched a confidential servant to Aupais's to discover if her lover's account of himself was really correct. The messenger returned, and Ogina's bosom was relieved from a heavy load of care, by learning that all which Walter had asserted was in strict conformity with truth; that the Castellan mourned incessantly for the loss of his favourite son, blaming his own severity as the cause of his absence, or in all likelihood of his death; that his fond mother had actually died of grief on his account; and that his brothers and sisters had used every means they could devise to gain information of his fate. Rejoiced beyond measure at this information of her lover's integrity, Ogina desired to speak with her parents, and after acquainting them with the whole of Walter's history, the precaution she had used to discover its truth, and the circumstance of his being then in the service of her father, she declared her attach-

ment for the youth, and affirmed that he alone should ever be the husband of her choice.

It would be useless to attempt describing the astonishment of Ogina's parents. They knew the Castellan D'Aupais, and considered his son a respectable match for their daughter, though greatly her inferior in fortune. The affair, therefore, being speedily arranged, Walter was betrothed, according to the usage of the times, to his beauteous bride, and an express was sent to his father, acquainting him with the intelligence, and inviting him to the ceremony.

The Castellan was enchanted with this unexpected turn of good fortune; and, attended by his other children, and a train of kinsfolks and domestics, arrived at the castle of Ogina's father. The meeting with Walter was, as may readily be imagined, affecting and tender. The old man embraced, and wept over his son. The ceremony was performed on the ensuing day with astonishing splendour and magnificence. Festivals, tournaments, and entertainments of various kinds, filled up the time for several weeks after the celebration of the wedding. Joy and pleasure beamed on every countenance. The old Castellan returned to his home elated with rapture. The parents of Ogina witnessed with the fullest satisfaction the felicity of their beloved daughter, who, with her amiable and affectionate Walter, lived many years in the endearments of connubial love, blessed with a numerous and thriving offspring, and the respect, esteem, and good-will of numerous relations and dependants.

#### ADVANTAGES OF CARD-PLAYING.

*Tunc sumus incauti, studioque aperimur ab ipso,  
Nudaque per lusus pectora nostra patent.  
Ira subit, deforme malum, luerique cupido,  
Jurgique, et vixæ, sollicitusque dolor.—OVID.*

"Unguarded then each breast is open laid,  
"And, while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd,  
"Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,  
"Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears."—CONGREVE.

It has been the fate of the most useful inventions to have been decried by interested persons, and the most important discoveries to mankind have been suppressed, or their progress retarded by the united efforts of malevolence and prejudice. That this has been the case of card-playing may be safely affirmed, and although it may seem to many persons paradoxical, it still may be proved to

demonstration, that nothing has contributed so much to the great reformation of the morals of mankind, for which the last century is remarkable, and that society has been exceedingly benefited by this truly rational amusement.

All writers on morality have agreed that the vices of human nature have sprung from the violence of the passions; they strongly

recommend that all the efforts of reason should be employed to bridle those unruly desires; but at the same time lament that all resistance is vain. Experience has proved, that card-playing extinguishes most of the passions, or at least concentrates and contracts them to a very small sphere, the card-table and the persons who sit round it; and thereby produces, if not virtues, a freedom from vices at least.

Love, or the mutual desire of the sexes, which is the most violent and irresistible of our passions in unmarried persons, and has produced the most fatal consequences both in private and in public life, is totally suppressed by this wonderful antidote. Intrigues are never carried on, nor are assignations made at the card-table. On the contrary, we may frequently observe, that a young man, with all the circumstances about him which could make him feel and inspire the passion of love, when seated at a card-table, with a blooming beauty on each side of him, and another leaning on the back of his chair, has been utterly insensible to their charms, attentive only to his game, and amidst a display of killing attractions, has paid his devotions only to the goddess of his wishes, the Queen of Trumps. The ladies too, whose charms have always been fatal to the peace and tranquillity of mankind, upon indulging in this amusement, lose that glow of health so dangerous to our hearts, and from a repetition of the nocturnal vigils, the pallid hue of disease overspreads the countenance, and the little loves that inspired every feature, take their flight, and leave our hearts as free as air: which tends towards the total subversion of all female empire.

Together with the natural feelings of the fair sex, it annihilates many other little passions, with which, it is presumed, none but vulgar women are actuated; such as those antiquated whims of affection for their husbands, or care for their children. A true card-player is supposed to be in genteel life, therefore always appears divested of those foibles, as she knows that maternal fondness and domestic accomplishments would make her appear ridiculous in fashionable company.

Some have erroneously supposed that avarice is at the bottom of this favourite amusement, and that persons who meet at the card-table have a design upon each other's purses. We are persuaded that those persons cannot be influenced by that basest of passions, but that the sole end of their meeting is a public-spirited one, to promote a circulation of cash,

which all writers agree is very useful in every community.

It encourages economy, as the card-money goes towards paying the servants' wages. It also occasions great savings in other articles. Ladies sometimes win as much from their company as defrays the whole expence of the supper. It likewise affords an opportunity for exercising acts of charity; as it is to be supposed that, at the end of the year, the winnings in the card-potree are given to the poor.

It totally destroys that passion so destructive to society, called pride, which is the imagining one's self of higher rank in point of family, fortune, or accomplishments, than those who are our equals, perhaps our superiors in those particulars. This it effects (for passions as well as diseases are cured by their contraries) by introducing an exact equality between those who are assembled for the purpose of card-playing. For let a man be ever so base-born, disagreeable, illiterate; in short, any thing but a beggar (for money he must have) if he be only possessed of the useful talent of making one at a party, he is upon an equal footing with every person in company, however his superior in rank and fortune. It is also exceedingly productive of benevolence and brotherly-love, as it assembles together the most discordant and incongruous individuals, and unites, for a time at least, those who detest each other with the most cordial hatred.

The card-table is a school of virtue to the younger part of the female sex; for though they should not partake of this most edifying of all amusements, they have constantly before their eyes the greatest examples of moderation, good temper, and forbearance, in the matronly ladies and elderly gentlemen who surround it. There they learn never to repine at the inevitable disappointments in human life, never to lose their good humour at the misconduct of their partner, but always to preserve that everlasting sweetness of temper, so remarkable in those persons who are said to live only when in the act of shuffling, cutting, and dealing.

Upon the whole, it may be stated, that the invention of those painted papers, trifling as they may seem to men of science, are of continual use to mankind, particularly as they give a constant employment to many persons, who, for want of education, or perhaps of genius, are incapable of making a figure in the world; who have not a single idea to call up upon any occasion; to all who are useless

in society, to sharpeners, old women, and old men resembling old women; in short, to all those whom nature intended for this purpose only, that their whole life should be a *game of cards*.

## ON CARDS.

BY M. DE FLORIAN.

THE invention of cards, without that of printing, would have rendered all Europe stupid. The influence of those coloured pasteboards is such, that all reasoning, all

mind disappears as soon as the cards are in hand. It is then a total eclipse of human intellect. It is the women, who, knowing only one pleasure which perfectly diverts them, thus kill all their leisure hours, subjecting to a green cloth all the men they can lay hold on; and corrupting them by making them sedentary, frivolous, and idle like themselves. To kill time is a great crime; what have they not to answer for who thus employ their intellectual faculties on the Knave of Spades and Queen of Clubs!

## ON VANITY.

"In all the pride of youth she stands display'd,  
 "Nor dreams that beauty blossoms but to fade.]  
 "Best season! brightest in life's varied year,  
 "Too soon, alas! thy verdurs disappear!  
 "Best season! never to be twice enjoy'd,  
 "When all is novel and the sense uncloy'd,  
 "E'er blooming youth, unconscious of alloy,  
 "Has prov'd the fancy of human joy!  
 "Too soon thy roses wither in the wind,  
 "And leave the sharp unsightly thorn behind!"

THERE is not a more predominant quality in the human breast than vanity; it pervades, either in a greater or a lesser degree, every circumstance and every situation of life, clinging to adversity even in the hour of its greatest depression, and mounting, like the gossamer, on every favourable gale or venal breath, that can give appulses to its adulatory motion.

"The wind bloweth almost where it listeth, although we know not from whence the sound cometh, nor whither it goeth;" even so it is with vanity. There is no heart but what has some pore pervious to it; and no crevice in the mind is so hermetically sealed, as to exclude the admission of the penetrative and soul-subduing power.

Buoyed up by the fancied consequence of our every action, and exalted into pride by the possession of any particular advantage of mind or body, man is too apt to sacrifice every consideration of the source from whence it is derived, to self-importance, to present gratification, or a temporary triumph; and to approximate to eternity, without once meditating on the purpose, for which he is so bountifully endowed, or turning a thought to what must be the extreme limit of his earthly progress. The pen of the moralist has, in instances beyond enumeration, expatiated on the frailty of human nature, the inconsistency

of finite wishes, and the folly of mortal vagaries, until the subject has become exhausted; it is therefore impossible to do more than diversify the surface of moral sentiment: but, although man be neither better nor worse than he was since the revolution of a century, yet, as the vices of life are almost perpetual, so the dictates of prudence should be perpetually inculcated, were it only for the possibility, that, in some fortunate moment, the virtuous inspiration may penetrate to the heart, and for ever banish the failing, which had usurped its place.

That the pretty play-thing of vanity should be entirely abandoned, is to demand an impossibility from imperfect beings. Vanity and man are identified together; it accompanied him into the world, and will travel with him to the tomb: nay, it frequently even survives the existence of its slave, and infects the dull cold atmosphere of death, with unmerited eulogiums and bespoken praise of him, who is alike beyond the reach of his parasites, as he is happily insensible to the malice of his enemies.

Vanity, however, may be repressed, and the links, which form the long chain of its seductive and flattering anticipations, may be reduced, so as to render it a noble rather than an ignoble quality, and to excite a self-approbation, arising from virtue alone, and a

dignified emulation, proud only of advancing by continual progression to human perfection.

There is a peculiar vanity however, female vanity, which too frequently banishes decency for the display of a charm, and risks the health for the exposure of a symmetrical form; which smiles with inanity to shew a dimple, and affects weakness to exhibit the graces of a languishing attitude: a vanity which is ever busy and ever restless in the display and decoration of the exterior, while it totally neglects every internal attainment, every real beauty and solid grace, which may adorn, cultivate, and benefit the mind. When every source of life is fraught with health and vigour; when the damask bloom of the cheek, the lustre of the eye, and the elasticity of the sylphic shape court the gaze of every enraptured spectator, it may, by some, be considered a venial error for female beauty to derive delight from the incense of adoration, and to inhale with eagerness the breeze of surrounding homage; to temporarily yield the palm of reason to the glow of self-idolatry, and, like the butterfly, to display its fascinating charms while it has the power, in the animating brightness of the garish sunbeam. But (let it never be forgotten) the colours of the butterfly must speedily fade; the worm must one day riot on the blooming cheek; and of the piercing or voluptuous eye, nothing will remain but the empty socket: even long previous to this sad change, wrinkles will invade the dominion of beauty, and age will overpower all the artifices even of Circassian art; debility will succeed to the sprightliness of health; and ennui will subdue every gaiety of former spirit.

In such moments as these, what shall compensate, to the mere beauty, for the loss of her first florescence? Can the memory of her coquetries, the recollection of her triumphs, or the disgustful dregs of exhausted vanity, then, impart any medicine that can cure what thoughtless folly had never anticipated, what distracted sense too late discovers to be the inevitable portion of frail mortality? If beauty has deceived itself by vain imaginations, and fed only on the luxuriousness of vanity, without valuing or regarding the cultivation of an immortal soul, without preparing itself for a future prize, in such moments as these, the faded flower can derive but little stability to prop its withered stalk from religion or virtue, for both perhaps have been totally neglected: in such moments as these, the wretched being must, shuddering, sink to her final home, borne down by remorse and useless

regret at the guilty foolery of her murdered hours.

Far be it from our intention to act the cynic, to shed a depressive gloom over that portion of our existence, which is beset by a thousand cares with only one outlet to real pleasure, and that is virtue, and is environed by solitudes from within and without, amid which it is scarcely possible to gather a rose, without feeling the pungency of its thorn: on the contrary, we would afford to life every rational gratification, every self-approving hope, every possible pleasure that man, whether naturally or artificially gifted, may justifiably, innocently, and virtuously partake of; but no farther, for there are limits in the moral as well as in the natural world, beyond which nothing but insanity would dare to roam.

The dazzling conqueror, proud in his victories, and elevated almost beyond mortal ken, may flatter himself that he is a demi-god, whom nothing either divine or earthly can repress or touch; the female beauty, triumphant in youth, and all powerful in a blaze of charms, may look down on her bowing crowd of adorers, and conceive that the verdure of bodily perfections will be perennial: but, look at these inflated and deceived ones in the hour of downfall! how mortifying is the spectacle!

Youth and age, ugliness and beauty, power and inferiority, strength and weakness, wit and idiotism, and judgment and folly, must equally bow to a stern decree, which admits of no mitigation, on account of rank or talent, splendour or attainment, but, by all, must be, sooner or later, either reluctantly or readily obeyed.

Shall vanity then be the predominant quality of the human heart, which, after the lapse of a few rapid years, no longer vibrates with sense or pulsation? shall coquetry and self adulation be the sole inspirers of that beauty, which, like the rose, blooms only to feel the mortification of decay? What should be the pride of youth? a steady devotion to religious and virtuous principles; what the favourite of maturity? imbibed good principles carried into practice; what the companion of age? the power of looking back at each incident of life without dismay, and surveying the mental landscape with self-veneration. The pleasures of youth should be so managed as to bear the reflections of age; the pleasures of age should prove an unerring lesson to versatile youth. The enjoyment of life does not consist in present gratifications, which vanish with the cause that gave them birth, but in those more lasting and intellectual pleasures, which can administer consolation at all times, and in the



worst of times, even in the hours of our greatest trial.

Vanity then, intimately bleuded as it is with the composition of man, should rank itself on the side of virtue; beauty should view corporeal charms as an adventitious gift, which can neither add to intrinsic worth, nor smooth the progress to heaven; and youth should devote its health and vigour to the accumulation of a fund of good actions and well founded hopes for the winter of its days, when nothing but a pure heart can enable it to encounter an hereafter with pious resignation.

By this mode a bad quality would be converted to a most excellent purpose, and every other degree of it but the least culpable one, (which perhaps in virtue might be highly laudable), would vanish with their original nothingness, leaving a vanity only which would delight in good works, and in a perpetual aspiring after religion and morality.

Such a vanity as this would not elevate itself on corporeal qualities; nor would it gain sustenance from empty admiration; nor would it look to worldly applause; nor could it rest satisfied with sophistical delusions as a substitute for virtue. No; with an eye constantly

fixed on the pages of eternity, it would not only read its duties, but learn and practice them; and guided by reason, it would render virtue the sole proof of a past existence.

Such a vanity as this would awaken in man every possible perfection, and give him strength to resist all worldly seductions; it would waft him on the wings of hope to the bosom of his Maker, and would embalm his memory in the bosoms of the virtuous: it would also sustain his passage through the vale of tears, by pointing to that superior region where sighs and tears are neither permitted, nor have cause, to exist; where virtue is its own reward, and a crown of unfading glory awaits him who may deserve it.

Happy, assuredly most happy, will be those who mark the fleeting moments of their lives with deeds that may bear record when time itself shall be no more: such will require no inscription, that vanity could pen, to be engraven on their tombs, for of them it may be said, that they have really lived, and, although their survivors may forget the virtuous tenor of their bright example, yet God will not cherish them the less for that forgetfulness.

## FOOTWAYS IN THE VICINITY OF THE METROPOLIS.

MR. EDITOR,

*Perceiving that your valuable miscellany is equally open for the purpose of elegant amusement or public utility, you will much oblige your constant reader by the insertion of the following remarks respecting the footways in the vicinity of the metropolis.*

It has often been remarked, and as justly lamented, that the laws of Great Britain are not only excellent, and every way sufficient, but even superfluous in their various and salutary provisions for the general benefit of the commonwealth, if they were properly enforced and carried into effect. But the misfortune, and a great one it is, which strikes every observer is, that in too many cases they are suffered to remain dormant, and to be totally useless, by the negligence of those whose immediate business it is to administer them duly, with spirit and effect, when called for by proper occasions, agreeable to the wise and upright intention of the legislature. It is in consequence of this guilty and unpardonable apininess, that many excellent and wholesome statutes fall into neglect and contempt, are entirely useless, and take their silent places in dust and cobwebs, like sleeping partners in our legal repositories of legislative wisdom.

I must confess that it may appear somewhat selfish in me to enter into the following detail, but at the same time it will be universally allowed that the grievance which I mean to complain of, being of a public nature, and one which tends, individually and collectively, to threaten our "lives and safeties all," as the good old Chevy Chase ballad has it, I trust that your candour and good sense will require no apology for my sending you my thoughts on the subject, but rather attend with patience to the statement which I hasten to lay before you.

Usage and custom, as well as law and reason, have determined from time immemorial, that for the convenience of travellers of all descriptions, our public roads should be divided into footways and highways; the first for the accommodation of those who like, or find it convenient to walk, the last for the use of such as ride on horseback or in carriages. But alas,

Sir, this wholesome and wise provision seems in great danger of inevitable destruction, for it has been the practice, some years past, for those that ride on horseback to mistake their way, and, disdaining to keep within proper bounds, to forsake the highway, and ride on the footway, to the great annoyance and danger of every unfortunate pedestrian that they may happen to encounter.

Now, Sir, this unlawful custom, for unlawful it is, is peculiarly injurious to such a man as myself, one extremely fond of the ancient habit of walking, and of reflecting and making observations on every casual occurrence that may arise; for it often happens that in the midst of some important cogitation I am unexpectedly stopped short in my thoughts, and in my footway, by a horse or an ass, and in a moment compelled to relinquish my mental improvement for personal safety. In this instance, Sir, the violation which I complain of is, I confess, somewhat from motives of a personal nature, but when we consider that other people are equally liable with myself to meet horses and asses on our public footways, it will be allowed to be a grievance in which the public at large are deeply interested, not only on account of its inconvenience, but the great danger to which the lives of his Majesty's subjects are exposed by so unlawful and so unnecessary a practice.

I cannot refrain here from expressing my utter astonishment that this abuse has not, as it seems, been yet noticed by the inspectors and surveyors of the roads in the vicinity of the metropolis! it has stared me and others in the face for years; is a growing evil, and tends materially to confound the different orders of society in anarchy and confusion, by mixing the equestrians and pedestrians in one vulgar mass. Surely those gentlemen whose duty is to inspect the condition of our roads cannot be very active in the honest discharge of their duty in this particular; to be sure the remuneration is infinitely more valuable to a man than the performance of the duty for which he receives it, and it is only on this principle that I can account for the indecent and dangerous trampling of horses, asses, and mules, on the footways with impunity, to the great hazard of every foot passenger, and the vulgar and brutish delight of their riders.

If I am walking towards the metropolis from Greenwich, as I often do at six or seven o'clock in the morning, I am sure to see a city buck, just spruced out for the day, or a couple of lawyer's clerks, pacing it along the footway in the imitative state of gentility, merely, perhaps, because a few seasonable

showers have made the highway dirty, and the pitiful apprehension of daubing a cast off rusty second-hand sable. I would recommend to the consideration of these puppies, that they will do well to remember that the levying of the penalty of ten shillings on them for riding on the footways might probably be their utter ruin, or at least consign their fragrant persons to durance vile "until the same be paid;" and also to consult the venerable statute to which I allude, in time, to avoid the united horrors which I have mentioned.

A few weeks since, in my way to town, it was my good fortune to meet the wife of an eminent green-grocer, tricked out like the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, not on her palfrey but on her ass, and to be sure madam could not think of riding on the vulgar road, no; she must ride on the footway, even if she tramples some of her customers under foot. I felt my indignation rise to see this ostentatious costermonger, this retailer of pulse, this purveyor of apples and oysters, trotting along the footway in this manner, and informed her, with some pettishness, that I believed she had mistaken the road.—"What!" exclaimed she triumphantly, "d'e think I don't know the way to Greenwich? ha, ha, ha! that's a good one, Sir, I owe you one." Then turning to some fellows who attended her, she bawled out:—"I say, what a quiz?" On which one of them demanded to know who I was? another, nodding his head, said, "Good night;" and then the wretched animal on which this Amazon rode happening to bray, the whole troop set off in a peal of laughter.

I thought it unnecessary to provoke a second explosion of abuse and laughter, so continued my journey as well as I could, sometimes on the footway, sometimes on the roadway, and giving way to the majesty of the people, whether exalted on horses or asses, supposing that if any good could be done it must be done by a different mode than by expostulating with the retailers of vegetables.

Sometimes I met a sable troop of the Knights of the Shovel, trotting on their donkeys as stately as aldermen, and you may be certain on the footway. As mankind are all, in different degrees, ambitious, we may easily suppose that the sooty fraternity are actuated by this principle merely, for it can make no difference to these little ministers of the chimney where he rides, whether dirty or clean, but must be placed entirely to the account of man's natural desire for exaltation. When I met any of the members of this order, you may be certain that I never venture at admonition, for the danger is as apparent as the

marks of their resentment would be visible; consequently when we encounter I avoid them most sedulously.

But I am more indignant when I meet sometimes, individually or collectively, some of that eminent and venerable corps, well known all over Kent by the appellation of the *Kent-street Light-Horse*; these miscreants carry things with a high hand, dash along like a tribe of savages, as cruel and unrelenting as the Caffres and Boshmen in the land of the Hottentots; I have no alternative when I meet these but to take to the ditch or the miry road at once, no time must be lost, the uplifted bludgeon is ready to fall on all opposition, whether on the devoted head of calm remonstrance, or on the lank starved suffering sides of the miserable animal on which the barbarian rides.

But, Sir, as it is probable that the guardians of the roads may suppose, by the jocularity of my style, that I am merely writing for the diversion of the reader, I request as honestly as earnestly, that they will condescend to examine a little into the reality of what I complain of; and that they may know at once that I am above making a *Canterbury tale* of a real grievance, they need only inspect the roads in the vicinity of Greenwich and Woolwich; and, indeed, it is to the gentlemen who have the charge of this division that I more particularly address myself, and they will see in a moment that unless some proper measures are speedily adopted, the distinction between footway and highway will be totally lost, and men and women, ladies and gentlemen, children, the halt, the maimed, and the blind, will be bleeded indiscriminately with mules, horses

and asses, cows and calves, in utter confusion, and to the manifest danger of the lives and limbs of all the king's loyal subjects.

I trust that the candour and good sense of the inspectors of the roads cannot be offended at the hints which I have thus, in a humorous manner, offered to their consideration; for the single instance of the wretched state of the footway between Greenwich and Woolwich, for want of proper attention, will convince them in a moment that my complaint is founded in truth; and that some mode on their part should be immediately adopted to put a stop in time to so alarming an evil; and particularly, by proper public notice, to inform all holiday idlers, Sunday gentlemen, donkey sportsmen, costermongers, the sooty tribe, and that outrageous corps, the *Kent-street light horse*, that heavy pains and penalties hang over the heads of all those guilty persons who dare to violate the laws by riding on our public footways; and that,—

“We have strict statutes and most biting laws (the needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds), which for these nineteen years we have let sleep, e'en like an o'ergrown lion in a cave that goes not out to prey; now, as fond fathers, having bound up the threatening twigs of birch only to stick it in their children's sight for terror, not for use; in time the rod becomes more mocked than feared; so our decrees, dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,—and liberty plucks justice by the nose; the baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart goes all decorum.”—SHAKESPEARE'S *Measure for Measure*.

A PEDESTRIAN.

## HISTORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS SOCIETY CALLED THE ILLUMINATI, IN GERMANY.

(Continued from Page 74.)

NOW is presented to the candidate the code of the brother scrutator, called by the order the *nosce te ipsum* (know thyself). This is a catechism, containing from a thousand to fifteen hundred questions, concerning his person, his health, his education, his opinions, his inclinations, his habits, his prejudices, and even his weaknesses. Questions are also proposed respecting his acquaintances, his relations, friends, and enemies. The candidate is requested to enumerate his favourite

colours, to describe his language, the nature of his conversation, his gait, and gestures. Nothing, in short, is omitted, that can tend to distinguish his character as an individual, or as a member of society. Upon many qualities in his character, thirty, forty, or sometimes near a hundred questions are proposed. The following specimen will enable the reader to judge what astonishing care Weishaupt employed to discriminate characters.

Is his gait slow, quick, or firm? Are his

steps long, short, dragging, lazy, or skipping? Is his language regular, disorderly, or interrupted? In speaking, does he agitate his hands, his head, or his body with vivacity? Does he close upon the person he is speaking to? Does he hold him by the arm, clothes, or button-hole? Is he a great talker, or is he taciturn? If so, why? Is it through prudence, ignorance, respect, or sloth? &c. Concerning his education, he is questioned to whom does he owe it? Has he always been under the eyes of his parents? How has he been brought up? Has he any esteem for his masters? Has he travelled, and in what countries?

By these questions his temper and dispositions might be accurately known. His leading passions would be discovered by the following queries: "When he finds himself with different parties, which does he adopt; the strongest or the weakest; the wittiest, or the most stupid? Or does he form a third? Is he constant and firm in spite of all obstacles? How is he to be gained? by praise, by flattery, or low courtship; by women, money, or the entreaties of his friends? Does he love satire; and on what does he exercise that talent; on religion, hypocrisy, intolerance, government, ministers, monks?" &c.

All these questions are to be answered and illustrated by facts. It is necessary to observe that the scrutators also give in written answers to all these questions. When the candidate has thus given a minute history of his life, and revealed all his secrets, his foibles, his errors, his vices, and his crimes, Weishaupt triumphantly exclaims, "Now I hold him; I defy him to hurt us; if he should wish to betray us, we have also his secrets."

The adept is next introduced into a dark apartment, where he solemnly swears to keep secret whatever he may learn of the order. He then delivers up the history of his life, sealed, when it is read to the lodge, and compared with the character drawn of him by the brother scrutators. A corner of the veil is now lifted up, still, however, with extreme caution. Nothing appears palpable but the purest principles and most generous designs. At the same time many things are darkly suggested, which are incompatible with purity and generosity; for while the utmost care is employed to deceive the understanding, nothing is neglected that can tend secretly to corrupt the heart. A number of questions are asked; the evident intention of which is to make the adept discontented with the present moral government of the world, and to excite the desire of attempting a great revolution. After answering these questions, the secretary opens

the code of the lodge; and having informed the young illuminee that the object of the order is to diffuse pure truth, and to make virtue triumph, he proceeds to shew that this is to be accomplished by freeing men from their prejudices, and enlightening their understandings. "To attain this (continues the secretary), we must trace the origin of all sciences, we must reward oppressed talents, we must undertake the education of youth; and, forming an indissoluble league among the most powerful geniuses, we must boldly, though with prudence, combat superstition, incredulity, and folly; and at length form our people to true, just, and uniform principles on all subjects." The secretary adds, that in attempting to divest vice of its power, that the virtuous may be rewarded even in this world, the order is counteracted by *princes and priests, and the political constitutions of nations*; that, however, it was not intended to excite revolutions, and oppose force by force, but merely to bind the hands of the protectors of disorder, and to govern without appearing to command; that the powers of the earth must be encompassed with a legion of indefatigable men, all directing their labours towards the improvement of human nature. Were there but a certain number of such men in every country, each might form two others. "Let these (says he) only be united, and nothing will be impossible to our order." All this is very specious: it is well contrived to fascinate the imagination of the young, and the heart of the generous and benevolent, while, under all this pretended regard to virtue and to the happiness of mankind, is concealed a most formidable conspiracy against the peace of the world.

After this address is delivered, the *majr.* illuminee is presented with the codes of the insinuator and scrutator; for he must now inspect the pupils of the insinulators, and must exercise the office of scrutator while presiding over the Minerval academies.

The next degree, which is that of Scotch knight, is both intermediate and stationary. It is stationary for those who are not sufficiently imbued with the principles of the order, and intermediate for those who have imbibed the true spirit of illuminism. The Scotch knights were appointed the directors of all the preparatory degrees, and to watch over the interests of the order within their district. They were to study plans for increasing the revenues of the order, and to endeavour to promote to public offices of confidence, of power and wealth, as many of the adepts as possible; and to strive to acquire an absolute sway in

the masonic lodges. They were to procure the management of the masonic funds; and while they were to persuade the brethren that these were expended according to their own orders, they were to employ them for promoting the views of the order. Thus one office of the Scotch knights was to embezzle the money that was entrusted to them, in order to diffuse truth, and to make virtue triumph.

After passing with applause through this long and tedious probation, the adept is introduced to the class of the mysteries. He is not yet, however, made acquainted with the whole secrets of the society; he must still submit to new trials; his curiosity must be farther excited, his imagination must be kept longer upon the stretch, and his principles of depravity be rendered more violent and inveterate before the veil be entirely withdrawn, which will discover to him Weishaupt and his infernal crew, plotting the destruction of the laws, sciences, and religion of mankind. The degree of epopt or priest, to which the adept was next raised, opened to view, however, so great a part of the mysteries, that the reader will be fully prepared to expect the secrets which remain to be unfolded in the other degrees.

Before being admitted to the degree of epopt, the adept was required to give a written answer to ten preliminary questions. The insinuations against the established order of the world, which had formerly been slightly mentioned, increase now to an indirect proposal to attempt a complete revolution. The candidate is asked, whether he thinks the world has arrived at that happy state which was intended by nature? Whether civil associations and religion attain the ends for which they were designed? Whether the sciences are conducive to real happiness? or whether they are not merely the offspring of the unnatural state in which men live, and the crude inventions of crazy brains? It is then proposed as a question, whether there did not in antient times exist an order of things more simple and happy? What are the best means for restoring mankind to that state of felicity? Should it be by public measures, by violent revolutions, or by any means that would ensure success? Would it not be proper, with this view, to preach to mankind a religion more perfect, and a philosophy more elevated? And, in the mean time, is it not advisable to disseminate the truth in secret societies?

Should the answers given to these questions accord with the sentiments of the order, on the day fixed for the initiation, the candidate

is blindfolded, and, along with his introducer, is put into a carriage, the windows of which are darkened. After many windings and turnings, which it would be impossible for the adept to trace back, he is conducted to the porch of the temple of the mysteries. His guide strips him of the masonic insignia which he wore as a knight, removes the bandage from his eyes, and presents him with a drawn sword; and then having strictly enjoined him not to advance a step till he is called, leaves him to his meditations. At length he hears a voice exclaiming, "Come enter unhappy fugitive; the fathers wait for you; enter, and shut the door after you." He advances into the temple, where he sees a throne with a rich canopy rising above it, and before it, lying upon a table, a crown, a sceptre, a sword, some pieces of gold, and precious jewels, interlaid with chains. At the foot of the table, on a scarlet cushion, lie a white robe, a girdle and the simple ornaments of the sacerdotal order. The candidate is required to make his choice of the attributes of royalty, or of the white robe. If he choose the white robe, which he knows it is expected he should do, the hierophant, or instructor thus addresses him:—"Health and happiness to your great and noble soul. Such was the choice we expected of you. But stop; it is not permitted you to invest yourself with that robe, until you have heard to what we now destine you." The candidate is then ordered to sit down; the book of the mysteries is opened, and the whole brethren listen in silence to the voice of the hierophant.

The exordium is long and pompous; much artifice is concealed in it, and much eloquence displayed. It expatiates on the sublime and generous views of the society; evidently with the desire of lulling asleep the suspicion of the candidate, of exciting him to admiration, and of inspiring him with enthusiasm. The hierophant then proceeds to unveil the mysteries. He launches out into a splendid description of the original state of mankind; when health was their ordinary state, when meat, and drink, and shelter, were their only wants. At that period (says he) men enjoyed the most inestimable blessings, *equality and liberty*; they enjoyed them to their utmost extent: but when the wandering life ceased, and property started into existence; when arts and sciences began to flourish; when a distinction of ranks and civil associations were established, "*liberty* was ruined in its foundation, and *equality* disappeared. The world then ceased to be a great family, to be a single empire; the great bond of nature was rent asunder." Wants now increased, and the weak imprudently submit-

ted to the wise or the strong, that they might be protected. As the submission of one person to another arises from wants, it ceases when the wants no longer exist. Thus the power of a father is at an end when the child has acquired his strength. Every man, having attained to years of discretion, may govern himself; when a whole nation, therefore, is arrived at that period, there can exist no farther plea for keeping it in wardship.

Such a state as that of civil society, is then represented as incompatible with the practice of virtue. "With the division of the globe, and of its states, benevolence (says the hierophant) was restrained within certain limits, beyond which it could no longer be extended. Patriotism was deemed a virtue; and he was styled a patriot who, partial towards his countrymen, and unjust to others, was blind to the merits of strangers, and believed the very virtues of his own country to be perfections. We really beheld (continues he) patriotism generating localism, the confined spirit of families, and even egotism. Diminish, reject that love of country, and mankind will once more learn to know and love each other as men. Partiality being cast aside, a union of hearts will once more appear, which will expand itself over the globe."

These unphilosophical declamations, enthusiastically pronounced, at length make the proselyte exclaim, in unison with his master, "Are such then the consequences of the institution of states, and of civil society? O folly! Oh people! that you did not foresee the fate that awaited you; that you should yourselves have seconded your despots in degrading human nature to servitude, and even to the condition of the brute!"

Having wrought up the proselyte to this pitch of frenzy, and enumerated all the evils which, according to Weishaupt, arise from political association, the hierophant comes to reveal the means by which the grievances of the human race may be redressed. "Providence (he says) has transmitted the means to us of secretly meditating, and at length operating, the salvation of human kind. These means are the secret schools of philosophy. These schools have been in all ages the archives of nature, and of the rights of man. These schools shall one day retrieve the fall of human nature, and princes and nations shall disappear from the face of the earth; and that without any violence. Human nature shall form one great family, and the earth shall become the habitation of the man of reason. Reason shall be the only book of laws, the sole code of man. This is one of our grand mysteries.

Attend to the demonstration of it; and learn how it has been transmitted down to us."

This pretended demonstration makes part of the same sophistical harangue; and consists in panegyrics on the dignity of human nature; in a baseless morality; and in a scandalous perversion of the Christian Scriptures, with a blasphemous account of the ministry of the Saviour of the world.

"What strange blindness (continues the hierophant) can have induced men to imagine, that human nature was always to be governed as it has hitherto been? Where is the being who has condemned men, the best, the wisest, and the most enlightened men, to perpetual slavery? Why should human nature be bereft of its most perfect attribute, that of governing itself? Why are those persons to be always led who are capable of conducting themselves? Is it then impossible for mankind, or at least the greater part of them, to come to majority? Are we then fallen so low as not even to feel our chains, as to hug them, and not cherish the flattering hope of being able to break them, and recover our liberty? No; let us own that it is not impossible to attain universal independence."

The principal means which Weishaupt offers to his adepts for the conquest of this land of promise, is to diminish the wants of the people; and accordingly the code denounces eternal war with every species of commerce. Hence the hierophant proceeds to inform the candidate, that he who wishes to subject nations to his yoke, need but to create wants, which he alone can satisfy. "Confer (says he) upon the mercantile tribe some rank or some authority in the government, and you will have created perhaps the most formidable, the most despotic of all powers. He, on the contrary, who wishes to render mankind free, teaches them how to refrain from the acquisition of things which they cannot afford; he enlightens them, he infuses into them bold and inflexible manners. If you cannot diffuse, at the same instant, this degree of light among all men, at least begin by enlightening yourself, and by rendering yourself better. The mode of diffusing universal light is, not to proclaim it at once to the whole world, but to begin with yourself; then turn to your next neighbour: you too can enlighten a third and a fourth: let these in the same manner extend and multiply the number of the children of light, until numbers and force shall throw power into your hands. You will soon acquire sufficient force to bind the hands of your opponents, to subjugate them, and to stifle wickedness in the embryo;" i.e. you

will soon be able to stifle every principle of law, of government, of civil or political society, whose very institution, in the eyes of an illuminee, is the germ of all the vices and misfortunes of human nature.

The hierophant, continuing to insist on the necessity of enlightening the people to operate the grand revolution, seems to be apprehensive that the candidate may not yet clearly conceive the real plan of this revolution, which is in future to be the sole object of all his instructions. Let your instructions and lights be universally diffused; so shall you render mutual security universal; *and security and instruction will enable us to live without prince or government.* The instruction which is to accomplish this great end, is instruction in *morality and morality alone*; for "*true morality is nothing else than the art of teaching men to shake off their wardship, to attain the age of manhood; and thus to need neither princes nor governments.* The morality which is to perform this miracle, is not a morality of vain subtleties. It is not that morality which, degrading man, renders him careless of the goods of this world, forbids him the enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of life, and inspires him with the hatred of his neighbour. *Above all, it must not be that morality which, adding to the miseries of the miserable, throws them into a state of pusillanimity and despair, by the threats of hell and the fear of devils.* It must be a divine doctrine, such as Jesus taught to his disciples, and of which he gave the real interpretation in his secret conferences."

The impious hierophant then proceeds, with matchless blasphemy, to represent the Redeemer of mankind as teaching, like the Grecian sophists, an exoteric and an esoteric doctrine. He describes him as the grand master of the illuminees; and affirms, that the object of his *secret*, which is lost to the world in general, has been preserved in their mysteries. It was "*to reinstate mankind in their original equality and liberty, and to prepare the means.*" This explains in what sense Christ was the *Saviour and Redeemer of the world.* The doctrine of original sin, of the fall of man, and of his regeneration, can now be understood. The state of pure nature, of fallen or corrupt nature, and the state of grace, will no longer be a problem. Mankind, in quitting their state of original liberty, fell from the state of nature, and lost their dignity. In their civil society, under their governments, they no longer live in the state of pure nature, but in that of fallen and corrupt nature. If the moderating of their passions, and the diminution of their wants, reinstate them in their primitive dignity, that will really constitute their redemption and their state of grace. It is to this point that morality, and the most perfect of all morality, that of Jesus, leads mankind. When at length this doctrine shall prevail throughout the world, the reign of the good and of the elect shall be established."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

The following Letter to the Conductors of the GAZETTE DE FRANCE on the subject of the sex of this extraordinary person, is translated from a Paris Paper.

"GENTLEMEN,  
"THE Journals of Paris have extracted from the English Papers an article on the death of *La Chevaliere D'Eon*, which I cannot view in any other light than as an attempt at mystery. This article, which gives an account of a pretended inspection and anatomical operation on the body after her decease (the result of which goes to establish that she was of the male sex), contains as many lies as lines; and I shall proceed to lay before you, in opposition to that account, unsupported as it is by evidence, details which are supported by authentic documents and irrefragable proofs.

"It was in the year 1777 that the French

Minister requested that *Chevaliere D'Eon* would return to her native country in female attire. The person who was charged with the mission was M. Tort, who had been acquainted with her in England, and whom I had defended at the Chatelet, in her suit with the Count, since the Duke of Guines. It was supposed that I should have some influence in promoting the object of the negotiation, and I accompanied him to London. In the conference we had with *Mademoiselle D'Eon*, I addressed her thus:—"To ask if *Mademoiselle D'Eon* loves glory, would be to forget all she has done to acquire it, but does she not act contrary to her true interest by refusing, since

she is confessedly a woman, to return to France dressed as it becomes a woman? Let us suppose that she continues to appear in her assumed dress, and that she presents herself adorned with her cross, she will be regarded merely as a Chevalier of St. Louis, and she will be confounded with a thousand personages who wear that decoration; but let her appear in female attire, and with her cross, in the public walks, at the theatres, assemblies, &c. she could not fail to attract universal attention—there is not an individual in France, in Europe, what do I say, no not in the whole world, who could be mistaken in her person. Every admiring spectator, who had sense enough to know his own name, would exclaim on seeing her—there's *Mademoiselle D'Eon*! Because she is the only woman in the world who has acquired by her merit that honourable distinction.

"She seemed struck with my observations, confessed that she felt the force of them, promised to follow me, and assured me that she would be in Paris in three weeks.

"The *Chevaliere* kept her word, and honoured me with a visit at my apartments, Rue de Foin St. Jacques, in the house formerly known by the name of Hotel de la Reine Blanche. Here *Mademoiselle Bertin*, mantua-maker to the Queen, came to take measure, and to invest her with woman's clothes. My wife attended, and assisted at the toilet. She remained about three months in my family. During that time several of my friends saw and dined in company with her. She went afterwards to reside at Versailles.

"I could give a circumstantial account of her reception at Court, the occurrences there, her disgrace, her retirement to Tonnerre, where I passed ten days with her on my return from an excursion to Franche Comte; and I could relate the circumstances which attended her journey to London in 1785, but this would be a good subject for a history, and there is no occasion for such a narrative in this place.

"In 1791, two objects, one personal, and the other connected with the interests of a client, rendered it necessary for me to repair to England. On my arrival in London, I waited upon the *Chevaliere*, who never suffered me to take up my abode any where except in her house, No. 38, Brewer-street, Golden-square. My stay was unexpectedly prolonged. I arrived in the capital in the end of May, and could not get away till the beginning of November. About a fortnight previously to my departure, my hostess was seized with a violent cholic, and so acute were the spasms,

that her life appeared to be in imminent danger. M. De Lariviere wrote to the Marchioness De Lambert, his particular friend, who was indisposed; 'I have in my heart, and in my disposition, a natural and compassionate tenderness for all who suffer; pity employs but does not fatigue me.' In offering her his services, he added—'take me at my word. I will go and take care of you. I have no longer any sex, I will not interfere with your delicacy. What M. De Lariviere wrote to the Marchioness, I repeated to *Mademoiselle D'Eon*. And well I might do so, for she was then sixty-three years old, and I was on the borders of my fiftieth.

"During the whole time that she was in danger, which was 36 hours, I never left her, day nor night: nothing afforded her relief but the application of heated napkins to her stomach, renewing the application as frequently as possible. Assuredly in the course of the services rendered to her on this occasion, it was impossible to keep me in ignorance as to her sex. On my return to France she wrote to me, and pressed me to return to London; but I rejected all her intreaties.

"The following year some members of the Assembly engaged her to come forward. She offered her services either for war or for negotiations, which were not accepted; and that is the inference to be deduced from a letter brought to my hand, by a singular accident, which she wrote to her mother the 4th July, 1802, in which she signs herself—'your dear daughter, the *Chevaliere D'Eon*.'

"In 1802, I had occasion to recal myself to her recollection. She wrote a long letter to me, dated 24th July, in which she gave me an account of several particulars, and spoke of some persons of our acquaintance. She said to me—'That she did not set out in February, because she had fallen sick, and had not from that time left her house, her chamber, or her bed.' She continues—'You know well that I am not an emigrant, inasmuch as I have been in this country since 1785, on account of my grand law suit against the heir of the late Lord Admiral Ferrers, and that law suit is not yet terminated. I have by me, since 1792, my passports from the French Republic, authorizing me to return to France; but in order to have nothing to reproach myself with, I intend to return before the 1st Vendemaire, year 11, in order to conform to the Decree of our hero, Bonaparte, the saviour of France and of Europe. At present, my cares are devoted altogether to my health, and to the collection of a little money, to return to France. It is easier for me to recover my health, than



to obtain all the money due to me on account of my pension of 12,000 livres, which I have not touched since 1792. I beseech you to tell your very dear and amiable wife, that Mademoiselle D'Eon now blesses the Providence that, in 1777, obliged her to resume her first robe of innocence, &c. &c. I am, for life and for death, your devoted servant,

GENEVIEVE D'EON.'

"From this time forth, I received no account of her, directly nor indirectly. The fragments of this letter, which I lay before your eyes, prove, as I have stated to you, the falsehood of the statements contained in the article alluded to. You will observe by it, first, that the Chevalier did not live unknown at Tonnerre till 1792, inasmuch as she was in London since 1785; that it is not true that she offered her services to the Convention, inasmuch as it was in 1792 that she corresponded with the National Assembly; that she received passports from that Assembly, and took passports from the English Government, which is precisely the contrary of what the article says, 'that she came to England about that time,' for at that time she was ready to depart from it.

"The pretended judgment of the Court of King's Bench, and the alledged order of the French Government, which caused her to belong to the feminine sex, are not more genuine, neither the one or the other. There were certainly wagers among the English, who are, as every one knows, great wager-makers, on the subject of her sex, during the time when she lived among them, under the name and habit of the Chevalier D'Eon, but the judgment of the Court declared the wagers void, as being *contra bonos mores*, and decided nothing upon her sex. I remember that the Chevalier, who had at the same time a quarrel with the Sieur Caron De Beaumarchais, and caused a pamphlet to be printed on the occasion, returned thanks to the English Judge for the manner in which he expressed his sentiments.

"As to the supposed order of the French Government, to force her to dress herself as a woman, though she was a man—would common sense admit of it? From what motive so absurd, unreasonable, and immoral could such an order be intimated? But, above all, supposing the Chevaliere to be Chevalier D'Eon, how is it possible to suppose he could have so base and spiritless a heart as to submit to that order, and shamefully to wear the dress of a woman. There have been instances of women who felt themselves possessed of sufficient courage to support the characters of men, and to dress themselves as men; but the masquerade of men assuming the characters of women,

without some tincture of madness in the case, are very rare indeed. And it would not, perhaps, be easy to find a single parallel for that of the Abbe De Choisy, whose scandalous history we have under the title of '*The Countess Des Barres*,' who passed the first years of his manhood in the dress of a woman, in order to satisfy a disposition for libertinism.

"But Mademoiselle D'Eon returning, resuming her female habits, after she had passed her 48th year, has nothing in common with such a precedent. Besides, her morals were always pure and innocent; and the most inveterate of her enemies, when compelled to do her justice on this head, never spoke of her otherwise than in terms of respect. What plausible motive can there be conceived to give a colour for this vile masquerade? The will of the French Ministry? But for a long time previous there was no Ministry, no Ministers who would have the least interest in the disguise. Her pension? She no longer received it, as is seen by her letter; and moreover, would this pension have obliged her to use fiction, even with her mother? And is it to be supposed, that in writing to her mother, she would have signed *your dear daughter*, if she had been a male. For surely it will not be disputed that the mother must have known something of the fact.

"Indeed, it appears to me impossible, that the article alluded to has been drawn up in London, such as it appears in the Paris Papers; for it is impossible the Londoners could forget, that in 1787, she had a fencing match (*assaut d'armes*) in that city, with St. George, in the presence of the Princes, which was the subject of a painting, the engraving made from which is every day presented to our eyes on the quays, and in the print shops every where.

"In 1791, while I was with her, the proprietors of Vauxhall gave her a benefit, which was placarded at all the corners of the streets. What? was she then obscurely vegetating at Tonnerre? Is it to be conceived that in a city like London, not one will recollect events of so public a nature? There is not a thing in that article which is not an insult to truth, without excepting even the age allotted to her. Her death is stated to have taken place the 21st May, 1810, at the age of seventy-nine years; but she was born at Tonnerre the 5th October, 1729, and must therefore be eighty-two years old instead of seventy-nine.

"From all this it is to be concluded, that the article is but a story inserted in a journal to fill a column; or that, if it has any foundation, if the pretended examination of the body

has taken place, it must have been some adventurer, who made use of her name, to profit by the interest which she would inspire; and that all those who are named as witnesses were deceived, and certified an error.

"This opinion leads me to the consoling

idea, that she is not dead, and I do not yet despair of receiving one day her acknowledgments for the proofs I give in your journal, of my zeal for her glory, and of the attachment I owe to the friendship she shewed for me.

"FALCONNET, Ancien Avocat."

## HERALDRY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCESTRY AND GENTILITY.

IN our present lecture, it shall be our plan to develop the origin of Scottish and of Irish ancestry, and thus to conclude the genealogical part of our plan.

In Scotland in particular, until within the last century, when commerce and manufactures have created a new race of men, the distinctions of family were most religiously preserved and carried to an antiquity perhaps not strictly warranted by written evidences. In the ruder stages of society, the history of families and the records of genealogy, are necessarily dependent upon tradition; and in all countries, both of ancient and modern time, they have constituted the favourite themes, and been considered as the peculiar province of the bards. In this manner were they for ages preserved in the Highlands of Scotland, but on the introduction of letters, a more permanent mode of recording their documents was adopted by the Chieftains. For this purpose an *Lecrar Dìanig*, or, the "Red Book," was formed in each district, and handed about the baronial mansions, in which every Chieftain entered such family occurrences as he thought worthy of notice, or wished to transmit to his posterity; a document of undoubted authenticity, and without danger of imposition, as each individual stood in fear of the whole body of nobility, who were always too jealous of their own dignity, to suffer a falsehood in favour of any one family to be handed down to posterity. The preservation of families was also assisted by the laws and customs of Scotland, for it appears that estates became hereditary in that kingdom even before the reign of Malcolm II. who ascended the throne in 1004, and from that very remote period until the present day, many families have held their lands in uninterrupted succession, and can now produce their title deeds and genealogies without the smallest chasm, or the loss of a single generation.

It must however be observed, that in Scotland, there were two distinct classes of nobility; the *greater* and the *lesser* Barons: the *greater*, were the titled nobles, and the *lesser*

were an order of gentry between the nobility and the people, whose privileges, as well as their number and estates, rendered them not only a respectable, but also a powerful order in the state. The *lesser Barons* were so distinguished because, although their rank was inferior to that of the titled nobility, yet they still possessed the privilege of attending the great councils of the nation, and of sitting there in person.

Many of the Scottish families are of that high antiquity, that the ancestor who first obtained possession of the paternal estate, is hid in the obscurity of the earliest ages; others, as we are told by Sir George Mackenzie, the Scottish genealogist, got their lands as rewards for public services; but surnames came not into common use, until the reign of Malcolm Canmore, who obliged all his nobles to assume these hereditary distinctions.

In consequence of this regulation, many took their names from the lands which they possessed, and on the assumption of arms adopted such bearings as suited the name, thus proving that they were the true *heritors* of their estates; from whence has arisen the custom of designating any particular family as *of that ilk*; that is, where the names of the estate and the owner are the same. Some individuals of the established families, became in their turns the founders of new ones, and in many instances assumed names and arms totally different from the original stock; thus a second son of the Robertsons of Struan, being on a hunting party with one of the early monarchs, and having killed a wild boar in the forest of Stocket, with his dirk only, an action attended by some circumstances of personal bravery, he in remembrance of the deed, received the surname of *Skene*, which signifies dirk, in the Erse language, and also bore three dirk points in pale, for his arms.

From the early alliance and intercourse between Scotland and France, many settlers from the latter country arrived among them; these, their names being unknown, received from their new friends such as bore a resemblance

to their coats of arms; so that the *Foules* are said to have been so called from the leaves (*feuilles*) which they bore upon their shields, and the *Herrises* or *Herrisons* (not *Harrison*), from a warlike instrument the *Porcupine* or *Herison* in French, which they bore as a junior branch of the House of Vendôme.

As in England, the leading and most powerful chiefs in each district gave part of their own *bearings* to their military tenants; so in Scotland, the superior on each estate gave his name to his dependants; we are not, therefore, to suppose that all the *Campbells*, *Murrays*, or *Douglasses*, are descended from him who first assumed the name, no more than that the families of *Cheshire* and *Leicestershire*, who bear the *garb* and the *cinquefoil*, are descended from the houses of *Meschines* or of *Mellent*.

In many instances in Scotland, the junior branches who dropt the old family names, still preserved the original arms, or some part of them; thus *Majoribanks* bears a cushion to shew that their stock was originally that of *Johnston*; the *Weinyses* and *Fyfes* are known to be cadets of the ancient *Macduff*; the *Colquhouns* and *Macfarlanes* to be cadets of the family of *Lennox*; and the *Shaws* of the north, are distinguished by their arms as descended from the *Macintoshes*; this similarity of arms being considered by Sir George Mackenzie as a surer mark of consanguinity than the mere coincidence of surname. Latterly, however, in Scotland, much confusion has arisen from men suddenly rising into opulence, and assuming to themselves the coats of arms of those families whose names they bear, and that without any regard whatever to the armorial differences of the various branches; for instance, there are no less than nine or ten families of *Hamilton* all descended from the original stock, but all bearing coats of arms different not only in the tinctures, but having also *bordures* and other marks of cadency added to the original *cinquefoil*; but these *new men*, if of that name, look no farther than the Peerage and give the arms of the Duke of Hamilton to some ignorant coach-painter or engraver to furbish up a coat for them. Nothing indeed can be more ridiculous than to see men of that very name, carrying the arms on their carriages quartered with "the ship," which has nothing to do with the name whatever, but is in fact the arms of the Earldom of Arran, and ought not to be borne even by a junior branch, but merely by the possessor of the Earldom *solely*. The Herald's College of Scotland, however, have taken up the matter seriously, threatening to confiscate all articles on which arms are wrongfully borne; a proceeding indeed highly necessary there, as in many instances, the

proof of arms having been borne by a man's ancestors has been taken to be a sufficient evidence *in law*, for the inheritance of titles and estates; of course all errors in heraldry, or impudent assumption of heraldic bearings, are in Scotland nothing better than a species of *forgery*!

In Ireland, as in all other nations in the first rudiments of society, the custom prevailed of taking the name from the father, with the prefix of *O*, and sometimes of *Mac*, both of them signifying son; it appears, however, that at a very early period, those patronymics became the names of numerous clans which inhabited particular districts.

The English blood, being introduced into Ireland by the invasion of Earl Strongbow, in the reign of Henry II. we find a great number of that descent resident there at the present day, particularly in the south eastern parts of the island.

Previous to the twelfth century, there were doubtless many families established by the *Ostmen* or Danes; of these, however, we have no particular traces except in one single instance, the family of *Plunket*, which is proved by authentic documents to be of Danish origin.

After the anarchy and confusion within the English pale, consequent upon the murder of De Burgo, Earl of Ulster, in 1133, many of the English settlers formed a closer connection with the Irish, by adopting their manners and customs, and assuming *Irish* surnames in lieu of their own.

In the north, there are few of the ancient families, the lands being principally in the hands of English and Scottish settlers; the former inhabiting the counties of Louth and Down; the latter, Antrim, Derry, Tyrone, and Donnegal.

The English families of largest continuance in the north, possess the properties of their ancestors acquired under John de Courcie, who conquered, and became Earl of Ulster; the Scottish families are principally those who received grants in Ulster from James I. and who brought over with them great numbers of their friends and dependents.

As for the native Irish, it appears that they had an extreme dislike to the English surnames, until the reign of Edward IV. when they were obliged to adopt names of English formation, which in many instances, however, were nothing more than translations of their Irish appellations, that had been assumed in consequence of some bodily distinctions.

Having thus slightly touched on the origin of genealogy and surname, we shall next proceed to the more immediate investigation of Heraldry, &c. &c.

THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY,  
WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

(Continued from Page 38.)

HAVING thus closed our rambles for the present in the mazy parterre, our fair readers will perhaps not disdain to accompany us to the Orchard; the days of *conserving* and of *preserving* are unfortunately indeed gone by, yet surely if the abstruse part of nature's operations, and the whole catalogue of invisible fluids and impalpable *gasses* are deemed necessary parts of female study, some slight philosophic knowledge of the plastic goddess, in her humbler walks, may obtain a moment's notice from our earthly goddesses, particularly whilst it teaches them, in the words of the Poet of the Seasons,  
"Well ordered home, man's best delight to make."

We shall, therefore, at once call their attention to that genus, which under the general name of

PYRUS,

comprehends the *apple*, *pear*, and *quince*, and all other varieties. This is called the *Pyrus* by Pliny, and is supposed to have had this name bestowed on it from the Greek *ΠΥΡ*, or *fire*, as the fruit draws up to a point like flame. This, however, like all ancient *etymons*, may be more fanciful than correct; we need therefore only observe, that by modern botanists, the whole genus is called *ICOSANDRIA PENTAGYNIA*, and is of the natural order of *pomaceæ*. It is a curious fact, that there seems to have been a general consent to separate this well known genus into *three*, by making *genera of species*, and *species of genera*; it is not difficult, however, to account for this in some degree, when we recollect that the common distinctions have arisen, *not* from the *flower*, but from the *fruit*. This genus contains no less than thirteen original species, forming all the varieties of the *pear*, of the common *apple*, of the same when cultivated, and of the *wild crab*. Miller enumerates no less than eighty different kinds of the *pear*, and seventy-eight of the *apple*; but these are too fanciful for common use. We must not forget that the *quince* also is connected with this genus. The *pear* is the first in botanical order; however, in obedience to custom, we shall commence with the

APPLE.

"But how with equal numbers shall we match  
"The musk's surpassing work! that earliest  
given

"Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,  
"Its tender nonage, loads the spreading  
boughs

"With large and juicy offspring, that defies  
"The vernal nippings and cold syderal blasts!  
"Yet let her to the red streak yield, that once  
"Was of the sylvan kind, uncivilized,  
"Of no regard, till culture's skilful hand  
"Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline,  
"Taught her the savage nature to forget!"

It must appear almost superfluous to describe a tree of such frequent observation; yet it often happens that those things we see most frequently, we are least able to delineate; it is not therefore superfluous to notice that the *apple* is a spreading tree, with the branches and twigs irregular and twisting, and more horizontal than in the *pear*. The *apple* in its wild state, the *crab*, or *wilding*, as it is then generally termed, is armed with thorns; its wood is tolerably hard; it turns with facility and elegance; and is not only applicable to ornamental, but also to useful purposes, for which made into cogs for wheel-machinery, it soon acquires a polish, and will last for a long time.

The bark produces a beautiful yellow dye; and the acrid juice of the fruit is well known as *verjuice*, a word proverbial for unpleasantness; and yet there is reason to believe that with the addition of sugar, and a judicious mode of treatment it would afford a liquor of the most grateful flavour, perhaps little inferior to common Rhenish wine. The general produce of the tree is cyder. Cyder is known to every body; yet every body does not know that pomatum is so called, because the lard used to be beat up with the pulp of apples!

To enumerate even the common varieties of the *apple*, would be far beyond your limits; every county, nay, in some counties, every parish, has its favourite, which, of course, is superior to all others; but we are sorry to find it observed by the judicious Mr. Knight, that the *red streak* and *golden pippin* are in the last stage of decay, and that the *styre* is rapidly hastening after them. It has however been aptly observed, though not by a Herefordshire man, that the *red streak*, so much celebrated by the early writers of the last century, appears almost to have survived its fame as a cyder fruit, and that if it never possessed

greater excellence than it does at present, it must have been much over-rated.

To select one from the great variety adapted to the table, we may observe that the *nonpareil* is perhaps the most esteemed, and would be more so, were it not that there is another sort often brought to market instead of it, called the *haute bonne*. The difference, however, may be easily distinguished, as the latter is not so flat as the true *nonpareil*; it is also sooner ripe, and sooner gone, for the real *nonpareil* is seldom ripe before Christmas, and will keep throughout the winter. We may add that the *golden pippin* is a fruit almost peculiar to this country, as there are no places abroad where it will thrive so well.

Yet the most popular species of *apples* must lose their fame, and yield to other new discovered, or new improved varieties, for it is now an almost established fact, that *apples*, which are completely the creatures of art and cultivation, cannot be kept at their best state beyond a certain period. Our modern gardeners indeed make here a kind of distinction, without a difference; for they say, that this deterioration arises not from any decline in the quality of the fruit, but in the tree, owing either to want of health, to the season, the soil, the mode of planting, or to the stock on which they are grafted being raised from seed of the same country! Whatever may be the cause, the consequence is still the same; and, perhaps, in the present state of horticultural philosophy, we must sit down content with that observation of Mr. Marshall, who says, that "the law of nature, though it suffers man to improve the fruits which are given us, appears to have set bounds to his art, and to have numbered the years of his creatures; for artificial propagation, it has now been ascertained, cannot preserve the varieties in perpetuity." We now proceed to the

#### PEAR;

the wild species of which, the parent of all the orchard and garden varieties, is thorny like the wild apple. In common use, the *pear* is a valuable tree; its wood is light and smooth, and the closeness of its grain makes it useful for turners, and for making handles to joiners' tools, &c. as well as for picture-frames, particularly as it is susceptible of a very fine black polish. In dying, its leaves produce a yellow colour, and give an elegant green tinge to blue cloths.

Of its fermented juice, or *perry*, it is needless to mention that the *Oldfield*, *Barland*, and *Squash*, are esteemed the best, are little inferior

to wine, and perhaps in some instances sold for it!

Though a native of Europe, yet it is not exactly known when, or from whence, its numerous cultivated varieties have been produced; but that it is of early cultivation in England is proved by an account-book of Henry VIII. now remaining in the Exchequer, though from the prices mentioned, its cultivation, as well as the apple, cannot then have been very common, for there are two items,

"To a woman who gaff the King pears...i.ii.  
"Item, to a woman for iii apples.....xiid."

It is an accurate remark, that *pears* as well as several other species of fruit, ripen much earlier than formerly; this, it has been justly observed, proceeds from the length of time they have been in cultivation; for it is very certain, says an intelligent author, that most sorts of plants have been greatly forwarded and improved by culture, within the space of thirty or forty years, as may be known from the several sorts of esculent plants which are cultivated in our kitchen gardens, and of which there are many sorts annually improving. The last in order of this genus is the

#### QUINCE,

which derives its Latin name of *Cydonia Malus*, or Cydonian apple, from Cydon, in the island of Crete, from which it is supposed to have been originally brought into Italy; it is however generally believed to be actually a native of Germany, and several other parts of Europe, flowering in May and June; and was cultivated in England as early as 1597, and probably much earlier. This fruit has a peculiar smell, and an austere taste when raw, but is much esteemed after having undergone a culinary process. As applied to domestic medicinal purposes, its expressed juice, if repeatedly taken in small quantities, is cooling and stomachic, and is peculiarly useful in nausea, &c.

According to the old system of horticulture, the orchard was as susceptible of ornament as the rest of the garden, though it does not assimilate so well with the modern mode of landscape gardening; it may still, however, by an attention to situation, be made to have the best effect both in produce and in appearance. The best writers on this part of the subject recommend a situation chosen on the ascent of some gently rising hill, with a south or south-east aspect, sufficiently elevated to present the greatest possible surface to the rays of the luminary of day, but not so steep

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as to risk having the earth washed away by the heavy rains. Some people, indeed, prefer situations for their orchards at the bottoms of hills, or in deep vallies, supposing them better sheltered; there is no doubt, however, as frequent experience has shewn, that all bottoms, especially where there are hills on each side, are specifically improper for this purpose. The reason is obvious; the currents of air which are almost always rushing through vallies, produce a much greater degree of cold, particularly in the winter and spring, than usually takes place in what are commonly esteemed more exposed situations; and it may also be observed, that, except in the very hottest weather, these bottoms are always damp, and evidently unhealthy situations, even for the common vegetables which grow in them.

Of the propagation and culture of these fruits, little need be said, as that must of course fall under the direction of the gardener; yet as far as regards the points of elegance and ornament, the subject is not undeserving a female attention. There are some situations in which the grouping of even the standard fruit trees may produce a fine effect; and where the grounds are not very extensive, the espaliers may be made to produce an agreeable variety in the garden walks. The espalier mode of cultivation is indeed to be preferred for use, because it has been proved

that one tree will bear more fruit, when the branches are trained horizontally, than even three or four trees whose branches are led upright.

There is one part of the orchard superintendence, however, which falls more particularly under the direction of the ladies; we allude to the best mode of gathering, and of preserving the fruit through the winter. In this part of the subject, it has been laid down as an invariable rule, to gather them just as they ripen, in doing which extreme care ought to be taken that they are not bruised; for this purpose, it is prudent to provide a broad flat basket to lay them in as they are gathered. In this they ought to be carried to the store-room, there taken out singly, and each sort laid up in a close heap, on a dry place for ten days or a fortnight. During this time the windows should be open to admit the air, in order that its free circulation may carry off all the moisture which is perspired from the fruit; the baskets must next be lined with wheat straw, and the fruit then packed with straw between each layer; but it is even more elegant, and will amply repay the trouble, to put soft paper between the fruit and the straw, as the musty taste which often proceeds from the latter will thus be prevented from affecting the fruit.

(To be continued.)

## MISFORTUNES FROM MISTAKEN CIVILITY.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*—VIRG.

*"Through various hazards and events."*—DRYDEN.

MR. EDITOR,

I SEND you a detail of the occurrences of a day which I spent on a visit to an old friend, during a late tour into the north, which I had undertaken by the advice of my physician, in order to get rid of a great debility of the nerves, and a troublesome asthma. My sufferings on the occasion were complicated and various, but the impression they left on both mind and body has been so lasting that I am afraid it will end but with my life, and, therefore, am certain that I shall not omit the minutest circumstance of the extraordinary accidents that befel me; which will, I hope, be a sufficient warning to all persons of delicate nerves, to prevent them from falling into similar misfortunes.

I entered the court-yard at the instant my friend returned from a fox-chase, with a numerous suite of country gentlemen, who had been partakers of the sport. I scarce knew

where I was when I found myself straitened for want of breath; my friend it seems had thrown his arms round me and nearly suffocated me with his embraces; as soon as I had, with some difficulty, escaped the danger, I was introduced to all his brother sportsmen, and obliged to undergo a repetition of the same ceremony with every one of them, so that by the time it was over, I not only found a fit of the asthma coming upon me, but, after the pains I had taken at the inn to dress myself in the best manner, my face was so begrimed with dust and sweat, and my shirt was so dirtied, that I was obliged to put on a clean one, and wash myself all over before I was in a condition to be introduced to the ladies of the family.

As my spirits are exceedingly weak, they were vastly ruffled by so rude an encounter, but as I was going up stairs, I flattered myself I should find more politeness in the

drawing room. Upon my entrance I saw the lady of the house with a very numerous family about her, consisting not only of her own children, (and she had been very fruitful) but the whole generation of dependents, cousins, aunts, grandmothers, and great grandmothers, who had been assembled for the purpose of a christening, and formed such a motley group that I could not help laughing. I saluted my friend's wife, and his eldest daughter, a fine girl, but was a good deal disconcerted at being obliged to kiss all the children, eleven in number, not omitting the sucking infant. I stopped a few paces back, in order to recover myself, and take a little breath, congratulating myself not a little on the manner in which I had executed this necessary operation, when, to my great confusion and terror, I found that my friend had grasped me hard by the wrist, and was preparing, with savage cruelty, to lead me round the room, and force me to receive the embraces of those horrid figures of dried parchment,

"Who look'd not like th' inhabitants of earth,  
 "But yet were so; who should be women,  
 "And yet their beards forbade me to interpret  
 "That they were so."—MACBETH.

The oldest of these ladies, a little deformed trot, with a crutch, in an elbow-chair, who had taken it into her head that I was some distant relation of hers, thought proper to be more particular in her civilities to me upon that account, and accordingly threw her withered arms round my neck: but unfortunately for me, the instant she applied her skinny lips to mine, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing. I struggled hard, and made violent efforts to disengage myself, but all in vain; some sudden convulsion had taken possession of her arms, and I was forced to remain in this horrible situation till the fit was over. You will easily conceive that this last accident alone was sufficient to throw me into a copious perspiration. I was really near fainting, and was just going to entreat that the windows might be opened to give me a little air, when, notwithstanding my remonstrances, I was thrust into the chair next to a blazing fire; for, as I was a stranger I must be put in the best place, and I must be cold after my ride.

As it was impossible for any human being to remain many minutes in so hot an atmosphere, I gave myself up as a lost man, and calmly resigned myself to my fate, when luckily the dinner was announced. I expected some ceremony amongst the ladies upon this occasion; but, to do them justice, they were not more than ten minutes in adjusting the

important matters of precedence, and left the room. I was preparing to follow them, when I heard a confused noise of "Sir, you're next the door; Sir, I'll follow you; by no means, Sir; not at all, Sir." As I imagined this great point would not be determined in less than an hour, and would again have been repeated below stairs at the parlour door, I bethought myself of a stratagem, and advancing to the top of the stairs, cried out, "Gentlemen, the venison will be good for nothing." This took effect indeed, but, unfortunately for me, they rushed out all together in a body, and as I was foremost, I was thrown down stairs, and got a violent confusion on my forehead. A never-failing family plaster was applied by the good ladies as soon as possible, but before my friend had called us each by his name, and seated us at table according to our rank, the dinner in reality was good for nothing.

I was seated at table very happily, as I thought, between the mistress of the house and her eldest daughter, and, as being the greatest stranger, was helped first, but by no means to my liking; for though I desired a piece of a leg of mutton near the handle, I was told that was only fit for the dogs, and the whole joint was cut up in order to furnish me with the knuckle-bone and pope's eye. I called for bread repeatedly, but as the whole company had begun hob-or-nobbing, the servants could not attend me, or did not hear me.

At last, being naturally passionate, I resolved to exert the whole force of my lungs in calling once more, but, lifting up my head for that purpose, with some violence, I struck it against a salver of wine, that a servant awkwardly held over me, and all the wine and glasses showered down on me in a torrent; part of it filled my plate, and the rest was expended on my pea-green coat which I have never been able to appear in since. I then requested the drum-stick of a turkey, but to no purpose, nobody could possibly eat of it, but was helped to the breast, of which I could not taste, as the daughter had taken great pains to bruise the liver in the sauce, in spite of all I could say.

I cast my eye on a loin of veal, as the outside, which I do not like, was all cut off. After many apologies that he had not reserved a bit of the brown for me, my friend helped me to the kidney, with all the fat upon it.

As my appetite had somewhat increased from the delay, I was beginning to eat with some precipitation, when the mother and daughter, both at the same time, poured a deluge of melted butter on my plate, which overflowing absolutely ruined my best pair of

breeches. At that very instant two plates of roast venison with currant-jelly sauce, which had been handed at different sides all round the table, with "Sir, I beg you 'll take it, Sir; I'm in no hurry, Sir; 'tis time enough," happened to strike together just under my nose, broke in pieces, and spoilt a white satin waistcoat I had got made for the expedition, besides irrecoverably staining a pair of ruffles worked on purpose for me by my cousin Jenny.

From the prodigious agitation of my spirits I became very thirsty and called for some bottled beer, which I had heard much commended; one of the old ladies observed that it was too windy, and that she never tasted it in a genteel company. I called for cyder, another lady told me she had always found it too rough; but they all agreed that as I looked pale and weakly, I must drink wine and water. To this I was obliged to submit, though with great reluctance, as I think it is a very disagreeable mixture.

By this time my appetite grew exceedingly sharp, and as I had resolved not to lose my dinner entirely, I seized a pigeon in a dish near me, and was upon the point of putting a bit into my mouth, when, as if from a conspiracy to starve me, every person at the table roared out, "Sir, I drink your health; Sir, my humble service to you." I had already been hob-or-nobbed two-and-twenty times, and every body had drunk my health thirteen times; and as I found this was still to be repeated, I laid down my knife and fork, and the rest of the dinner-time I spent entirely in returning the compliment with "Sir, I thank you," and cursed most heartily in my own mind both "*love and friendship*."

The water was served, and the mistress of the house waited till every body had washed their mouths and spit about, to make the usual concluding speech of assuring the company, that "nobody had eat a bit that day, and that she was sorry she had not got something they could have liked."

They, in their turn, assured her that they had eat monstrously and prodigiously; which was true, in fact, as was evident from their warm countenances.

The ladies retired, and I grew heartily sick of wine, noise, and nonsense, and would have left the room, but to my great mortification found the door locked. I prayed and entreated but to no purpose; my disappoint-

ment produced a hearty laugh, and my friend made me sit down again, assuring me, to my great comfort, that nobody had ever dined with him that did not get a hearty bottle, or in other words, was made dead-drunk.

The best wine loses its flavour in bad company. It had also lost its usual effect on me, for in proportion as the company grew outrageously merry, I sunk into extreme stupidity. However, my friend falling asleep soon after, I took the advantage of it, stole the key of the door out of his pocket, and set myself at liberty.

The fatigues of the day had so exhausted my strength and spirits, that I had much ado to creep up stairs to bed. In the way I met the mistress of the house, who told me she had ordered the state-bed for me. Upon enquiry I found that by lying in state I should infallibly get the rheumatism, as the bed had not been lain in for nine months; but I was obliged to acquiesce, and went to bed, having requested that there should be no fire in the room, for fear of the asthma, and taken particular care to draw back the curtains.

My excessive weariness soon set me to sleep, but I had not been long in that situation when I awoke with great terror, in a state of suffocation. It was sometime before I could recollect myself enough to find out the cause, which was a great smoke. I thought the house was on fire, and was leaping out of bed in a great hurry, but found the bed was closed on all sides, and barred my passage; nor could I get even a hand out to ring the bell. My amazement was excessive, as I could not conceive the reason of my confinement; but I was soon let into the cause of it by the lady of the house, whom the noise I made had brought into the room. She told me that for fear I should get cold she had got a fire made in the room, and as she could not imagine how any person could lie with the curtains open, she and her maid had been employed an hour in pinning them up.

I left the inhospitable mansion early in the morning, thanking my stars that I had escaped from a family in which I had not, for the whole time, done any thing but what was disagreeable to me, and where I had literally been almost killed with kindness.



AN ACCOUNT OF THE OTTAMACS, WHO EAT CLAY.  
FROM HUMBOLT'S "TABLEUX DE LA NATURE."

ON the coasts of Cumana, of New Barcelona, and of Caraccas, visited by the Franciscan monks of Guyana in returning from their missions, there was a tradition prevalent, that tribes inhabiting the banks of the Oro poco eat earth.

On the 6th of June 1800, we spent a day in a mission in a village inhabited by the Ottamacs who eat earth. The village called La Concepcion of Utuana is situated in a very picturesque manner, upon the declivity of a rock of granite. Its latitude I determined to be seven degrees north, and its longitude four degrees west of Paris. The earth which the Ottamacs eat is fat and unctuous clay, a real potter's earth, of a greyish yellow tint, coloured by a little oxide of iron. They select it with much care, and gather it on particular banks on the sides of the Oronoco and of the Meta. They distinguish by the taste one kind of earth from another, for all kinds of clay are not equally agreeable to their palates. They knead this earth into balls, of from four to six inches in diameter, and bake it at a slow fire, till its outer surface becomes reddish. Before they eat these balls they moisten them anew. These Ottamacs are for the most part a very savage race, and have an aversion to improvement. The nations on the Oronoco that are farthest from that canton, say proverbially, when they wish to speak of any thing very filthy, "It is disgusting for an Ottamac to eat." When the waters of the Oronoco and Meta are low, the Ottamacs support themselves on fish and tortoises. When the fish appear at the surface of the water, they kill

them by means of darts, with a dexterity which we have often admired. When the rivers experience their periodical overflow the fishing ceases, for it is as difficult to fish in rivers become too deep, as in the open sea. During this inundation, which lasts two or three months, the Ottomacs swallow prodigious quantities of earth. We have found in their huts immense stores of it, heaped up in pyramids. Each individual consumes daily three-fourths or four-fifths of a pound of earth, according to the account which Fray Romon Bueno, a very intelligent monk who has lived twelve years among these Indians, gave us. The Ottomacs themselves say, that in the rainy season this earth is their principal food; in addition, they eat little fishes, lizards, and fern roots. They are so fond of this earth, that every day they eat a little of it after their repast, to regale themselves, even in the dry seasons, and when they have abundance of fish. These people are of a very dark copper colour; their features are as ugly as those of the Tartars. The missionary who resides among them assured us, that he has remarked no difference in the health of these savages during the time that they eat this earth.

Such is the simple narration of facts.—It may be asserted, that in all the regions of the torrid zone, this desire for earth has been observed; in Guinea, the negroes eat a yellowish earth which they call *caouac*. The slaves which are brought into America endeavour to procure a similar gratification, but it is always to the detriment of their health.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOVE THE ROSE.

BY A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE Bourbon Lily's sweet to smell,  
Though trodden down by bank and vale;  
And blushing rich 'mongst honey dews,  
Hangs down the lovely English Rose.  
In Scotland grows a hardy flower,  
Too rough to bud by Lady's bower;  
Tho' nurs'd among the Northern snows,  
The Thistle's grown above the Rose.

Knee-deep in Egypt's burning sand,  
Was seen old Scotland's veteran band,  
In deadly wrestle, hand to hand,  
Shake ruin from the gory brand;  
Red smear'd with blood, and grim with dust,  
Through France's fiercest ranks they  
rush'd;  
And, resting at the battle's close,  
Rais'd the rough Thistle o'er the Rose.  
When on Corunna's deadly shore,  
The Highland claymore dropp'd with gore;

Thick in the battle's awful *stour*,  
In bayonet's push, and bullet's shower,  
The Gallie Eagle low did cower,  
Crush'd 'neath the gory tread of Moore!  
Then lac'd rich with the blood of foes,  
The Thistle flaunted o'er the Rose.

When on Culloden's dreary field,  
Scotland threw down her rebel shield;  
When war's grim horrors all unchain'd,  
Like clouds new loos'd in Heaven rain'd;  
E'en then, sweet flower, 'neath war-men's  
tread,

Thou held'st thy never-bended head,  
And bloody-wreath'd round valour's brows,  
Thou flaunted'st o'er the English Rose.

Let England's lovely Roses speak,  
Dropp'd rich on beauty's smiling cheek:  
But ill suit Beauty's buxom trim,  
The iron grips of battle grim.  
Sweet Thistle, tuft of golden down,  
Thou princeliest gem on Britain's crown;  
Red wet with dearest blood of foes,  
Thou blossom'st far above the Rose!

*The following Lines have been hastily written in  
answer to those signed Allan Cunningham, in-  
serted above:—*

Awake, awake, my sleeping lyre,  
And, equal to thy Master's fire,  
No longer sooth the love-sick swain,  
But raise thy notes in stern disdain;  
See, Scotia's Thistle towering grows,  
And lords it o'er the English Rose;  
Vain hope! that Rose immortal flow'rs,  
And in Britannia's bosom tow'rs!

Sweet Rose, thy charms in Britain's fair  
Unrivall'd bloom—beyond compare;  
In battle 'tis thy triumph glows,  
What tints can match thee, blood-stain'd Rose?  
In Acre's plains, on Sydney's brow,  
Thy lustre bade the Tyrant know  
What Nelson's thunders loud proclaim'd  
On Nilus' banks, for Victory fam'd.

Hark! where on Trafalgar's shores,  
Again the British thunder roars!  
So Talavera, on thy plains,  
The blood-stain'd Rose the laurel gains;  
But see! e'en now down Coa's tide  
Th' ensanguin'd torrent rolling wide,  
See Gallia's Lily blanch'd with fear,  
Trembling avoid the English Spear!

Its warrior head the Thistle rears,  
And tow'ring grows 'mid gloomy spears;  
Unyielding seeks the battle's roar,  
And deeply bathes in hostile gore!  
The Shamrock too in honour glows,  
Close by its side the sister Rose:

O ever thus in union great,  
May each support the parent state!

Let Gallia's Eagles proudly soar,  
And rashly tempt the British shore;  
Serenely great amid the storm,  
Britannia treats the threat with scorn!  
See on her shield, in union sweet,  
The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle  
meet!

Yet Britain's Rose, her blood-stain'd Rose,  
No rival fears, no rival knows!

#### ON THE LOSS OF THE BLENHEIM.

BY THE SAME.

THE deep, that, like a cradled child,  
In breathing slumber lay,  
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smil'd,  
Arose the blushing day;  
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,  
Reflected skies and clouds appear  
In morning's rich array;  
The land is lost, the waters glow,  
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

On India's long expecting strand  
Their sails were never furl'd;  
Never on known or friendly land,  
By storms their keel was hurl'd;  
Their native soil no more they trod;  
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;  
Throughout the living world,  
This sole memorial of their lot  
Remains,—they were and they are not.

Like shooting stars athwart the gloom  
The merchant sails were spread,  
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,  
They mark'd the high mast head  
Of that devoted vessel tost  
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost,  
While every gun-fire spread  
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;  
At length they saw,—they heard no more!

There are, to whom that ship was dear,  
For love and kindred's sake,  
When these the voice of Rumour hear,  
Their inmost heart shall quake,  
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,  
Believe, and long to unbelieve,  
But never cease to ache;  
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear  
The Hope that keeps alive despair.

#### THE GAMEKEEPER'S RETURN AT NIGHT.

THROUGH the long morning I have toil'd,  
O'er heath and lonely wood,

And cross the dark untrodden glen,  
The fearful game pursu'd :  
But deeper now the gath'ring clouds,  
Collect along the sky,  
And, faint and weary, warn my steps  
Their homeward course to hie.

And now the driving mist withd'aws  
Her grey and vapoury veil;  
I mark again the sacred tow'r  
I pass'd in yonder dale :  
A little while, and I shall gain  
Yon hill's laborious height,  
And then, perhaps, my humble cot  
Will cheer my grateful sight.

Ah ! now I see the smoke ascend  
From forth the glimmering thatch,  
Now my heart beats at every step,  
And now I lift the latch !  
Now, starting from my blazing hearth,  
My little children bound,  
And loud with shrill and clam'rous joy  
Their happy sire surround.

How sweet, when night first wraps the world  
Beneath her sable vest,  
To sit beside the crackling fire,  
With weary limbs at rest ;  
And think on all the labours past,  
That morn's bright hours employ'd—  
While all that toil and danger seem'd  
Is now at home enjoy'd.

The wild and fearful distant scenes,  
Lone covert—whistling storm,  
Seem now, in mem'ry's mellowing eye,  
To wear a softer form ;  
And while my wand'rings I describe,  
As froths the nut-brown ale,  
My dame, and little list'ning tribe,  
With wonder hear the tale.

Then soft enchanting slumbers calm—  
My heavy eye-lids close,  
And on my humble bed I sink  
To most profound repose :  
Save that, by fits, the scenes of day  
Come glancing on my sight,  
And, touch'd by fancy's magic wand,  
Seem visions of delight.

LEANDER.

## A CAPRICIO.

ALL the year abounds with pleasures,  
Various gifts the seasons bear,  
Mortal's life replete with treasures ;  
To the man whose bosom's clear  
All the year abounds with pleasures.

Various gifts the seasons bear,  
Social joys the winter showers ;  
Spring with leaves new crown the year ;  
Autumn fruits and summer flowers,  
Various gifts the seasons bear.

Mortal life's replete with treasures,  
Wisdom fore her footsteps springs,  
Learning yields her all her pleasures ;  
Nature says—the Poet sings—  
Mortal life's replete with treasures.

To the man whose bosom's clear  
All the year abounds with pleasures ;  
And, when dissolution's near,  
Death unfolds still greater treasures  
To the man whose bosom's clear.

## ADDRESS TO THE DEITY,

WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER STORM.

ALTHOUGH around thy awful thunders fly,  
And roll, terrific, through the vaulted sky ;  
Although thy vivid lightnings blaze on me ;  
Yet shall my hope, my trust, be fix'd on Thee ;  
On Thee, the fountain whence our solace flows,  
On Thee, the soother of our wrongs and woes  
Protect, I pray, if such thy blessed will,  
The mariner, who guides, with wondrous skill,  
Th' unwieldy bark : oh ! spare th' adventurous  
crew,  
Safely let them their wonted course pursue ;  
Save too, I pray, the wand'ers on the shore,  
Shield them from harm, though loud the  
tempests roar ;  
Shield the poor hind, who sleeps in lonely shed,  
And spare the great, who rest on downy bed.  
But, should'st thou call me from this world of  
woe,  
Still in my heart let resignation flow ;  
Lead me, oh ! lead me to thy courts above,  
And join me to the sainted friends I love.

## SONG.

“ *By my Ladie's side's a Golden Watch.* ”

BY my Ladie's side's a golden watch,  
On my Ladie's breast's a diamond broach ;  
Her hair's prompt with a ruby knot,  
And a silver tassell'd petticoat.  
But my Lord can quit these silver bobs,  
These costly jupes with trinkets laden,  
For tassell'd jupes of hoddin gray,  
And petticoats of hamely plaiden.  
My Ladie's pumps are silver shod,  
And brodered hosen seamed with gowd ;  
More riches wears o'er her c'e-bree,  
Than would wadset any boronie.

But Nancie's leg so trig and bare,  
My Lord loves better than my Ladie's;  
And he loves mair her long brown hair,  
Which her bonny black e'en o'ershadows.

My Ladie 'noints with dews her cheek,  
And sweetly lisps when she doth speak;  
And scarce will lout to knot her shoon,  
For cying the precious lift aboon.  
But my Lord thinks mair of Nancie's cheek,  
Which like a wine-dropped rose so red is—  
Thinks mair of Nancie's sweet Scotch tongue,  
Than he does of his Southron Ladie's.

My Ladie's bed is thistle down,  
With silken tassels fringed roun':  
My Lord thinks mair of the beds of brekan,  
With Nancie to his bosom taking.  
My Ladie plays sweet on her spinnet,  
But Nancie's like a mavis liltin';  
My Lord likes weel her fauldin' sang,  
When her coats from the dews she's kilting.

My Ladie's jimp about the waist;  
Ye maist might spau her when she's laced;  
But girt is jenty Nancie grown,  
And loosely mawn she lace her gown.  
Nae mair she trips it to the faulde,  
Her hair nae mair in winsome brede is,  
But my Lord has plaited her locks with gold,  
And laced her bosom like my Ladie's

HIDALLAN.

GLOSSARY.—*Primpt*, fashionable affectation; *would loutset*, would redeem a barony from mortgage; *trig*, neat; *lout*, stoop; *lift*, sky; *Southron*, English; *fauldin'*, putting the sheep in the fold; *girt*, great, big with child; *winsome brede*, braided with becoming loveliness.

## A SONG AND A LAUGH;

Or the choice of a Wife by Cheese!

THERE liv'd in York, an age ago,  
A man whose name was Pimlico:  
He lov'd three sisters passing well,  
But which the best he could not tell.  
These sisters th'ee supremely fair,  
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care:  
For each was elegantly bred,  
And all were much inclined to wed,  
And all made Pimlico their choice,  
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.

Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,  
Like Ass in doubt 'tween loads of hay,  
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,  
And chuse his wife by eating cheese.  
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,  
And said with them that night he'd sup;  
Desir'd that there might only be  
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;  
He was resolv'd to crown his life,  
And by that means to fix his wife.

The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;  
Each dress'd herself most beauteous neat;  
With faces full of peace and plenty,  
Blooming with roses under twenty;  
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,  
Were sweet as lilies of the valley.  
To those the gay divided Pim  
Came elegantly smart and trim:  
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,  
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.

Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring  
To shew her saving, ate the paring;  
And Bet, to shew her generous mind,  
Cut and then threw away the rind,  
While prudent Sally, sure to please,  
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese:  
This done, young Pimlico replied,  
Sally I now declare my bride,  
And she shall be my wedded wife,  
For worse for better, for my life.

With Nan I can't my welfare put;  
For she has prov'd a dirty slut:  
And Betsy who has par'd the rind,  
Would give my fortune to the wind.  
Sally the happy medium chose,  
And I with Sally will repose;  
She's prudent, cleanly; and the man,  
Who fixes on a nuptial plan,  
Can never err, if he will chuse,  
A wife by cheese—before he vows.

## INSCRIPTION.

Anna D'Arfet.—By the Rev. W. Bowles, founded  
on the romantic story of Robert a Machin.

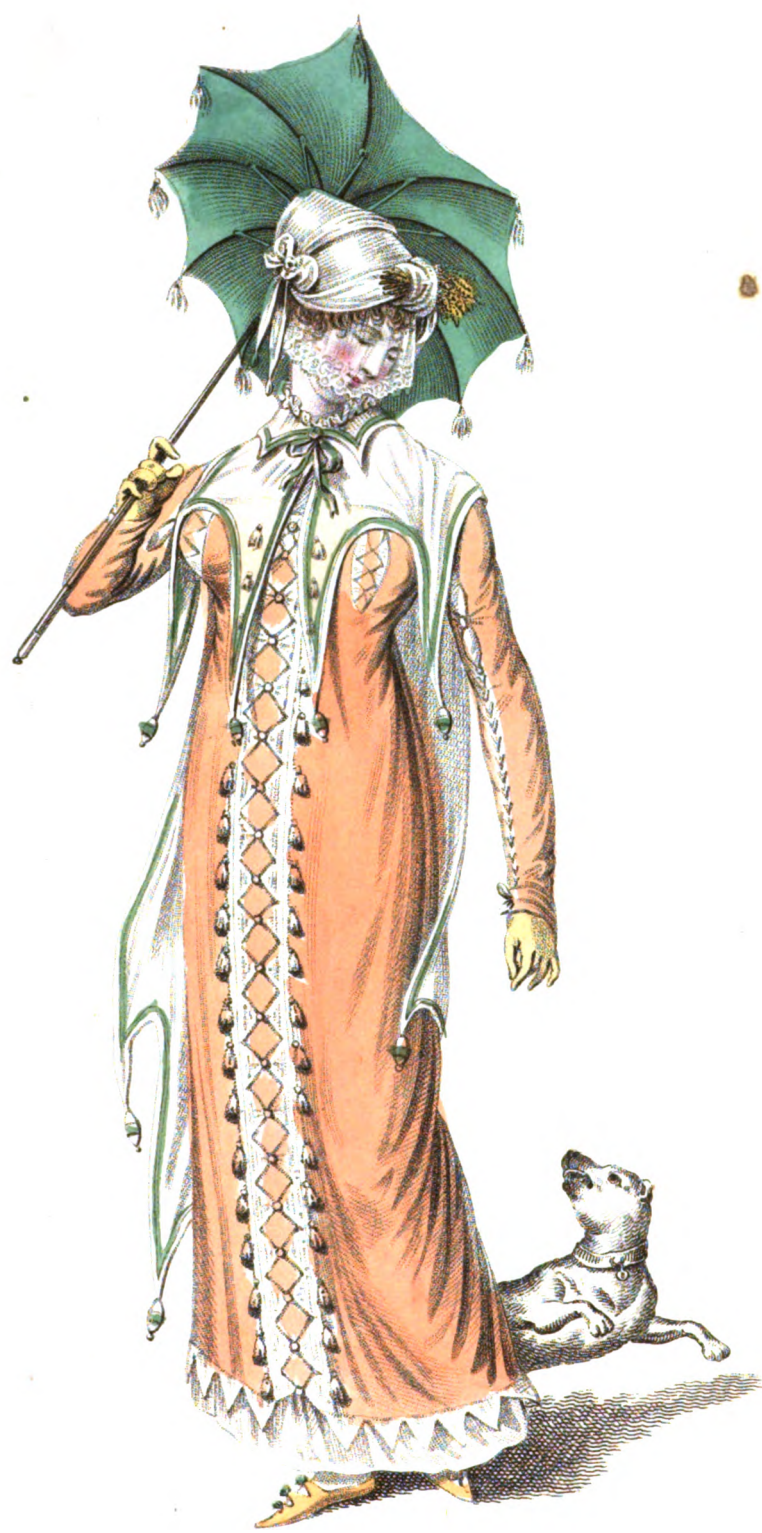
O'er my poor Anna's lowly grave  
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring;  
But Angels, as the high pines wave,  
Their Half-heard *Miserere* shall sing!

No flow'rs of transient bloom, at eve  
The maidens on the turf shall strew;  
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,  
Sweets to the sweets! a long adieu!

But in this wilderness profound,  
O'er her the dove shall build the nest;  
And ocean swell with softer sound  
A requiem to her dreams of rest.

Ah! when shall I as quiet be,  
When not a friend or human eye,  
Shall mark beneath the mossy tree  
The spot where we forgotten lie!

To kiss her name on the cold stone;  
Is all that now on earth I crave;  
For in this world I am alone—  
Oh! lay me with her in the grave!



FELISE DRESS of AUTUMN.





MORNING DRESS on a VISIT.





## FASHIONS

FOR

OCTOBER, 1810.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

## No. 1.—DEJEUNE, OR MORNING VISITING DRESS.

A tunick of sky-blue silk, made up to the throat, with collar, and buttoned down the front with small blue silk buttons; over which is worn a loose short dress of plain, checked, or striped India Muslin, with long sleeves, and each side of the front of the dress trimmed with a quilling of lace, and tied down with bows of white satin ribband, flounced round the bottom with a deep French lace, confined round the arms with blue Persian. Sash of the same, tied in the front. A white lace hood, lined with blue, and double quilling of French net in the front. Pale buff kid slippers.

## No. 2.—WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse dress of autumnal brown sarsnet, made low in the neck, trimmed down the front and round the bottom with a rich trimming of vandyked white satin, ornamented with silver frogs; the sleeves buttoned on the inside of the arm, to correspond with the front of the dress; over the bosom is tied a light white net mantle, scalloped, and ornamented with acorn tassels. White satin bonnet, with a bunch of wheat in front, and short lace veil. Brown sandals and gloves. Green parasol.

## A DESCRIPTION OF SEVERAL DRESSES WORN BY LADIES OF RANK AND FASHION.

1. Ball-Dress.—A dress of white figured sarsnet, worn over a white sarsnet slip, with short sleeves and quarter train, confined to the waist by a satin band and pearl clasp; diamond snaps for the ears, with pearl drops; necklace, a long string of pearl, with Maltese cross suspended; white kid gloves and shoes; a white figured sarsnet scarf thrown over the shoulders; the hair curled before in thick, round, irregular curls, braided behind, mixed with pearls, and confined by pearl or silver combs; a small bouquet of flowers worn inside the tucker on the left side of the bosom.

2. Ball-Dress.—An under-dress of white  
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satin, over which is worn a large square of coloured net, embroidered round the edges with honey-suckle and convolvula; it is tied round the figure like an apron, but formed to the bosom and back, which is laced, and left open behind; the head-dress is formed of a smaller handkerchief of the same kind, mixed with combs, and surrounded with a row of coloured gems. This dress is fanciful and pretty, without being too fantastical.

3. Montespan Dress.—A slip of peach-coloured satin, over which was worn a dress of black lace, made very low in the bosom, confined to the waist by a band and clasp of rubies, with earrings, necklace, and cross to correspond; the hair curled in thick round curls before, twisted up behind, with a single Theresa curl falling over one shoulder; a small bouquet of fancy flowers of correspondent hue to the dress worn in the bosom and hair; white shoes and gloves; an elegant French repeater, richly set with diamonds, with pearl chain passed through the girdle, the seals brought up to the centre of the bosom and serving as a brooch, completed this splendid and elegant dress, which seemed to us of French extraction, and from the glowing luxuriant beauty of the wearer gave us much the idea of Madame de Montespan, as she is represented to us.

4. An *al Fresco* Dress.—A short pelisse of nankeen, bound and lined with blue sarsnet, thrown open, displaying a vest of the same colour; a bauditti hat of nankeen, bound and ornamented with a long blue ostrich feather; watch, chain, and seals worn in the band of the dress; boots of black kid, lined and bound with blue; petticoat edged with a jagged, uneven kind of needle-work.

5. An Evening or Morning Walking-Dress. A shawl pelisse, formed of a rich bordered shawl, made without seams, and entire from the neck to the feet, set in with a small fullness at the bottom of the waist, which thus gives it room to encircle the figure; the ground of the pelisse is plain; the bordering, which should be very rich and wide, is left at the bottom; the cuffs and collar is made of the

U

bordering, as is the band; a small satin cap and feather makes this a truly Turkish dress, when worn with green or purple Morocco boots.

6. Full Promenade Dress.—A short pelisse of figured blue or sarsnet, with full puckered collar, buttoned from the throat to the feet with small raised silk buttons, fitting perfectly to the shape, without a band; trimmed round with a very deep Mecklin lace; a small hat composed of satin ribband, plaited in the form of vandykes, worn either with a veil or ostrich feather.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

### ON

### FASHIONS AND DRESS.

If we could properly estimate the superiority and advantages of the present mode of dress, we have only to remember that but a very few years ago it was considered necessary to sacrifice whole mornings to the decoration of the head only, and leave the rest of the dress to consume our afternoons; and that day was considered well spent in which we had succeeded in being well dressed. Nature never could have intended such a destruction of time, and after having done so much, have still left us so much remaining to do. It is our principal design in bestowing our time and attention in dressing ourselves to make us appear gracious and amiable in the sight of the world, and to gain affection and good-will; how much more calculated is the present mode to this end. The beauties of the person are now arrayed in the charms of elegant simplicity. Every form of dress is so divested of all superfluous trimmings, all unmeaning additions, as leaves but little room, as far as dress is concerned, to tax the present age with folly, vanity, or levity, but rather bids us look for that taste and delicacy in the minds and manners of our fair countrywomen that could dictate so rational, so graceful, and so proper a form.

We shall now proceed to select, in its several branches, such articles as meet with the most fashionable approval, and which we think will be found in unison with the foregoing remarks.

The newest style of morning dress that has fallen under our notice was made in fine corded cambric; the waist in the form of a corset, laced in front, and closely fitting the shape; trimmed round the peaks with fine narrow edging; and a habit shirt of plain muslin, ornamented with lace let in at the top; it was

of a walking length, with long sleeves, trimmed round the hands and feet with fine narrow edging; a band of the same confined the waist, with a gold clasp in the device of Greek letters; the watch worn, passed through the bands, the chain crossing the bust, and the seals fixed in the centre of the bosom, serving the purpose of a brooch; a scarf displays this dress to most advantage when intended for the promenade. A small lace hood with points, just meeting to pin under the chin, is an highly approved, and most becoming head-dress for the morning, with the addition of a small bunch of fancy flowers, or it is equally appropriate for the evening. We have observed likewise several ladies with dresses made light to fit the shape without a band, buttoned from the neck to the feet with small raised buttons; others we have noticed with a small fancy jacket, edged with lace, worn over the petticoat; this latter is well calculated to display a fine shape, and carries a degree of smartness with it that will doubtless find many votaries. Morning robes are still made to button or lace in back or front, but these have undergone no variation, and have been too often described to need further remark, except that the skirts are increased in width; they must no longer cling, but hang lightly to the figure. Long stays are quite exploded, as cotton, substituted for whalebone, gives greater ease and play to the figure.

For the promenade, short pelisses in plain or figured sarsnets, fitted close to the shape, with collars buttoned from the throat with small raised silk buttons, and worn over a robe of cambric, much ornamented round the bottom with work and lace; muslin pelisses lined and worked in a thick running pattern, trimmed with broad Mecklin lace, with bands of the same; the watch chain twisted through the centre of the girdle instead of clasp. Pelisses in black and white lace continue to be worn, with the addition of a scarf thrown over the shoulders. Pelisses also formed with shawls richly bordered, are unquestionably elegant; they are made without seams, entire also from the top to the bottom; the waist, by being set in with a slight fullness at the bottom, admits of the skirt encompassing the figure; shawls in the India patterns are best suited to the purpose: the ground should be plain, the bordering round the bottom very broad, and the collar, cuffs, and band formed of part of the same; a small satin cap and flat ostrich feather, with half-boots or Grecian sandals complete this elegant dress, which, when worn by a light graceful figure, gives you much the idea of a Turkish lady. Scarfs

are very prevailing. Nankeen pelisses, with an under-vest of blue satin or sarsnet, buttoned with full raised buttons, are very much worn, and well adapted for *fêtes-champêtres*, rural walks, or amusements. A milliner at the west end of the town, of much celebrity, informs us, that velvet spencers are about to be adopted by ladies of fashion, as autumn advances; we have already noticed one or two in jonquille. Bonnets are mostly composed of ribband mixed with straw pearls, twisted round the head in the form of a hive or cone, the front in the shape of a huntsman's cap; lace caps, tied down with ribband hoods, chip hats with feathers, and some few in velvet, satin caps and feathers, lace and ribband, or lace and straw blended, all sitting very flat on the head, but projecting behind to admit the hair.

Home or dinner dresses, are made in muslin, cambric sarsnet, or opera nets, either high in the neck or just above the rise in the bosom, with short trains and long sleeves. Watches are now an indispensable ornament in every class of dress; it must be remarked that the seals now are worn as a brooch. Greek letters, or Egyptian characters, are the newest devices for brooches.

For full or evening dress, crapes, figured gauzes, laces, satins, sarsnets, are most in esteem. These dresses are made low in the bosom, rather high in the back, in the frock style; if for dancing, with long sleeves and no

trains, otherwise short sleeves and trains are preferred. Satin corsets, laced tight to the figure, ornamented with beads or silver, are entirely new, and of great advantage to the figure. Plain white gauze worn over white satin, we have particularly noticed on several ladies of rank, as also white figured gauze; and to these two latter articles we think a great degree of preference due. Black lace worn over peach or plumb coloured satin is extremely well suited to a large full figure. Short white lace dresses are better adapted to a light figure, worn over coloured sarsnet or satin slips. Draperies over white satin of coloured embroidered net lace, compose light pretty dancing dresses. Bands are still more esteemed than sashes.

The hair is worn in thick, flat, irregular curls, braided behind, or rolled round, and sometimes brought across the face, twisted with pearls or silver; crape or satin fillets, mixed with silver, are also very fashionable; and silver flowers or foil bands.

In regard to jewellery, watches are now very generally worn; necklaces must be long, earrings in the top or drop fashion, in diamond, pearl, garnet, ruby, coral, cornelian, emerald, amethyst, &c.

Shoes are made in brocaded or Queen's silk. Boots in white Morocco, or pale lemon, coloured kid.

The colours for the season are blue, yellow, jonquille, green, morgurite, and violet.

## MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

### THE STAGE.

ESSAYS TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.—No. I.

It is not easy to draw attention to a subject which, within these late years, has been treated in such a manner as scarcely to justify attention of any kind. Much of the present state of the English drama may be imputed to the present state of criticism. The rising authors of the day have formed themselves upon the rules which have been laid before them, and a kind of newspaper comedy has followed upon newspaper criticisms.

Criticism, which hitherto formed the taste of the public, and of the writers for the Stage, has now degraded both; and as the public have been taught to tolerate any thing, so the writers of the day have been led to venture every thing.

It is so much easier to write Farce than to write Comedy, to draw in caricature than to paint after nature, to copy individual extravagance than to represent general humour, that it is not to be expected that a dramatic writer will go out of his way to procure a more costly commodity, when one nearer at hand, and of less labour and expence, will equally answer his purpose of profit, and that kind of reputation which he seeks.

We shall commence our review of the English Drama no higher than Dryden; a writer who improved every species of composition which he handled; and though his genius, as he himself confesses, was not turned to the Drama, it received, nevertheless, so much improvement at his hand, that he may justly be considered as one of the restorers of the stage.

The best part of the prose works of Dryden

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has always been considered to be the prefaces to his plays, in which he laid down and illustrated by his own example, and with a confidence in his own powers, the rules of dramatic writing. According to Dr. Johnson, most undoubtedly the ablest critic of any age, the prefaces of Dryden not only formed the taste and judgment of the writers of his time, but even created, as it were, a judgment and taste in the public, and enabled them to relish and understand what, without such previous dissertations, would neither have moved their feelings, nor fallen within the level of their reason.

Dryden, in fact, found the English Drama in a state very nearly resembling what any able writer would find it in at the present day—He saw himself, therefore, in a dilemma—He was resolved to write well, or rather perhaps he could not write ill; but he perceived the public taste so perverted, that good writing could have no chance of success—He had a previous work, therefore, to writing well; he had to undo what so many bad writers had done; to bring back the public mind to taste and nature, and, by teaching them the rules of art, enable them to judge of a work of taste upon true principles—He therefore delivered lectures before he wrote plays, and like Reynolds, and many other celebrated Painters, gave at once a doctrine and an example; exhibited at once the rules of his art, and the exemplification of them in himself.

It may justly indeed be said of Dryden, that he has frequently deviated from his own rules; but this great Poet may perhaps plead the excuse of Solon, "that if he did not give the Athenians the best laws, he gave them the best they could bear."

Dryden, however, by his lessons, and still more by his example, accomplished much; he got rid of the technical jargon of Aristotle and Ben Jonson, his learned follower, and reconciled the required unities to the variety of modern life and action. Before his time the writers ranged themselves under two heads—Shakespeare, who despised all rule, and Ben Jonson who followed every rule in contradiction to common reason—Dryden, in his *Spanish Friar*, improved the nakedness of the frame and model of the ancient drama by the introduction of a double plot, and thus paved the way for the more-laboured mechanism, and intricate fables, of Congreve and Wycherley. Dryden, however, for some reason or another, rarely took his plots from the life and manners of his own age; and, therefore, though he improved and enlarged the frame

of the drama, he can scarcely be said to have left a single model for English comedy.

His comedies were in fact poems. In splendour of imagery, and dignity of language, in fire of genius, and in a gaiety, invented as it were by rule, and from a knowledge of the principles of humour, his *Amphitryon* stands alone. His *Sosia* and *Phædra* are infinite improvements upon the models of Menander, Terence, and Plautus. In wit and gaiety he leaves them at an immeasurable distance; and the *Jupiter* of this play is a mighty proof of what genius can effect. It has given a kind of mirth and dignity to debauchery and theft.

If we except *Amphitryon*, which has been cut down to the limits of a Farce, the only Play of Dryden which keeps possession of the modern Stage is *All for Love*. This Tragedy, like all the dramas of this writer, is rather a Poem than a Play; and has rather the effort of rule than the imitation of nature—Its splendour and magnificence are unequalled; but it is totally without that variety of character, or even accurate painting of individuals, which constitutes the features of modern drama—As compared with the works of Otway, Rowe, and Congreve, it throws them at an immeasurable distance; but the English taste has been so formed to the irregularities of life, and the painting of manners and passions by Shakespeare, that "*All for Love*," like the "*Mourning Bride*" of Congreve, is only occasionally exhibited, and is rather tolerated in respect to the great name of the author, than from any actual pleasure which it gives.

Otway and Rowe succeeded Dryden, and, by giving a little more nature, were more popular in their day. Both of them, however, retained what, by standing in competition with Shakespear's, renders their dramas insipid. They remembered the rules of Aristotle, and attended merely to the simplicity of their plots, and the poetry of their dialogues. Not one of their characters had any further features than necessarily belonged to the action in which they were engaged. There was no attempt at general character, or the exhibition of particular manners.

*Venice Preserved* keeps possession of the stage by the masculine strength of the character of *Pierre*, and the natural affection of *Belvidera*. The romantic plot of the *Orphan* and the sweetness of the poetry have enabled it to retain its place; but from both of these plays, owing to a kind of uniformity, and want of nature, the spectator always rises fatigued and dissatisfied.

The plays of Rowe are so entirely without nerve, that they are seen with insufferable tedium. The *Fair Penitent*, however, has something of the sweetness of the *Orphan*, and more of its nature. By the recommendation of a domestic story it engages and fixes the attention, and, what rarely happens in dramas of this kind, the plot is simple, without losing interest by its uniformity.

The character of *Calista* has likewise something of that mixture which is observed in the characters of Shakespeare, and is to be found in human life. It is virtue loosely worn, but not cast off; a conflict of passion and of penitence. Every one pities and condemns her; which is the proper effect of this kind of tragedy.

As to *Jane Shore*, all the characters,—Gloucester, Dumont, and Hastings, with the single exception of *Alicia*, are the common hacks of the Stage.—But *Alicia* is a character of much force, and perhaps in shrewish tempers, of some nature. She is not the common maniac of the Stage; strewing flowers, singing a song, and then drowning herself. Her fury has something of that splendid extravagance which the Grecian writer always deemed necessary to theatrical madness. It, therefore, forces attention, and, by its nature, softens the heart.

Lee more nearly resembled Dryden than either Otway or Rowe. It was frequently said of Lee, that he was as mad as any of his characters; he certainly always wrote in that spirit, and more naturally filled up, than any other writer, the correct notion of an ancient poem,—a man *beside himself by inspiration*.

The *Rival Queens* in his *Alexander the Great* are magnificent pictures of this *furor*, and Alexander himself is a character such as Æschylus might have drawn him. This play, however, though splendid as a poem, is too remote from all manners to be popular. It will be acted as often as the advantages of scenery render it suitable, and as often as a barbaric procession is required; but as wanting a plot nearer to our own times, and having passions too extravagant to be natural, it will never be called for by the people.

During the period of Charles the Second, the Comedy of the Stage was alternately at its highest and lowest point.—The Comedies of Buckingham, Shirley, Massinger, and Wycherley, were contrasted with the miserable trash of Behn, Dufey, and an innumerable tribe, whose works have long since perished together with them.

It was at his time that the busy intrigue of the Spanish Plot was absurdly strained to

English manners, and our Stage, as well as our Court, was infected by foreign habits.—What was still more objectionable in these plots was, that the business and manners, purporting to be Spanish, were as little Spanish as English.—The plots were the common bustle of the novels of that day, and the Characters had nothing of human nature but its corruption.

There is this marked difference between Tragedy and Comedy, that whilst the whole range of human life and action is open to Tragedy, whose province is to delineate the general passions, and which, therefore, has no peculiar concern with national manners (being as much at home at *Thebes* as at *Athens*), the Comedy of a people, dealing in modes and habits, can only please by fidelity of representation. Ambition, revenge, jealousy, and pride, operate, nearly alike, upon all minds; but the minor passions, which form the subject of Comedy, take innumerable shapes and varieties, accordingly as they are acted upon by different parts of the same character—by humours, sentiments, national prejudices, and local habits.

A Spanish Cavalier, for example, is a very different kind of lover from an English Merchant. The Comedy of a people therefore, which should always be a picture of their domestic life, ought necessarily to wear the pattern of the age and country in which the scene is cast. It must have that appropriate drapery, colour, and complex suite of circumstances, which constitute the fashion of the age and times. But Tragedy, seizing upon human nature in its naked and elemental abstraction, hews the marble out of the quarry, and so long as she gives it the shape and figure of humanity, is negligent of ornament and drapery.

Amongst the comedies of this age, the most distinguished (always excepting the Spanish *Friar* and *Amphitryon* of Dryden) is the *Chances*, by the Duke of Buckingham, being an alteration from Beaumont and Fletcher. The splendid, vigorous gaiety in the character of Don John, evidently marks it as the production of a peckish mind. The second *Constantia* is a harlot such as Dryden would have drawn; replete with wit, spirit, and gaiety; her profligacy being softened into shade by its splendid accompaniments. The mother of *Constantia* is a character of much natural humour, and, from that time to the present, the standing pattern for such personages. The plot of the *Chances* is constructed with great art. It is the union of the comedy of *Errors* with *Amphitryon*, but with more of natural possi-

bility than either. The last act is defective, and Don John is put unnecessarily to explain what the progress of the plot had made sufficiently intelligible.

The *Rehearsal*, by the same author, is a mere piece of wit, and deserves less praise, because it is a petulant abuse of wit to the ridicule of a name justly established, and an extravagant caricature of all his faults, whilst it sinks all his excellencies. There was as much equality between Dryden and the Duke of Buckingham, as between Zoilus and Virgil.

Shirley was a writer so totally lost in the blaze of his cotemporaries, that, with the exception of his Comedy of the *Gamesters*, not one of his dramas has survived him. The plot of the *Gamesters* is natural and domestic, and the conduct of *Penelope* produces a very probable and even moral embarrassment, by means of which an ingenious intrigue and complexity are carried throughout the plot, and a Rake is reformed in the last act, without any great violation of propriety.

Massinger was a writer of great force. He delighted in strong representations, and in plots, rather effective by their weight of circumstances, than by pleasing and probable incident. He had much of the art, and the study, and the masculine strength of Ben Jonson, but he wanted his fire and genius. His Comedies, though totally destitute of grace, will always force attention by their energy both of sense and character. The public have lately seen a specimen of Massinger, in a play altered from him by Sir James Bland Burgess.

Wycherley, as a comic writer, may, perhaps, be justly considered as the parent of modern English Comedy. He was the first comic writer who really carried the parlour and drawing room of his age upon the Stage, and introduced his audience to the manners of their own times. The dialogue of his *Plain Dealer* is inimitable. It is difficult to say whether it excels most in wit or humour; but the best praise of the wit is, that it is natural and just; that it rises out of the scene and characters, without seeming forced from them. *Manley*, the *Widow Blackacre*, and *Olivia*, are all characters drawn by a master. The lash of satire as exercised on the stage, has never been placed in hands equal to Manley's. There is as much point in the shaft, as there is vigour in the bow. The *Widow Blackacre*, and her son *Jerry*, are faithful pictures of the country life and humour of that time. Her litigiousness, and a kind of *widow-like* suspicion that every one was about to take advantage of her weakness, her absurd use of law terms,

her bustling management of her own property, and sordid education of her son, are all traits which speak themselves to be natural, and which every one knows to be true, as soon as he sees them. A character like this must have been painted from life.

*Olivia* is one of those characters which is more admirable, because not overdrawn, and the infamy of which is sufficiently exposed without any violation of nature. This Comedy was the germ of the *School for Scandal*—its plot is its only defect; it is romantic and tedious.

(To be continued.)

#### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.—The Theatre opened on Monday night, Sept. 10, for the season.—The Company is the same as that of last year, but is to be strengthened by the accession of Mrs. Jordan, an actress, whose exertions have been withdrawn from the public amusement nearly two years, and whose absence may be said, without extravagance, to have eclipsed the gaiety of the town, and diminished the stock of rational pleasure.—Nothing can be more desirable than the return of Mrs. Jordan, who, in her retirement from the stage, has taken Comedy along with her. Our first business is to describe the alterations in the house. They are as follow:—

The interior of the edifice has undergone the proposed alterations. The chief expence has been occasioned by the necessity of forming a communication from the first circle to the tier of private boxes. To effect this, it became necessary to take down the paltry winding stairs; this has accordingly been done, and in their place a flight of stairs, much more commodious, though not so spacious as such a building demands, has been substituted. The stairs are all of stone, as also are the passages of the corridors. The grand saloon, from which the public were excluded is now thrown open. It is in the state in which it was last season, without the slightest alteration. The twelve centre boxes of the private circle are now thrown open, and will accommodate one hundred and twenty spectators. The long dark stair-case, from the second to the fourth tier of boxes, is altered to a much more commodious ascent, and the upper passage is improved. The two shillings gallery is altered much for the better. The space above the head has been increased, by cutting away the cieling as close as possible

to the floor of the upper gallery. There are ten benches in this gallery, the lowest of which has not been moved, but the other nine have been raised about two inches each; the top of the upper seat being eighteen inches higher than it was. In the upper gallery, and the side pigeon holes, there is no alteration. All the corridors have been arched with brick-work and paved, giving additional security to the audience from fire, and materially assisting towards the general tranquillity of the house; and in all the floors of the boxes and galleries, the most effectual means have been adopted for the same desirable purpose. All the seats have been renewed.

For some time before the rising of the curtain on Monday, symptoms of dissatisfaction began to exhibit themselves, in all the variety which the genius of the Pit, assisted by last year's practice, could invent. "No Private Boxes,"—"The whole Contract," and the O. P. cry were given in all possible changes. During this performance in the Pit, the performance on the Stage went on according to the ritual of last season. But the audience were now so completely determined on their point, that even the *Beggar's Opera*, the most popular in this language, was totally neglected. *Macheath* was gallant, and jovious, and pensive, and softened, in turn; *Lucy* scolded, and *Polly* wept: but the audience felt no sympathy for the hero or his wives, and continued still fierce, inexorable, and clamorous. Mr. Kemble at length appeared, and stood for a few moments waiting for the tumult to subside. The applause, the hissing, and the unnumbered and innumerable sounds in which approbation and disapprobation laboured to express themselves, must have drowned the voice, if not subdued the courage, of the most determined orator. He at length addressed the audience in nearly the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the close of last season, I was desired by the Proprietors of this theatre to state to you some circumstances, on which they were anxious to have your pleasure. On that night I was given to understand, by a most decided majority of a large audience, that the public were satisfied with the arrangements proposed."—Here Mr. Kemble was interrupted by considerable clamour, and a cry of "Perform the Contract." He resumed:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I neither said then, nor do I mean to say now, that a contract to the effect to which allusion has been made was not fully entered into: the proprietors of the theatre had no intention but of executing the contract in its spirit and letter. But circum-

stances occurred which produced such a change, that they conceived they might be justified in stating them to you, and submitting it to your feeling whether the severity of the original contract might not be relaxed in their favour. They laid their statement before the house, they heard the public assent given plainly—decidedly—generously to their request; they went to great expences for public accommodation, from their full confidence in that unanimous assent; and they now submit it once more to the generosity and honour of the British public, whether the assent is to be retracted, and the Proprietors subjected to a serious disappointment, and a most heavy expence."

After his withdrawing, which was followed by an involuntary burst of applause, the tumult was partially renewed. The O. P. dance was given on the benches of the pit.

The tumult re-commenced on Wednesday with the usual clamour. The clamour of course increased on Mr. Kemble's appearance, in *Penruddock*, and he of course walked through the part. Mr. Charles Kemble was received in a similar way; and the Play was completely converted into Pantomime. The same tumult and confusion existed on Friday and Monday. The Proprietors, at length, determined to concede the point in dispute between them and the O. P.; and the disturbances in the Theatre now cease to exist. The Managers published an Address to this effect, and closed the Theatre until Monday, Sept. 24, to give time for the alterations in the Private Boxes.

**HAYMARKET.**—This theatre closed for the season on Saturday, September 15th, notwithstanding the licence of the Chamberlain had been extended to the 13th of October, up to which time the Managers might have prolonged the performance of the Company. It is difficult to discover the reasons of this premature close. It is not easy to account for this voluntary *fêlo de se* of one-third, and that the best portion of the season. The Chamberlain, we should suppose, extended the term of the Company's performance for the public as well as for the advantage of the Managers. Is it handsome treatment of the public, we ask, thus to render ineffectual the liberality and grace of the Chamberlain? This conduct, we think, requires some explanation. The caprice, or partial accommodation of one proprietor, ought not to be permitted thus captiously to ravish its amusements from the town, or to compromise the interests of a joint concern.—Among the new Performers who have been introduced to the public this season

at this theatre, we find ourselves called upon to distinguish three. Mr. Sowerby, a gentleman of strong feelings, and a genius which well directed by study, and divested of some peculiarities, will raise him to the first walks of the drama; Mr. Stanley, a young actor of great ease and nature, and who will be qualified to perform the leading characters of genteel Comedy after a little more experience upon the stage; and Miss H. Kelly, a young actress at once spirited and natural, and possessed of powers which cultivation will advance to a high degree of eminence.

**LYCEUM**—A new Opera, called *Plots*; or, *The Northern Tower*, was presented at this theatre on Monday night, September 3. The scene is in Scotland, which place seems to have been chosen rather for the advantages of rugged forests and castle scenery, than from any peculiarity in the plot, or propriety in the manners of the piece. *Baron Hexhamdale*, an English borderer, refuses his daughter in marriage to *Earl Malcolm*, a Scottish borderer, who endeavours to revenge himself by surprising the Baron's castle, but is prevented by *Gondibert*, a foundling, whom the Baron had protected, and who, by one of the usual contrivances of dramatic writing, turns out to be the real *Earl Malcolm*, and of course the favoured lover, and eventual husband of the Baron's daughter.—Of such materials, the usual brick and mortar of every romance from the days of the Old English Baron to the present time, is this Opera composed. It has no involution of incident which will justify the name of plot; no passion, or portraiture of manners, which can deserve the name of character. The part performed by Dowton (that of the *Baron*), was enriched by his peculiar humour, but, with the exception of the actor's merit, it had none of its own. It was cast in the precise model of *Old Croker*, in the *Goodnatured Man*; a kind of fretful, silly old fellow; his head full of plots and suspicions; who imagines every man to be a spy or an assassin; who cannot lie down without the dread of a train of gunpowder, or drink without the fear of poison. This character was drawn without the least trait of forcible or natural humour; it was pure farce, and that of the lowest kind. *Lurcher* was another character in the Opera; he was a deer-stender, and a most wretched imitation of one of the characters in the *Iron Chest*. In a word, this Opera, had it not been recommended by the music of Mr. M. P. King, would not have been endured.

This elegant little theatre concluded the operatic performances of a very successful season, on Saturday evening, September 15, for the benefit of Mr. Raymond, the Manager.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

George Ross, Esq. of the Inner Temple, is preparing for publication the *Law of Vender and Purchaser of Personal Property*, considered with a view to Mercantile Transactions.

Mr. Stevenson, of Great Russel-street, Pupil to the late Mr. Saunders, will shortly publish a practical Work on the prevalent Diseases of the Eye.

Mr. Wm. Walton, who has visited the places he professes to describe, will shortly publish an Account of the Present State of the Spanish Colonies, and a particular Report on Hispaniola; with a General Survey of the Settlements on the Southern Continent of America, the History, Trade, Productions, &c.

Mr. Woodhouse, of Caius College, Cambridge, is about to publish a Work on Isoperimetrical Problems, and the Calculus of Variations.

The Rev. Charles Lucas, of Avebury, Wilts, has in the Press a Poem, called *Joseph*, historical, patriarchal, and typical, with Notes.

Mr. Agg, author of *Maedermot*, has in forwardness at the Press, *Edward and Elgiva*, a Romance, in four volumes, taken from the history of England, in the tenth century.

Dr. Watkins is preparing a History of the Bible, or a connected View of the Sacred Records; with copious Dissertations and Notes, forming an entire Commentary; also an Appendix, containing Memoirs of the Apostolic Age, Chronological Tables, &c. To be comprised in two quarto volumes.

The Rev. James Rudge is preparing for the Press Twenty-five Discourses on the Creed, delivered at the Church of St. Ann, Limehouse, at the afternoon Lectures.

Mrs. Isaacs, author of *Ella St. Laurence*, has nearly ready for publication, the *Wanderings of Fancy*.

Mr. Gale will soon publish a Work on Grecian Antiquity, with a variety of plates.

Hints on Toleration, submitted to Viscount Sidmouth and the Dissenters, will speedily be published.



## INCIDENTS

## OCCURRING IN AND NEAR LONDON, INTERESTING MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

THE passengers through Piccadilly, and many of the inhabitants, were thrown into great consternation on Sunday night, September 2, by the escape of a leopard from a caravan which was conveying it to Bartholomew Fair. The animal ran into the lower part of one of the houses which are re-building on the south side of the street between the church and the Haymarket. The keeper, who soon discovered the escape of the animal, ran about in great agony, calling for a blanket and some ropes; but when the people heard the purpose for which they were wanted, they retreated from the spot with the utmost precipitation. Two monkeys escaped at the same time, one of which was taken in an oyster shop on the spot, the keeper of which closed his door immediately lest the monkey might be followed by a more formidable visitor. A gentleman walking near the end of the Haymarket, in Piccadilly, excited not a little the fears of the spectators for his safety. The leopard lay couched on the flags, and the gentleman, apparently to avoid falling over him, stopped; upon which the animal raised himself up in the most awful manner, moving his tail. The spectators, and his keepers in particular, who had just arrived, cried out repeatedly, "For Heaven's sake, Sir, take care, it is a tiger." The gentleman, however, firmly kept his ground, nor did he move till the animal left him a free passage, by a most wonderful spring against the side of one of the houses, and then into the middle of the street. He then walked on with all the coolness imaginable, refusing to tell his name. The leopard, we are sorry to find, was not taken without injury to one of the men who were employed on that hazardous service. The animal bit one of them so severely, that the poor man was obliged to be taken to St. George's Hospital. The way in which the animal was secured was by placing a den before the door of the cellar in which he had sheltered himself, but it was with no small difficulty that he was induced to enter it. The horses which drew the caravan, it seems, took fright, ran off full speed, and overthrew it; the cage which contained the leopard was thrown out, and so shattered in the fall that the animal easily escaped.

A meeting of the principal Magistrates of the County, together with the Directors of the Bank, took place on Thursday August 31, at the New Prison, Clerkenwell, to investigate, by the examination of witnesses, the escape of R. Roberts and Smith alias Harper, on Tuesday morning. The former prisoner was about to undergo a final examination on the charge of forgery on the Bank of England, on Wednesday, and the latter is a known thief, who was undergoing an imprisonment for six months, and who also stood indicted for a burglary. Roberts, who has lately repre-

sented himself as a bill-broker, is the same who, two years since, obtained considerable sums of money in the north of England, by representing himself to be Earl Percy. The escape of the two prisoners is one of an extraordinary nature; their places of confinement were at the extremes of a court, and they were perfect strangers to each other, as far as was known. It was discovered that Harper had broken through the wall into an adjoining cell, which was unlocked, and instead of escaping (which might have naturally been expected) into the outer yard, he unlocked two iron gates which led down the court to the interior of the prison, and liberated Roberts, a supposed stranger to him. These gates were found open, and three others, which led to the outer yard. Notwithstanding there is a watchman placed within the prison, in the outer yard, and another without, the two prisoners escaped over the wall; and another remarkable circumstance is, that Mr. Aris, the gaol-keeper, locked up the prisoners that night, which he was not accustomed to do. Mr. Churchill, as the senior Middlesex Magistrate, was in the chair; and Mr. Aris, senior, his four sons, and the whole of the servants of the prison, were closely examined. It turned out, as is stated above, that the two prisoners were not supposed to know each other, and that the whole of the gates leading from the room where Roberts was confined, six in number, were found open in the morning, they having been made fast at locking-up time on the preceding night. The prisoners then made their escape over the wall, by ascending a new lodge in the prison, not yet finished, and when at the top of the wall they were supposed to have let themselves down by a rope, as a hook was found in the morning by D. Aris, the jailor's son. The most important witness was a youth of the name of Macar or M'Gar, who stated some conversation which he had overheard betwixt Daniel Aris and Robert Roberts. This youth was an evidence against a party of burglars, and his testimony relative to this affair, with other circumstances of corroboration tending to implicate Daniel Aris with having been privy to the escape of the prisoners, induced the Magistrates to commit him to New Prison for trial, for aiding and abetting in such escape. It turned out that Roberts had been indulged with walking in the garden of the prison, after he had been locked up in the evening, as usual, at the same time as the other prisoners. Neither of the watchmen could give any satisfactory account of the business. The investigation closed with the suspending of Aris, the Governor of the prison, the committal of Daniel Aris, his son, and the dismissal of another of Aris's sons, who was a turnkey.—Mr. Newport, from the New Prison, Clerkenwell, is appointed successor to Aris, at

he Cold-bath-fields Prison. The youth who gave evidence against Daniel Aris was committed to Totbhill-fields Bridewell, to be kept private.—Neither Roberts or Harper have yet been traced. The evidence against Roberts relative to the forgery upon the Bank, was quite conclusive, and a woman he cohabited with was admitted an evidence in the business. It would defeat the ends of justice to publish the particulars of Roberts's examinations, as several other persons are involved in the business, who cannot at present be found.

**SIR FRANCIS BARING.**—It is with considerable regret that we have to announce the death of Sir Francis Baring, a gentleman as much distinguished in the commercial world as Corno, or Lorenzo de Medici. Sir Francis died at his house at Lee, in Kent, in the 74th year of his age, on Tuesday, Sept. 11th. He was physically exhausted, but his mind remained unsubdued by age or infirmity to the last breath. His bed was surrounded by nine out of ten, the number of his sons and daughters, all of whom he has lived to see established in splendid independence. Three of his sons carry on the great commercial house, and which, by his superior talents and integrity, he carried on to so great a height of respect, and the other two sons are returned from India with fortunes. His five daughters are all most happily married, and in addition to all this, it is supposed he has freehold estates to the amount of half a million. Such has been the result of the honourable life of this English merchant. As the influence and connections of Sir Francis Baring were extended through a very wide circle, and as his reputation was valued by many to whom he was not personally known, we are persuaded that a biographical sketch of him will not prove uninteresting to our readers. Sir Francis Baring was born in London in the year 1746. His father was a merchant in the Virginia trade, which he had commenced with a very inconsiderable capital; but his rigid honesty and dexterity in business having recommended him to some great mercantile houses, they adopted his interest, and enabled him, by liberal loans, to extend the circle of his commerce. With this assistance the house of Baring soon rose to consideration in the city, where wealth and talents for business are estimated at their proper value. The subject of this memoir was one of a numerous family, but he early distinguished himself so as to attract the peculiar attention of his father. The old gentleman was in every respect a thorough man of business, plain and simple in his address, grave in his most social intercourse, and regulating even his domestic concerns by the strictest method. The same gravity of manners, the same readiness of comprehension, the same adherence to order, and the same distaste of pleasure—in a word, the same talent for business, were possessed by the son as by the father. The whole burden of education, however, was not supported by the father alone. Sir Francis was sent to a re-

putable school, and under the tuition of a gentleman of the name of Coleman, the author of several mathematical treatises, obtained an accurate knowledge, and singular dexterity, in the most useful part of the science of mathematics. It was with this tutor Sir Francis acquired the talent for which he was most distinguished, for he became the first algebraist of the day, and in calculations which must be made upon the spot, and admit of no previous study, he was justly considered as unequalled. With such means and inducements, it can be no reasonable subject of surprise that Sir Francis soon reached the highest point of city reputation. Upon the death of his father he was considered as a most worthy successor, and the richest houses and the most wealthy heiresses at the east end of the town considered him as a desirable partner. Mr. Baring soon after made his choice, and married the daughter of Mr. Baston, an opulent merchant. This lady died about three years since at Bath. Mr. Baring, from a proprietor, having become a director of the East India Company, in the year 1784 canvassed the Cornish Borough of Grampound, and took his seat in the House of Commons. The nation was just beginning to recover from the effects of the American war, and to repair the ruin of its commerce, occasioned by the final separation of so many of its wealthy colonies. To gratify the people, and perhaps with the hope of effecting something beneficial, the new Ministry exerted themselves during the whole course of this Parliament, to re-animate the spirit of commerce; and new treaties were concluded with such of the foreign powers as could be persuaded to enter into these engagements. The reputation of Mr. Baring was now so well established, that the premier consulted him in the greater part of these affairs, and is said in conformity with his advice, to have adopted some important arrangements of this nature. The principles of Mr. Baring, with regard to commercial treaties, were the same with those of the writers on public economy—that the sole object of a Minister should be, to leave commerce as free as possible, to suffer it to find its own channels, and to interfere rather to remove obstacles, than to impose regulations. "Every regulation," says he, in one of his speeches upon this subject, "is a restriction, and as such, contrary to that freedom which I have held to be the first principle of the well-being of commerce. A restriction or regulation, may doubtless answer the particular purpose for which it is imposed, but as commerce is not a simple thing, but a thing of a thousand relations, what may be of profit in the particular, may be ruinous in general." But in the public character of Sir Francis Baring, the most prominent part was his conduct as a leading Director of the East India Company, and the strenuous assertion of what he considered as the rights of the Company, against what he deemed the infringements of private traders. Sir Francis Baring, on this occasion, came forward as the

advocate of the Company, and defended its cause with an ardour contrary to the usual moderation of his character. He insisted that the heavy expense, and the actual public services of the Company, composed a debt, to the discharge of which an eternal monopoly of the East India trade would scarcely be sufficient. "Let it be granted," said he, "that we have improved our possessions, and that under the hands of the Company, an insignificant colony has become a great empire. That we should be deprived of a government, because it has thus flourished under our protection, appears equally unjust and ludicrous. Let us be treated with something like justice; and if we are to be ousted of a farm which we have thus improved, let it be for some better reason than that we have thus improved it." It is needless to add what has been the event of this contest; the charter was renewed, and the relief of the body of English merchants, from what their petition called "this oppressive monopoly," left, like other evils, to the gradual effect of time. In the year 1706, upon Sir John Jervis being rewarded with a peerage, and therefore vacated his seat for Chip-ping Wycombe, Sir Francis Baring was elected as a representative for that borough. The character of Sir Francis Baring, in his domestic relations, was truly amiable. Although of a grave cast of mind, he was fond of social amusements, and extremely attached to the fine arts, of which he was a judicious and munificent patron. Like the princely merchants of Florence, to whom we have compared him, he was a patron of literature and of the arts which embellish and improve life. He had a taste of natural simplicity, unvitiated by the affectation of connoisseurship; he valued the arts, not only as the instrument of national grandeur, and one of the main characteristics of a polished people, but he esteemed them likewise as an important ally to national prosperity and mercantile opulence; he considered them as the source from which we derived the improvement of our manufactures, and the foundation upon which was raised the superiority of our exports in foreign markets. Sir Francis

Baring had formed a very choice and valuable collection of ancient and modern masters; but he was a patron likewise of living merit, and, to his great honour, and the credit of his taste, he particularly distinguished the works of the venerable President of the Royal Academy. He commissioned him for several valuable pictures, and, if we mistake not, was the purchaser of the admirable picture of "Christ and the Child," painted by Mr. West, and exhibited this year at Somerset-House. The conversation of Sir F. Baring, like his address, was simple and devoid of ostentation. He was extremely liberal to the national charities, and a great promoter of any laudable speculation of commerce. The abilities of Sir Francis never shone more conspicuously, than in the evidence which he gave some months since upon the Bullion Committee.

MARRIED.—Henry Richard Wood, Esq. only son of Colonel Wood, of Hollin-Hall, in the county of York, to Miss Eckersall, eldest daughter of J. Eckersall, Esq. of Calverton-house, near Bath.—Lord Fulmouth, to Miss Bankes, eldest daughter of Henry Bankes, Esq. The happy pair passed the honey-moon at Mr. Bankes's seat in Hampshire.—At St. Ann's Church, F. W. Desailly, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Miss Nancy Sophia Piggot, of Soho.—William Dickinson, Esq. of the Custom-house, to Miss Essey, of Abbott's Langley, Herts.

DIED.—In Old Burlington-street, the Hon. E. Bouverie, M. P. for Northampton, and uncle to the Earl of Radnor.—Mr. Howe, a respectable tradesman in Mary-le-bone-street, expired without a groan, whilst in the act of stooping for a pipe, which he let fall from his mouth in the shop.—After a lingering illness, Lieut. Frederick Talbot Fowler, of the Royal Marines, aged 21, only son of Mr. Fowler, of Clement's-Inn, Solicitor. His remains were interred in the burying ground at Chatham, with military honours, at which every Officer at headquarters attended.

## PROVINCIALS.

INCLUDING REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, &c.  
IN THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

### BEDFORDSHIRE.

A dreadful accident happened to one of the Lincoln coaches while stopping in the town of Biggleswade, the horses were alarmed by the passing of a load of sheep-skins, piled to some height on the back of an ass. The smell of the skins seemed to offend them, for they all four held up their heads, breathed hard, and furiously set off with the coach. The driver, in consequence of the sudden jerk, dropped the reins, and in en-

deavouring to recover them, fell between the horses and the coach, the wheels of which passed over him, and killed him instantly. In a minute's time the coach came in contact with a post, and was overturned. There were five outside and two inside passengers: one of the former number was severely cut and bruised about the thighs by one of the wheels; the other passengers were little hurt. Miss Phipps, a young lady of Peterborough, who was travelling in the coach at the time of the

PROVINCIALS.—REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, &c. &c.

accident, died in twelve hours after, in consequence of the fright.

CUMBERLAND.

At the Cumberland Assizes an action was brought by a Mrs. Graham against a Mr. Hetherington, for a breach of promise of marriage. The Plaintiff is a widow, who since the death of her husband has resided with her father and mother at Dubwath. It appeared that in July, 1809, the Defendant came to visit the Plaintiff's father, and asked his consent to marry his daughter. This being complied with, promises of marriage were repeated by the Plaintiff to the Defendant, but not fulfilled. In October following, the Plaintiff and defendant met at a public-house, at Bolton Fell End. The Defendant was here interrogated by the Plaintiff respecting the delay of his promise. He replied, in the presence of the landlord, that "he would marry the Defendant, let friends or foes say what they pleased." An arrangement was then made, that on the Saturday following the parties should meet for the solemnization of the marriage at Carlisle. The Plaintiff, according to this agreement, was met by the Defendant, who then stated that he had altered his intention. The consequence was, the Defendant's return to her father's house, much chagrined by the disappointment: she was, however, accompanied by the Defendant, who, after entering the house of her father, kneeled down, and in the presence of the Plaintiff and her mother, "imprecated the vengeance of Heaven on himself, if he did not, on the Monday following, fulfil his promise." After which, the Defendant discontinued his visits, and all correspondence between the parties was broken off.—It was urged, on the part of the Defendant, that there existed no proof of courtship having commenced previous to the 26th of July, at which time it was known that the Plaintiff was pregnant; that the disparity of age between the Plaintiff and the Defendant was so great, that there was some probability the Defendant, on account of his youth, had been ensnared.—Verdict for the Plaintiff, 100*l.* damages.

DIED.—At Threepland, Mrs. Mary Jackson, aged eighty-two years, forty of which she had been a widow, and was greatly respected through life. She was the person who first discovered the method of rearing what are now called potatoe-oats, so generally cultivated in various parts of the kingdom. The circumstance which led to it was the deceased's observing a single stem of oats growing on a potatoe rig, the seed of which had been conveyed thither by the wind. Observing that the straw was uncommonly strong, when the grain was matured, she preserved it, and used it for seed the ensuing season; which succeeding in a very extraordinary degree, the method was soon after adopted by numbers of farmers.

DERBYSHIRE.

Three persons, after dining at Buxton, were suddenly seized with a violent internal attack, one of whom died almost immediately; the others,

with apparent great difficulty, survived. It appeared that they had, in a mistake, eaten of the root of hemlock, scraped with some horse-rudish, to roasted beef.

MARRIED.—At Duffield, Mr. W. Stephenson, plumber and glazier, to Miss Brown, Widow of the late Mr. T. Brown, both of Belper. This blooming young widow had interred her former husband about twelve weeks, and was apparently inconsolable for his loss, till within a few days of her union with Mr. Stephenson, the sight of whose athletic form drove the tear of sorrow from her eye, and replaced it with the compassionate glance of love.

DEVONSHIRE.

A singular circumstance lately occurred a short distance from Chudleigh. Four gentlemen, passengers in the mail-coach, coming to that town, overcome by the fatigue of their journey, sunk into the arms of Morpheus; when, in coming down a hill, the coach door flew open, and one of them fell out, unknown to the others, nor was he missed until the coach stopped several miles further on; the guard seeing the door open, awoke the other three, and inquired for their companion, but they knew nothing of him; nor could he be found although a horse was procured and search made for him: he however arrived here in the afternoon, in one of the heavy coaches, and had not sustained any injury.

KENT.

A singular event occurred in the wheat field of Mr. Aran, of Tenterden, when T. Collins, at the advanced age of 95, reaped in company with his son, William, aged 72, and his daughter, Sarah, aged 66, and whose united years amounted to 233. It is equally remarkable, that the father is free from the infirmities peculiar to old age; and in order to commemorate the event, he has lately been presented with a scythe with an appropriate inscription thereon.

BIRTHS.—At Sheerness garrison, Mrs. Barnes, wife of Mr. Barnes, of the Tuns Inn, was safely delivered of four children, three boys and one girl, all dead born. In November last she was delivered of Twins, which lived only one month, making six children in nine months! She is in a fair way of recovery.

MARRIED.—At St. Paul's Deptford, Captain Andrew Hutton of the Elizabeth Indiaman, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of Mr. J. Carmack, of New Cross, Surrey.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

A man of the name of George Watson was lately apprehended for stealing a mare from the premises of Mr. Whittington, at Halfhide, on the preceding night, which happened to be very foggy. After riding for about two hours, and thinking himself safe from pursuit, he went into a farm-yard at Sheephall, to rest his horse and himself; when, to his great astonishment, he ran into the hands of the owners of the horse, not being more than a quarter of a mile from the place

whence he stole her, whither she had brought him back by a circuitous route.

The following extraordinary case has lately occurred in a small village near Great Beekhamstead:—A poor woman of the name of Beckett, for several months past, at intervals, has slept repeatedly several days together, sometimes four, five, and at one time nine days without intermission. During this time she receives no nourishment, and, after waking, soon sinks again into her former state. Her eyes are fixed, her body is stiff, and her whole appearance is death-like. She has been visited by several persons while in this state, but from the long continuance of it has almost ceased to become an object of curiosity. The poor woman's malady arose, it is imagined, in consequence of a severe indisposition after lying-in.

#### HEREFORDSHIRE.

**HORRID MURDER.**—An inquest has been taken at Longtown, in Herefordshire, before William Pattershall, Esq. on the body of Joan Gwyllexian, who was found in her house on Thursday, Aug. 10th, so dreadfully beaten and injured, that she died on the Saturday following. From the evidence it appeared, that the deceased was a person in years, and that she resided alone in a house in the parish of Clodork, and it was generally reported that she always kept a considerable sum of money in the house. The murderers appeared to have obtained an entrance into the house during the night between Tuesday and Wednesday, by removing some part of the tiles from the roof, and the old lady having secured the door of her chamber, they had forced up some of the boards of the flooring of the room over that in which she slept, and thus obtained admission to her; when, it appeared from the situation in which she was discovered, they beat her with a large stick till they supposed she was dead. She remained in that state undiscovered till Thursday morning, when she was found by a neighbour lying near her bed nearly lifeless. She survived, however, till the Saturday, when she expired, without having been able to give any account of her murderers. The Jury returned a verdict of—Wilful Murder against some Person or Persons unknown.—Three people are in custody on suspicion, viz. a mother, her son, and a female friend.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

A young man of the name of Thornton, at Moulton Seals End, in this county, scaled the steeple of the parish church, which is one hundred and ten feet high, by means of the small projections of stone attached to the exterior of the spire. Not content with succeeding in gaining the stone which caps the summit, he aspired to substitute his cloth apron for the fane. Whilst climbing up the staff, at the extremity of which the fane is fixed, it broke with his weight! His destruction appeared inevitable; but, fortunately, his body caught the stump of the staff, and he was thus arrested in his descent, and shortly after

descended to the ground by the same adventurous route which he traced in his ascent.

#### NORTHUMBERLAND.

**DIED.**—At Spital, near Berwick, after a life of strange vicissitudes and wonderful escapes, T. Gordon, aged above 90 years. It is related of him, that, at one period of his life, being under sentence of death in Edinburgh gaol, one of the County Magistrates, speaking warmly about the prisoner, said, that "all the Gordons should be hanged." This speech was conveyed to the then Duchess of Gordon, who, feeling for the honour of the name, immediately exerted all her influence in behalf of Gordon, and succeeded in getting his sentence changed to a few years solitary confinement.

#### NORFOLK.

At the Norfolk Assizes an action was brought to recover the sum of £20 due on a note of hand. Plaintiff was a carpenter at Great Yarmouth, at which place defendant is a coast-waiter, whose signing and delivering the note was proved. The defence set up was very extraordinary, and excited much laughter. It was endeavoured to be proved that the note was obtained by the combined artifice of the plaintiff, his wife, and maid, to frighten the defendant out of a sum of money, by decoying him into the plaintiff's house, and then into his wife's bed-room, when it was so contrived that the plaintiff made his unexpected appearance, pretending to be in a violent passion both at the intruder and his own wife, and brandishing his cudgel in a threatening manner." This statement was corroborated by testimony of the servant-maid, who had only received half-a-crown from Collins for her share of the spoil, and also by the constable who was brought to take the intruder into custody, who heard Mrs. Collins say, on that occasion, that Browne, the defendant, had offered her a guinea for her favours. On hearing this, Browne, in great alarm, said he was ruined, and in the morning both parties having met by agreement. Collins said he would make up the matter for fifty pounds. Browne said he could not pay that sum, and offered £20, for which he gave his note of hand. The learned Judge, in summing up the evidence remarked, that as Browne had given the note of hand voluntarily, it must be paid. Verdict for the plaintiff.

**MARRIED.**—At St. Stephen's, Norwich, Mr. James Bell, of the Steam Mills, to Mrs. Barnard, of the former place.

#### RADNORSHIRE.

At Presteigne Assizes, a lamentable instance of depravity occurred: a boy, not more than twelve years old, was tried for a burglary, which he had committed in company with two other boys about his own age. These young depredators had acted, it appeared, with more artful caution than could be expected from much older offenders. One has escaped, and the second being admitted King's evidence, brought the fact home to the third boy,

who received sentence of death, but on account of his tender years was reprieved.

#### SUSSEX.

At the last Sussex Assizes, Sarah Searle was indicted for stealing several articles of plate in the house of Mr. Campion, at Westmester in this county. The conduct of the prisoner in this case was the most artful and extraordinary that has lately occurred in any Court of Justice. Mr. Campion being absent in London the latter end of May and June last, the prisoner was the only servant left in the house. For several days before the robbery, she complained to the gardener and others that she heard persons about the house in the night, and expressed her fears that it was beset by thieves. She even went the length of getting a man to sleep in the house, and she went to sleep at his cottage, returning in the morning. One morning she described a man of suspicious appearance, who, she said had been there inquiring for Mr. Campion; and she affected to have discovered the bars of the dairy window, which had been nearly sawed through at the bottom. At last she said, that on the morning of the 6th of June, just as she had got to the house, and was about to light the fire, the same man rushed from the wash-house, seized her by the hair of her head, and dragged her over the house compelling her to shew him where the plate was deposited, which she was obliged to do; that he then took her into the kitchen, and hung her to a nail in the kitchen, and there left her; that she, by the assistance of another nail in the wall, raised herself, and was kept from suffocating until she got a clasp knife from her pocket, which she opened with her teeth, and then cut the rope. She immediately fell down, and upon recovering herself, she ran out to a neighbour's house, with the ropes about her neck, where she stated the particulars. All these facts she deposed before the Magistrates at Lewes; but suspicions were entertained of their truth, for it was observed that the window-bars had been sawed from within-side the house; and, upon search, all the articles of plate were found in her box.—The Jury found her guilty, and she was sentenced to seven years transportation.

Brighton, Sept. 3. Last Friday evening, as one of the Worthing coaches was on its journey to this place, it was overturned near Buckingham, and some of the passengers materially hurt. A gentleman named Cole, an eminent solicitor of Windsor, who has been sojourning here a short time, was thrown from the roof with such violence that his right leg was dreadfully broken, his left leg lacerated to the bone, his right arm cut, the wrist part out of place, and the shoulder dislocated. Another gentleman, named Taylor, also an outside passenger, received a severe contusion on his forehead; and the coachman and two others were hurt, but in a much less degree. This dreadful calamity arose from the spirit of opposition, a new coach having set up.

At the Tap of a certain Inn, in Ship-street, Brighton, six heroes of the knife lately sat down to supper, fully determined to dispatch thirty-six pounds of salt beef, which they effected in ten minutes, to the no small mortification of the landlord, who stood petrified with astonishment till the beef was dispatched, when he immediately disappeared to inform the sharks that were in waiting below stairs that all was devoured.

#### SURREY.

A duel was fought at Moulsey Hurst on Monday morning, Sept. 3, between a Captain Hants, and Mr. Coleshall, a gentleman of some notoriety on the turf, in consequence of a dispute relative to some trivial bet at Egham races. After exchanging two shots the Captain was dangerously wounded in his left breast, and his antagonist has escaped. The parties were stopped whilst measuring their ground to fight in Middlesex on the Saturday preceding, by the information of Mr. Coleshall's brother. Captain Hants died of his wound on the Sunday following, having previously been removed to London. The ball was extracted the day after the duel. On the Coroner's Inquest there was no evidence before the jury as to Mr. Coleshall, but it was merely stated that four gentlemen alighted from chaises on the heath, accompanied by another on horseback, and that two fires were exchanged, when the deceased fell, and he was put into a chaise and driven off. The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.

Another fatal duel was fought on Thursday morning, Sept. 6, upon Wimbledon Common. At half past five o'clock, three post-chaises were noticed passing over Putney Bridge, and at half past six one of the chaises returned to the Red Lion at Putney, with a wounded gentleman of the name of Payne, whose residence is in Northamptonshire. Mr. Heaviside was sent for, and found that a pistol-ball had entered the groin; the unfortunate gentleman died the same afternoon. His antagonist a Captain Clark, immediately effected his escape. Mr. Payne was the younger son of the late René Payne, Esq. and he left him his fortune, to the amount of 14,000l. a year. Mr. Payne has left four children by his amiable wife, who was a Miss Gray. The cause of the fatal duel is truly melancholy. The challenge took place ten days ago, at Scarborough, but the quarrel was of a more distant date. The orphan daughter of the late Dr. Clark, of Newcastle, was the friend of Mrs. Payne, and a visitor in the family. An unfortunate attachment took place between Mr. Payne and Miss Clark, and transpired, which the irritated feelings of the brother forced him to resent. Every means were tried by Mr. John Payne, brother of the deceased, to avert the catastrophe, but in vain. Mr. Geo. Payne was most exemplary in all his conduct through life, except this fatal attachment. He was a most liberal and a most amiable man. He had whispered to his second, Mr. Abbot, that he should not return Mr. Clark's fire: but the first

shot proved mortal.—An inquest was held on the body, and Mr. Shillito, the surgeon who attended the deceased, deposed, that he found a wound in the left groin, which passed through the intestines, and having lacerated several arteries, caused an hemorrhage in the abdomen, which witness believed the cause of his death; however, he had found no ball. Witness had not asked whether Mr. Payne had fought a duel, but overheard him say to a gentleman who was in the room, "Well, I hope, I have not disgraced myself?" to which the other gentleman answered, "Quite the contrary."—The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

At the Bristol Assizes an action was brought by Mr. Allard against Mr. Sowerby, for the recovery of 134*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* for 8*l.* 1*l.* and labour exercised in his profession of a surgeon, and for medicines supplied, and who had performed an operation for that dreadful disorder, the stone, on the Defendant's son, a youth about seventeen years of age. The sum of 84*l.* had been paid into court, and the action had been brought for the remainder. The sum consisted of three separate charges, viz. 10*g.* for the operation and attendance for six months, 20*g.* for strictures, and 4*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* for medicines, which were dispensed by the Plaintiff at the request of the Defendant. Mr. Sergeant Lens, in opening the case, paid a high compliment to the skill of Mr. Allard, declaring he was second to no man in the kingdom; and it was proved that Mr. Hackett had paid 100 guineas for a similar operation. On the part of the Defendant, Mr. Jekyll addressed the jury, in a speech as brilliant and replete with sarcastic humour as ever fell from his tongue. After having observed that a case more bare of that evidence which should entitle a Plaintiff to a verdict, was never brought into Court; that the exorbitant charges of the Plaintiff were unsupported by the testimony of any professional gentleman in the same city, that such were the usual and proper charges. "Methinks," says Mr. J., "I view this gentleman retiring to his Sabine farm in Dorsetshire; he has turned his spatula into a plough-share, and his lancet into a pruning-knife; cultivating his own rhubarb, and using his syringe to water his plants, himself reclining under the shade of his Peruvian bark." He hoped, when he viewed the streets of his native city, that he would do it without a sigh, and that he should have no need to exclaim with Gil Blas to his friend Scipio, on approaching the gates of Valladolid, "at sight of this last place I could not help heaving a profound sigh, and my companion, who perceived it, asking the cause, 'Child (said I), I practised physic a *long* time in this city, and my conscience upbraids me with it at this moment!'" Gentlemen, Mr. Hackett, it is true, has said he paid 100 guineas; but in charges of this sort a distinction of persons should be taken into the account. Every professional man would make a difference between sewing up the head of an apple-woman and a Serjeant

at Law. My Learned Friend opposite, Mr. Serjeant Poll (whose head was bound up from an accident he had met with), did not get his patch gratis. He had calculated the mass of medicine this poor boy had swallowed, and found that it amounted to 479 drafts and mixtures, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per day. You have it in evidence to be sure, Gentlemen, that the bottles were returned, and this reminds me of a passage in a comedy of the celebrated Foote, where a medical man exclaims, "Well, I have got back my bottles, so I shall not be out of pocket."—Mr. Sowerby having paid 84*l.* into Court, fifty guineas for the operation, and twenty guineas for the medicine, the jury gave a verdict for that sum, thinking it a reasonable compensation to Mr. Allard.

## YORKSHIRE.

A shocking event occurred at Aldbrough, in Holderness, lately, being the fair-day at that place. A young man, named Whitehead, servant with Mr. Stebbings of Preston, had some time ago paid his addresses to the daughter of Benjamin Ockleton, of Aldbrough, but had been discarded. He met with her at that place one evening, followed her into the fields, where she had gone to walk along with her aunt, and on her refusing to countenance his addresses, swore he would either have her, or make her that nobody else would. He then drew out a knife, and stabbed her in the breast and throat several times, until she succeeded in wresting the knife from him, in doing which both her hands were much cut. Fortunately the aunt having run back to the town, several people came to the spot in time to prevent him from taking her life, though she is yet severely ill of the wounds. The man, we understand, had once or twice before threatened her life, but bore a very general good character. He has been committed to York Castle.

MARRIED.—At Hull, Luke Geil, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Ann Wetherill, of that place. The bridegroom got a licence of the vicar on the preceding evening, and wrapped it up in a five guinea note, but lost both in his way home. They were found next morning by a young woman, who very honestly took them to the vicar's, just at the time when the soldier arrived to relate his misfortune.—Mr. Joseph Holmes, of Woodhouse, to Miss M. Cooper, of Hunflut, near Leeds. The bridegroom is deaf and dumb.

DIED.—Mr. David Haigh, landlord of the Shakespeare tavern, in Halifax. Having got out of bed, supposed in his sleep, unfortunately threw up the chamber window, and falling into a yard adjoining the premises, he was so dreadfully bruised as to cause his death. He was in the prime of life, and has left three children, and a pregnant wife to lament the dreadful accident.

## IRELAND.

In the last number of *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE* was inserted some particulars of an horrid murder committed in Ireland. The culprits were tried at Carrickfurgus, and found guilty. The following

is an account of the execution of the offenders:—On Friday, Aug. 24th, the dreadful sentence of the law was put in execution upon John Cherry and Charles Underwood, for the murder of John McClure. Underwood was permitted to have an interview with his wife, which was extremely affecting. This young man, who had scarcely attained his 21st year, was married only one week previously to his apprehension, and not a month before the termination of his life.—John Cherry was attended by three of his sons. Upon reaching Randalstown, the prisoners being brought into the Court-house, and Underwood introduced into an inner apartment, he there, in the presence of Mr. Aiken, the Magistrate, Dr. Henry, and one or two others, made a full and ample confession of his guilt. While Underwood was in one apartment, the old man was in another, where he was exhorted in the most earnest manner to acknowledge the justice of his sentence, and to confess his guilt; but, sheltering himself under the casuistry, that “not having struck a blow, he was not criminal,” he persisted in continuing deaf to every argument, sitting with his legs across, and taking snuff in quantities, with the most hardened composure. On their arrival at the fatal tree, the Rev. Dr. Henry offered up an energetic prayer, to which the youth paid the utmost attention; but the aged criminal seemed stupidly obdurate. Immediately afterwards, Underwood stood upright on the car, and with a calm firmness addressed the multitude in nearly these words:—“You see me here, my friends, brought to this shameful end in the flower of my youth. I beg of you, for the love of God, and if you would wish to escape my fate, to avoid bad company of all sorts, particularly shun cock-fighting, drinking, and swearing; and above all things, pay attention to the Sabbath-day, and never omit attending meeting, and hearing the word of God:—For the love of God, mind what I say. I deserve to die, for I am guilty; but it is a consolation to me that I did not raise my hand; but I might have saved the man. I state it upon my death, that it was my uncle John Underwood who struck McClure upon the head, and Robert Courtenay who stabbed him with a bayonet: it was this unfortunate old man who caused it all—Galway was as bad; what he swore was partly true, and partly false—he did not offer his daughter in marriage.”—Then turning to Cherry, he addressed him in the most earnest and pathetic manner, nearly as follows:—“And now, John Cherry, for the love of God and your own soul, confess your guilt!” Here the hardened old man looked up most impudently, interrupting him, as if offended, and muttering, “What would you have me to say?”—“You have been a very wicked old man, and have been the means of bringing me here. My God! when so young a creature as I am is so cast down with the weight of my sins, what must be your case, and you so old; for you

know you always bore a bad character.—For my part, I am now light, and am rejoiced I am going to die; for having begun so young, my sins would have been increased if I had not been cut off. The devil had got hold of me. Come! begin for God's sake, and state all your sins from the first. May God forgive you! I do, and every one.” A shroud, &c. being produced, Underwood, with the greatest fortitude and deliberation, divested himself of his clothes, even including his shirt: and having put on the shroud, distributed his clothes amongst his friends, and then said he hoped what he had said before was heard by every one.—“I spoke as loud as I could,” said he, “and I hope you remember it;” and whilst the dreadful preparation was making, he continued his address, repeating and enforcing nearly the same sentiments. At length, on the car being driven away, the unfortunate men came to the ground, every thing being ineffectually done by the miserable executioner. About twenty minutes elapsed in re-adjusting the ropes, during which time Underwood stood steady: and being told that he had a few moments longer, he replied “God is still good to me, and I have always been ungrateful,” and then employed his time in exhorting the crowd; but Cherry only muttered as before; and while every heart throbbed for Underwood, not a feeling of pity was excited for the hoary villain, neither did he seem to feel for himself. The scene at last closed. Underwood was a fine erect youth of about six feet high, light hair and complexion, long visage, and had a very sensible and rather a good countenance. Cherry was a set old man, about five feet seven inches high, with a weatherbeaten countenance, expressive of low cunning and assurance—he could neither read nor write. While Underwood was dictating what was written down at Randalstown, he exclaimed with great feeling, “Oh! that Almighty God would soften the heart of that old man. He has had much experience, and I am but a young man and have been led away.”—It was noticed, that when Underwood was exhorting Cherry to confess his crimes, though his sons were near him at the time, none of them joined in that request, but preserved an expressive silence.—When at the place of execution, Underwood asked for several of his acquaintances, and they were called for among the crowd and told that the orphan wanted them. Many went forward to him. He shook hands with them, and bade them farewell. Previously to being tied up a second time, he held up his right hand, and declared he never struck McClure.—The bodies were suspended about thirty-five minutes, and after being taken down, that of Underwood was conveyed to the County Infirmary at Lisburna for dissection, but on account of the contrition he had manifested, it was given to his father-in-law and his other friends who applied for it.



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BEING

Bill's

## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1810.

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THE SELLER, in disposing of rendering his Monthly Publication entitled "LA BELLE  
FRENCH COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE, the very best Periodical  
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OBSERVATIONS IN FAVOUR OF SUCH COMMUNICATIONS

### OBSERVATIONS IN FAVOUR OF SUCH COMMUNICATIONS.

*Few Parents or Guardians entrusted with the direction of youth, but may wish to inculcate some favourite principle, or may have some quality or perfection to recommend and enforce, or some negligence or defect to reprove, which might be done more delicately and effectually by an ingenious Essay, or a well told Tale of general application in print, than by individual representation personally; and numbers there must be who, in the habit of writing and thinking for themselves, or in the course of their reading and literary recreations, have made selections of choice and curious articles for reference in their own Port-folios or Common-place Books,—it is therefore suggested, that by pouring out generally such literary treasures into one BUREAU, subject to a classic arrangement and monthly publication in LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, being BELI'S COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE, that Work will become, and may justly be considered as*

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**\* \* Address all Communications to the Proprietor of this Work.**

ASSEMBLED



VICE QUEEN of ITALY,  
*Late Princess of Bavaria.*

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For OCTOBER, 1810.

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A New Series.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Eleventh Number.

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AUGUSTA AMELIA BEAUHARNOIS, VICE-QUEEN OF ITALY.

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AUGUSTA AMELIA BEAUHARNOIS, Vice-Queen of Italy, is the daughter of the King of Bavaria, late Elector of that celebrated division of the German Empire. She was the first of those royal sacrifices which was offered up to the ambition of Napoleon, and was made the pledge of friendship and alliance between France and Bavaria at a period of the war, in which both powers stood in need of the assistance of each other.

In the third coalition war, which closed with the battle of Austerlitz, it became necessary to reward the Elector of Bavaria, if not for his open assistance of Bonaparte against his legitimate sovereign the Emperor of Austria, yet, at least, for his convenient neutrality. His principality therefore was enlarged by Bonaparte into a kingdom, and some of the rapine and dismemberment of Italy and Germany were tossed in as an *arrondissement* to his territory. The rank of the Elector himself was likewise accommodated to his increase of territorial power, and he was crowned

under the auspices of the modern Charlemagne.

It had always been the ambition of Bonaparte to connect the bastard royalty of his blood by engrafting from legitimate stocks; a marriage the more was proposed, and Eugene Beauharnois, son of the repudiated Empress, was brought forward as a husband for the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria. To render him worthy of this marriage, he received a principality in Italy as his portion, and the rank of Viceroy. The character of his wife has not been attacked by any calumny of the day; she is reckoned amiable and dutiful.

Her husband is one of the characters whom it is not very easy to distinguish: he is neither a General nor a Statesman; his only merit with Napoleon was his relationship, and his reward has not been earned by his merit, but by that condition of circumstances which has elevated the low, and prostrated the great.

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## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### A VIEW OF THE NATIONAL AND SOCIAL CHARACTER OF THE PORTUGUESE.

FROM THE OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAVELLER LATELY RETURNED.

IN the following hasty sketch of the manners and customs of the Portuguese, differing so widely from those of the English, it will be a satisfaction to observe, that if they are not so polished or congenial to our mode of living, the deficiency is in some measure compensated by the hospitality an Englishman never fails to meet with, provided he will conform to the customs of the country. The name of a Briton is revered and respected as a deliverer of the country; whilst a Frenchman is execrated and abhorred.

The Fidalgos, or nobles, are in general indolent, their education in a great measure neglected, and their information confined to the knowledge of their own estates or the environs of Lisbon: their houses are a strange mixture of the palace and the pigstye; exhibiting a costly suite of apartments painted in the Italian style, whilst at the same time your olfactory nerves are saluted with the odoriferous effluvia of the stable, which usually occupies the ground floor. The entrance to these mansions resembles our coach-houses in England, with large folding-doors, and a pavement beneath your feet of small round stones disposed in squares and circles. The second story, to which you ascend by a dirty flight of stone steps, on which three or four beggars are always posted, is inhabited by the domestics and their families; the third as sleeping rooms; and in the upper story is the magnificent suite of apartments before alluded to. Few houses have a room with a fire-place in it, except the kitchen, and that in the upper story: in winter this inconvenience is sometimes severely felt; but in order to remedy it, a charcoal fire in a large copper pan, of the form of a soup-plate, fixed in a flat block of wood or frame, is placed in the middle of the room, round which the party assemble, males and fe-

males, buried to the chin in an immense baize surtout or cloak. The conversation, as may be expected at this time, is not very interesting or enlivening, scarce ever extending beyond the very expressive sentence of "It is very cold, Sir." Added to which the sulphureous particles arising from the charcoal occasions a constant coughing, and consequent spitting, a custom to which the natives are much addicted, even females of the first rank. Coal is but little known, except in the vicinity of Oporto, although it may be seen in many parts on the surface of the earth. To this circumstance we may in a great degree attribute the want of manufactures in the country. The costume of the female nobility and gentry is either after the fashion of the English, a few years in arrear, the Parisian, or a mode peculiar to themselves; which consists in having the body of the gown of coloured silk, and the sleeves and petticoat, or train, of white, or of a different colour from the other parts: the hair is profusely ornamented with gold combs, artificial flowers, or precious stones of various colours. The universal dress for church is black, with a veil over the head, reaching nearly to the ground, and leaving only a small part of the face visible; this according to the rank of the wearer, is of lace, silk, or woollen cloth, and is far from unbecoming. The women who are seen in the streets never wear a bonnet or hat, but the head is covered with a clean white handkerchief; let the weather be hot or cold, a cloak with sleeves is thrown gracefully over the shoulders, the arms are never introduced, and the sleeves hang down by the side. The costume of the male part of the Portuguese nobility and gentry resembles the English; the ancient custom of wearing the cloak in the street is abolished, except by the lower orders of society.

#### CHARACTER OF THE PORTUGUESE.

The usual method in conversation with the Fidalgos, especially if they have any title or state employment, is to address them with, *Vossa Excellencia*, if not *Vossa Senioria*; inferiors, tradesmen, or mechanics *Vossa Merce*; to ladies of rank of every description, *Vossa Excellencia*, and to the clergy *Vossa Reverencia*, or *Vossa Reverendissima* to the more dignified. A little attention to these apparent trifles, will go a great way towards ensuring a good reception amongst the higher classes.

In Lisbon, Oporto, and most of the sea-port towns, the mercantile part of the community are by far the best informed; we may nevertheless except some few of the nobility, regular clergy, and higher orders of the monks. The necessary intercourse of the former with foreigners of every description, tends in a great degree to improve their general knowledge, but they are still far behind most European nations. This may be attributed to various causes; first, the great restriction of the press; secondly, the superstition and bigotry of their religion, out of which cause the former arises; and lastly, the despotic form of their government, combined with the natural indolence of the people.

In Portugal there are three orders of knighthood. That of Christ, formerly the Knights Templar, comprehending four hundred and fifty-four commanderies, the grand priory of which is Thomar, was instituted by Dionisio, or Dennis I. The knights of this order, which is the most common, and held in the least estimation of any, wear a cross suspended to the button-hole by a red ribbon. The order of Santiago, the cross of which is suspended in like manner by a green ribbon, was instituted in 1290, in the reign of Dennis also, and has since been separated from the order of the same name in Spain; it contains one hundred and fifty commanderies, and the grand priory is Palmela. The order of Avis comprehends only fifty commanderies, and was instituted during the reign of Alphonso I. after the famous battle of the Campo do Ourique; the grand priory of this order is the town of that name. The king is grand-master of the whole, and derives a considerable revenue therefrom. These orders are certainly much prostituted, tradesmen

and mechanics are seen decorated with the cross at their button-holes; but I cannot say that I ever saw servants with this badge of knighthood, as mentioned by General Dumouriez and the Duke de Châtelet. There are also some few Knights of St. John of Malta in Portugal; the commanderies are twenty-five in number.

The peasantry of the provinces of Estremadura, part of Beira, and Alemtejo are indolent and lazy, and as long as they have bread to eat, it is with the greatest difficulty they can be persuaded to exert themselves, or to quit their homes. In the common occupations of the field, or manual labour, one Englishman will do more work in twenty-four hours, than half a dozen of them.

The Arrieiros, or muleteers, are a hardy race of peasantry; after the vintage they are chiefly employed in conveying the wine to the more distant parts of the kingdom by the mountainous passes, on the backs of their mules. Each muleteer has generally four of these animals, called a *tiro*, under his charge. They frequently march in convoys of three or four hundred, and the care the drivers bestow on their mules is astonishing. During the journey the man and his beasts partake of the same fare, consisting of bread made of the Indian corn soaked in wine, an excellent food for a horse when fatigued, and of which the country horses are particularly fond. In the heat of the day the convoy halts; the beasts with their fore-legs tied, and covered with a blanket to keep off the flies, which are exceedingly troublesome, are turned to graze; whilst the drivers enjoy the sesta or afternoon's nap, a custom common to the whole of the inhabitants of the peninsula. At this time, in all the country towns the shops are shut, from about one o'clock till three; the stillness of night reigns throughout the place, and according to a saying of the Portuguese, none but Englishmen and dogs are to be seen in the streets.

The wine carried in this manner is stowed in large hogskins turned inside out, the seams neatly sewed and pitched, in consequence of which it has rather a disagreeable taste, particularly if the skins are new; for this reason old skins are valuable; two of them when full are a load

for a mule. They are carried one on each side, on a packsaddle without a tree, and a pad over it; underneath this the muleteer places his blanket, and covers the cargo with a few sheep or goat skins, which together with his cloak forms his bed; no despicable one either. During the whole of the late campaigns in Spain and Portugal, the officers in the British army used it constantly, with this difference only, that instead of placing the blanket next to the animal on the march, they put it between the pack-saddle and the pad, which preserved it dry.

The religion of the Portuguese is so interwoven with their manners and customs, that it is almost impossible to treat of the latter without having reference to the former. We shall neither puzzle ourselves nor our readers with a statement of its doctrines and tenets, but simply state facts; suffice it to say, that it is the Roman Catholic persuasion, carried to the greatest height of enthusiasm, and, in their opinion, all who profess a different religion are heretics.

Of the clergy little is to be said, except that, if we include the religious orders, they are by far too numerous for the population of the country: in the interior the best and most useful information is to be gained from them. The casa, or house of the Vigario, Padre or Curé, is generally the best quarters in the place, which, if it affords any luxuries, are certain to be found there.

The ecclesiastical division of Portugal consists of three archbishoprics, Bragg, Lisbon, and Evora, and ten bishoprics, Oporto, Miranda, Coimbra, Elvas, Lamego, Portalegre, Leiria, Guarda, Viseu, and Algarve.

Without entering into a particular description of each of the numerous sects or orders of the monastic fraternity, we shall content ourselves with observing, that, with very few exceptions, instead of prayer and abstinence, which they profess, their lives are spent in gaiety and dissipation, committing every kind of debauchery with impunity. The convents, those castles of indolence, as they are termed by Costigan, in his sketch of the manners and customs of the Portuguese, have nothing in their exterior to recommend them, and

but little more in the interior, except the good living to be found in most of them.

They are generally large square buildings, with plastered and white washed walls; a long corridor runs round each story within, to which the doors of the monks' cells open. These, particularly in the convents of the higher orders, are not what they are commonly represented to be, the narrow and dreary mansions of meditation, containing only the pallet bed, the lamp, and crucifix, but, on the contrary, consist of a tolerably well furnished bed room and sitting room. The ladder and cellar are always well stored, and the inhabitants of the mansion live in indolence on the fat of the land, riding about the country in their carriages, or on mules, with their attendants. There are, indeed, some of the lower orders of the fraternity, who subsist entirely on a kind of forced charity, extracted from the pockets of the equally miserable, and more industrious labourer or mechanic, who by this means is deprived of a portion of his scanty earnings: his children finding neither employment in manufactures nor agriculture, to prevent absolute starvation, are obliged to have recourse to the same system of mendicancy. We have frequently seen in the streets of Lisbon children from five to ten years of age, in the habits of a capuchin, with the tonsure and a large scrip, begging from house to house.

It has been for some time a subject of discussion with various authors, whether the almost uncontrolled sway maintained by the clergy over the minds, we might, perhaps, say, over the persons and property of the lower orders of society, has been mostly effected by the force of enlightened education and superior intellect, or by means of low cunning and superstitious intimation. We are inclined to think, that the former may have their due weight, but that the latter certainly preponderate; for when we consider the number of religious ceremonies, conducted with the utmost pomp and grandeur, handed down from generation to generation, and some of them so truly absurd, we may infer, that they themselves are equally the dupes of their own credulity.

Of all the religious ceremonies, the procession of the Corpus Christi is the most



magnificent. On this day the streets are hung with silken dapey, embroidered with gold; the monks of the different orders join the procession, bearing the silver candelabra of their convents, and at the head marches the statue of St. George on horseback, in complete armour, attended by the generals and their suite bare headed. The military line the streets; the convents are illuminated in the evening by tar barrels and large wax tapers; a profusion of rockets are seen in the air from all parts of the town; the garrisons and shipping fire in honour of the day; and the whole is conducted with the utmost pomp and grandeur.

The procession of the host is continually passing to and fro in the city of Lisbon: on its entrance into any of the streets, one of the ecclesiastical attendants who precedes it, tolls a hand-bell which he carries for the purpose; upon this the whole of the passengers, male and female, drop on their knees, and remain in that position, crossing themselves, and repeating their Ave Maria's and Pater noster's till it has passed. The inhabitants run to the balconies and windows of their houses, and perform the same ceremonies; the military guards turn out bare-headed and kneeling, with the point of the bayonet to the ground. The officers and soldiers of the British army halt and take off their hats, but do not kneel.

The inquisition, formerly the scourge of the land, has now lost its terrific horrors. According to the best accounts, this detestable tribunal was established during the reign of D. Joao III. about the year 1586, for the punishment of heretics. After maintaining its baneful influence and power for centuries, it received its death blow during the administration of the Marquis de Pombal. The principal tribunal, which is at Lisbon, stands in the square of the Roscio, and is now little more than a palace where the Regency meet to transact the affairs of the nation, and where they sit in judgment on political offenders. Evora and Coimbra formerly had their inquisitorial tribunals; these have also lost their power, or have ceased to exercise it.

The manner of travelling or posting in Portugal, is very different from what we are

accustomed to in England, being performed chiefly on a mule, or on horseback, and sometimes even on a *burro*, or ass. The first thing necessary, is to be provided with an order from the Postmaster-General to all postmasters, magistrates, &c. to assist you with beasts and every thing you may require on your journey, engaging yourself to pay at the usual rate of the country, which is half a dollar per league for an animal for yourself, and one for the postillion who accompanies you; in like proportion for an additional number.

It would be advisable always to provide your own saddle, as those of the country are very awkward and fatiguing to ride any distance on, we might rather say in, for you are completely wedged in, between a board fixed on the pommel, and another round the cantle of the saddle, each of which reaches nearly down to the knee, pinning you in a perpendicular posture, like a pair of tongs, across your seat.

The stirrups of this machine are large wooden boxes ornamented with iron or brass, according to the fancy of the owner, and appended to it by means of a thong or rope. The bridle is decorated by a rusty iron bit of about a foot in length, forming so powerful a lever, that if the animal does not obey the rein, he is in danger of having his jaw broken: to the headstail a collar is fixed round the neck, garnished with bells, and over the saddle is thrown a goat or wolf skin by way of ornament. The postillion, who generally takes care to choose the better nag, carries your portmanteau before him on a packsaddle, in the manner the butchers in England carry their trays: thus equipped, singing, smoking his segar, which he constantly offers you a whiff of, or cracking an immense whip, he proceeds at a hand canter to a certain distance, pulls up, walks a little way, and starts again at the same pace as before. These periods are so well known to the horses, and they stop so suddenly, that if you do not keep your eye on the postillion, who always takes the lead, you are in imminent danger of being projected over the breast-work in which you are entrenched. On entering a village or town, the postillion gives notice of your ap-

proach, by the loud and repeated cracking of his whip; starting as soon as you enter the suburbs at a gallop, he continues this pace through the streets till you arrive at the *Casa de Correio*, or post-house; by which time, awakened by the noise of his whip, ringing of the bells about the horses' necks, and clattering of their hoofs, a considerable mob is collected to inquire the news. On some of the principal roads you are speedily re-mounted, but on others it is necessary to be endowed with an uncommon share of patience—the *Juis de Fora*, or magistrate, having to embargo beasts for the purpose.

At Lisbon, Oporto, and some few of the principal towns, a calash, a kind of two-wheeled carriage, drawn by a pair of horses or mules, may be hired. Over the more mountainous parts of the country, a vehicle resembling a sedan chair, and carried in the same manner by two mules, is used; by this means you may be conveyed from Oporto to Lisbon, a distance of fifty-two leagues, in seven days, being at the rate of about thirty miles a day. It will be expedient at starting to bargain for the whole journey, as no relays are to be met with on the road; also to be provided with a good cloak, a blanket, and some eatables.

The *Vendas*, where you change horses in posting, are frequently solitary houses in the middle of a forest or uncultivated waste; where, if you should procure a bed, you are in a short time dislodged by the vermin, which are constantly on the alert. You have no sooner taken possession of your post than your flanks are turned, and you are compelled to a precipitate retreat. The *Estalagens*, or inns, even in some of the better towns, are miserably dirty and wretched, affording no better accommodation; a pot-alehouse in England is a luxury compared to the best of them. An officer will seldom be subject to this inconvenience; his uniform is a sufficient passport; and, on application to the chief magistrate of the place, he will be provided with a billet. In the house of the peasant, or the palace of the lord, if such it can be called, he will find equal hospitality, though, perhaps, not comfort, each vying with the other in his endeavours to render his mansion as

agreeable as possible to his guest. There are abundance of *Casas de Cafe* in every town; these, except some few in Lisbon and Oporto, are literally houses for selling coffee, lemonade, spirits, and nothing more.

The *Casas de Pasto* and *Casas de Comer*, or eating-houses, are of the same description with respect to nastiness and filth, as the *Estalagens*; every thing is served up with a profusion of oil and garlic. The only palatable dish to the taste of most Englishmen is a *Caldo de Gallinha*, composed of a fowl boiled with a bit of fat bacon, an onion and some rice, served up together in the broth; into this a little rancid oil and a strong garlic sausage is introduced, if not forbidden. In short, it is impossible to conceive a place more devoid of comfort than houses of the foregoing description.

In no country is more attention paid to the preservation of the water than in Portugal; on the sides of the roads fountains with large tanks are constructed for the accommodation of the traveller and his beasts. The architecture of some of these fountains, which are of marble, is neat and elegant. By the road side the traveller will observe a number of little wooden crosses. It is a custom on the spot where a man dies suddenly or is killed to erect one of these *mementos*; on inquiry, we found the greater part of them had been raised on the spot where some unfortunate Frenchman who had straggled from his corps had fallen a victim to the revenge of the injured peasants. On passing these the natives take off their hats, and offer up a prayer for the souls of the deceased. In many parts of the Continent it is customary for a passenger to throw a stone on the spot; we did not observe this to be the case in Portugal. As the roads are not enclosed by fences, except sometimes by the bank of a vineyard, on which the aloe in full blossom is seen growing to the height of twenty feet, it is necessary to procure a guide, who will keep pace with you on foot through the day. The *Juis de Fora* will provide this necessary attendant, who is well paid if he receives from you half a dollar, which is double what he would otherwise earn for his day's work.

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

*(Continued from Page 126.)*

"In this embarrassment I, at length, remembered the good curate who owed his fortune to the good offices of my husband. I resolved to seek protection with him, and the same day executed my purpose. I arrived at Ferte, and the village, the scene of my former happiness, without any interruption. The good curate received me with affectionate joy; Madame was dead, and the good man, as well as myself, needed consolation.

"Three months did we thus pass together, each endeavouring to console the other. At the end of this time the infamous Orleans, and his faction, procured the death of the king, and all good men in France became, at once, animated with the same sentiment, that of leaving a kingdom which was stained with such atrocity of crime, that it was infamy by submission to appear to approve them. The good curate took leave of his beloved parish with tears. He was surrounded by his flock who implored his stay; 'no, my beloved friends,' said he, 'my heart cannot bear the spectacle of my country thus degraded; my monarch murdered, religion disowned, and humanity outraged.'

"Before we left France, the good curate accompanied me to Verdun, the place of my birth. As I never expected to see France again, I was eager to take a last farewell of the seat of my fathers, and to visit the tombs of my ever-venerated parents. Never shall I forget my feelings as I entered the great church of Verdun, in a private chapel of which was the last abode of my ancestors. The organ whose peeling notes, as heard in my childhood, yet vibrated on my memory through the long and vaulted aisles, had been destroyed, and plundered piecemeal. The bells were all melted down. The turrets of the steeple were all broken. The church was filled with empty barrels, carts, and other of the vilest rubbish. The ensigns of the family of Tremouille which had waved for so many centuries from the roof

of our private chapel, had likewise disappeared, having been burned by the jealous populace. The inscription on our family tombs was defaced.

"I perceived, however, a new monument to the memory of my sister; the inscription of which had been suffered to remain for the singular reason, that my sister had married an Englishman, a friend of liberty. The inscription was, in part, as follows:—

To the Memory of Emily de la Tremouille,  
otherwise Emily de Oldcastle,  
As married to Geoffry Oldcastle, of the  
Ancient Family of the Oldcastles,  
Of Lymington, in Devonshire, in the  
Kingdom of England,  
This Cenotaph is raised;  
Was born, 1753.—Obiit apud Florentinos,  
1786.

"I have nothing more to add, except that accompanied by the good curate, under the name of my brother, I reached England, and as tranquillity was now my sole object, every thing which could render life dear being lost for ever, I retired to this solitude. We were both happily not unprovided; Montmorency, in expectation of his escape, having lodged a sufficient sum in the English funds. We have lived here till the present time uninterrupted, and in the enjoyment of as much happiness as our situation can admit."

Madame St. Etienne thus concluded her narrative. Agnes demanded of her if her sister had left any children.

"None," replied she, "she died in child-birth of her first child, and the child perished with its mother."

Agnes upon her part explained what had occurred to herself, since their separation, in what manner she had fallen into the hands of Lady Priscilla, the death of that excellent woman, the guardianship of Sir George, and her persecution by Mirabel. She concealed nothing but the love

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of Bellasis. Madame St. Etienne listened to her narrative with the interest of maternal solicitude. When Agnes had concluded:—"Welcome then, thrice welcome to our humble roof," said she; "Mirabel, powerful as he may be, cannot so defy the laws of a free country as to force you from hence." Here she embraced Agnes, and the lovely girl for the first moment since the death of Lady Priscilla, again enjoyed the sensation of being loved by some one. "Then I am not altogether a stranger," said she; "there are those who still love me."

"Yes, my sweet girl," replied the benevolent Madame St. Etienne; "consider me as your mother, as I already feel as one. Let me supply the place of your late benefactress. Continue in this humble abode till you have passed the years of dependance upon the arbitrary will of a selfish guardian. Learn to be happy, learn this most useful of all secrets, that externals are not necessary to the true enjoyment of life. The cottage is as often the throne of happiness as the palace; nature requires but little; and luxury is the enjoyment of a corrupted taste."

Agnes replied that it was now the only wish of her life to participate the solitude of her beloved friend; in this, perhaps, she was not altogether sincere, at least she would not have objected that the society should be augmented by the addition of one member.

Nothing now was wanting to the happiness of Agnes but to hear some intelligence of Bellasis. She was more than half-inclined to inform him of her situation by letter; but she reflected, that if his love equalled his profession he would before this have endeavoured to discover her retreat. This reflection, and her natural reserve, decided her to leave every thing to fortune, though her heart still whispered to her, that Bellasis was necessary to her happiness.

She was now sufficiently restored to walk in the garden appended to the cottage. She was one day enjoying this moderate exercise when Madame St. Etienne put a newspaper into her hands:—"Read that paragraph," said she. Agnes obeyed, and read out as follows:—

"Tuesday, at Lymington, in Devon-

shire, Captain George Oldcastle, the last of that name of the family of the Oldcastles. He is said to have left an immense property, which, as he died intestate, has been sequestered by the chancery of the diocese, till some heir can be found. It is supposed that none exists."

"This is the brother of Geoffry, my sister's husband," said Madame St. Etienne. "I have been informed that the family estate of the Oldcastles is possessed by a fellow of the name of Larkins."

A sudden shriek from Agnes here interrupted her; she was scarcely in time to prevent her from falling to the ground. Fearing that it was a relapse of her former illness she hastened with her into the house. Agnes was, at length, restored to sensation; she demanded of Madame St. Etienne whether she had seen him.

"Seen whom?" replied the good lady.

"O Madam! it was himself!" replied Agnes; "the same horrible countenance that I have thrice before encountered!" Madame St. Etienne was inclined to believe that this was the language of her disordered senses; she inquired no further therefore, but endeavoured to recal her faculties. The weakened frame of Agnes, however, was more agitated by what she had seen than, perhaps, would have occurred to her at any other time. Madame St. Etienne was in error; Agnes had in reality seen the countenance of a fellow looking over the hedge, and in that countenance had recognised the features which had before so much terrified her, and with whose appearance some mystery seemed connected.

Agnes was sufficiently restored to take her seat at the dinner-table; but was scarcely seated before the door abruptly opened, and a man entered; Agnes looked at him, and was again about to sink with terror. "Fear nothing," said he, "you behold a friend, and not an enemy; whatever he might hitherto have been. Your name is Agnes; you are an orphan, and have hitherto been protected by the bounty of strangers. I know you. Answer me, do you not possess a pearl cross with initials worked in hair?" Agnes replied in the affirmative as well as her terror would permit her.

"That is enough," said he; "fear

nothing, every thing is prepared; when you see me again you will acknowledge me your friend. Fortune has not thrown us together without some purpose."

Here Madame St. Etienne entered the room, having been before absent on some domestic purpose. She no sooner beheld the features than she exclaimed in evident terror:—"Merciful Heaven! the monster Daubigny."

"I am, indeed," said he, "without any other excuse than my poverty, and an unfortunate education. Permit me, however, to repair one of the heaviest of my crimes; I leave you for that purpose. At present I am the messenger of Sir Henry Mirabel; these papers will best explain the subject upon which I am sent. Farewell, when you see me again you shall acknowledge me your friend."

With these words he hastily left the apartment.

Agnes was for some moments in too great agitation to open the packet which Daubigny had thrown on the table. She at length broke the seal.

It will be necessary, to explain the contents, to return back beyond the present period of our narrative. It will be remembered that Bellasis had sent a challenge which Mirabel had as readily accepted. At the appointed time and place the parties met, neither accompanied by seconds. Each being equally irritated against the other, scarcely a word had passed before the business of the meeting commenced. It was agreed, that placing back to back each should walk six paces forwards, and then turning should fire as they fronted each other. They were to continue to maintain their ground till one should fail.

Each accordingly measured their six paces, and according to the previous arrangement fired at the same moment; Mirabel who fronted last discharging his pistol first, though the interval was scarcely perceptible. Mirabel received the ball in his mouth, and maddening with the pain, and rage, threw his discharged pistol forcibly in the face of his adversary. Mirabel fell to the earth, and was conscious that his wound was fatal. Bellasis was slightly wounded by the ball of his adversary, but being struck violently in the face with the pistol was for a moment rendered

senseless. Upon his return to sensation he thought it prudent to consult his safety by immediate flight, but passing through Monmouth he dispatched medical assistance to Mirabel.

The latter was conducted to Monmouth in a situation little short of death. Upon examination the wound was declared fatal, though lingering, as taking an oblique direction the ball had passed into a place whence it could not be extracted. Mirabel heard this sentence with more of rage than terror. The reflection that his thread of life was thus cut asunder before it had run half of its natural length; and this, moreover, in the very season of enjoyment, and possessed as he was of everything which could render life desirable, caused him to curse his folly, and to vent execrations on every one around him. The violence of his transports augmented the fever of his wound; but after a night of agony he was more tranquil on the following morning. It was then that he wrote the letter which Daubigny had delivered to Agnes. Its contents were as follows:—

"In the presence of witnesses whose names are hereto subscribed, I declare that the duel of which I am the victim, was provoked solely by my own injustice, and I absolve my adversary from all blame which may thereby attach to him. I die in forgiveness with all men. Let this declaration be immediately filed with the nearest clerk of the peace that it may be produced upon the trial of my adversary."

In the same packet was inclosed another letter to Agnes, imploring her forgiveness, and advising her to exert a power, which she did not hitherto know that she possessed, (Sir George having carefully concealed it from her), that of nominating another guardian in the stead of Sir George.

"Sir George is not your friend, nor will he consult any interest but his own; but sell you to the best bidder. I have now arrived at the season of sincerity. Mr. Beachcroft is already married. He is too honourable to deceive you, but has motives for secrecy. Farewell; I loved you, and saw no reason why you should hate me; I do not accuse myself with severity upon this point. Again farewell."

Scarcely had Agnes recovered from her

surprise at these events when she was informed of the death of Mirabel, who died as he had lived, a libertine, and despairing of mercy from that Being whom his crimes had so justly irritated. Well, indeed, might the sage exclaim, that the most effectual school of virtue was the death-bed of the wicked. Could the companions of the once gay Mirabel have seen this comrade in his last moments,—could they have seen the agonies of a guilty conscience, they might have paused in their course of profligacy. Agnes could not hear of his fall, however merited, without pity, and though her heart acquitted Bellasis, she would have wished that Mirabel had survived his wounds.

Another reflection excited the regret of Agnes; from the fatal effect of the duel Bellasis was compelled to fly to the Continent. She had neither seen nor heard of him since she had been carried away by Mirabel, and according to all probability might never see him again. This apprehension filled her mind with grief.

After a day of agitation she had walked out on the heath which adjoined the village, to give a yet more free rein to her reflection; it was evening when she left the cottage, and involved in her thoughts she continued to walk forwards without observing that the night was closing in upon her. The darkness at length awakened her from a reverie, and perceiving that she had gone a considerable distance from the village, she turned back with no inconsiderable terror. Fear added wings to her feet, and she hurried towards the cottage with rapid but trembling steps.

Her terror was suddenly augmented by the sound of steps behind her; she ventured to look back, and by the yet pale light of the moon saw the figure of a man approaching along the road. Again she hastened forwards; the man, however, gained on her, and in a few moments was immediately behind her. Agnes was about to sink with terror; unable to proceed she stopped, that the object of her fear might pass her. He did so, but in the same instant looked back. He was muffled up in one of those great coats which are known by the name of Dreadnoughts; he appeared evidently to have sought to disguise himself. He was now in the shade, the

moon shining directly on the face of Agnes. Agnes not seeing him was congratulating herself on her escape, when in a moment she found her hand seized, and heard herself addressed in the well known voice of Bellasis.

"Dearest Agnes, do you not know me?" said he.

"Oh Bellasis!" replied the breathless girl, "how was it possible that I should know you; indeed you have much alarmed me."

"Would to Heaven," replied the ardent Bellasis, "that I had rather perished a hundred times than have caused you the slightest apprehension. I have only to say, that I have avenged your injuries, perhaps beyond your wishes,—one of your persecutors is no more."

"You need not repeat this," said Agnes, "as I already know it. But, merciful Heaven, what do you do here? Do you forget that Mirabel has fallen by your hands, and in a country in which the law punishes the hand which usurps its prerogative?"

"I do not deny," said Bellasis, "that I regret the death of Mirabel, though he has fallen justly. His character, notorious for its profligacy, will more avail me in a court of justice than any other circumstance; you have not been the only object of his villainy."

"But would to Heaven that he had fallen by some other hand," said Agnes. "The law, in its extremest lenity, will not wholly overlook your outrage, for such it is; you must for a time at least leave the kingdom."

"Yes," replied Bellasis, "that, indeed, has become necessary, but can you permit me to fly alone,—must I lose you for ever?"

"What can you mean?" said Agnes, surprised.

"I mean," said Bellasis, "that by avenging your injuries I should not lose the interest which I formerly possessed in your heart; you will not suffer me to fly alone. You are too well persuaded of the ardour equalled only by the purity with which I love. There are situations in which the strictest rules of decorum should be made to submit to the more generous impulses of the heart; such is our present state,

Can you refuse, under such circumstances, to consent to an immediate union?"

"Indeed you know not what you propose," said Agnes with hurried voice.

"Dearest Agnes, why should you hesitate? Need I now assure you of my love? Is not my long constancy a sufficient proof of the ardour of my passion? Is it yesterday that we became acquainted? Why should a sentiment of false delicacy delay my happiness. Pardon me, dearest Agnes, if I say that I have merited you; my love does not deserve this return of disdain."

"Talk not so," said Agnes; "you know how unjustly you say this. I do not doubt your love, and have no hesitation with respect to any thing I have to apprehend from your honour. But we live in a world, Bellasis, which will not spare us, should any part of our conduct give them a handle."

"It is thus, Agnes," replied Bellasis, "that happiness is sacrificed on the altar of prejudice. In the name of common sense, what is this world which we so much dread. What is the world to any one but the narrow circle of our friends, and those with whom we are acquainted, and to whom our names are known? How few are they of these? And to what can their report amount? Is there any thing of guilt, or even of imprudence, in our union?"

"Is there then nothing of imprudence," said Agnes, "in a union so abrupt?"

"Yes," said Bellasis; "I confess I was there in error. There is indeed an imprudence in our union. You are the heiress of the Firs, and I am no longer the reputed heir of almost countless wealth. My patron, my adopted father, has died intestate, and I am reduced to the scanty fortune which my labours have accumulated."

"This is ungenerous, Bellasis," said Agnes, the tear starting into her eye.

"What then can be the motive of your refusal?" added he. "I know not how long our separation may otherwise be. I must not return till the unfortunate event of the duel be in some way compromised; the relations of Mirabel will be relentless in their prosecution. Every moment's delay is attended with the most imminent danger; I know not but that the officers of justice may intercept me on my return.

Yet I cannot leave you, Agnes; why can you thus hesitate to accompany me; you must be persuaded that I would follow you through the world. Indeed you are ungenerous; I do not merit this severity of refusal."

"How impossible is what you demand," said Agnes; "you forget that I am as yet in my minority, and that no union can take place without the consent of my guardian. You know how vain it is to expect this consent."

"Our union is not impossible," said Bellasis, "if you have sufficient confidence in my honour to consent to accompany me. It is necessary for me to fly from England, to remain at least a while concealed. The laws of England do not extend every where; Scotland is yet free."

As he said this, Agnes stopped, having reached the gate of Madame St. Etienne's house. Bellasis demanded if she lived there. Agnes replied in the affirmative; and in as few words as possible related the manner of her escape from the abbey. "I thank Heaven," concluded she, "that by an incident so fortunate in its event, I have again found the friend of my early life, one whom I must ever consider as my mother, as her kindness to me has been truly maternal."

They now entered the house, and Agnes, with some embarrassment, introduced Bellasis to Madame St. Etienne, and in as few words as possible informed her of the nature of their mutual situation. Madame St. Etienne reproached Agnes with a smile, for her former silence upon this subject. Agnes excused herself as well as she was enabled to do.

Bellasis, as his situation required the immediate decision of Agnes, again renewed his importunities. "Pardon me, my lovely Agnes, if I again implore you to decide where I know your generosity cannot long hesitate. I need not repeat that I must leave this part of the country; it will be the same to me whether I fly to Scotland or elsewhere. I can remain concealed in Ireland or Scotland as well as upon the Continent. Can you refuse to accompany me? We may be united together by the authority of the church as soon as we have passed the limits of England."

"But what of my guardian, Sir George?" said Agnes; "you forget that I owe obedience to his will and authority."

"What obedience can you owe to one who has so grossly abused his trust?" said Bellasis. "Would not Sir George Beachcroft have sacrificed you to the libertine Mirabel? Can you owe submission to such treachery?"

Agnes knew not what to object; her heart seconded the eloquence of Bellasis, and she at length consented, upon the condition that Madame St. Etienne should accompany her. This lady gave her consent, and it was thus settled that Bellasis should precede them by one stage, and that they should all depart at an early hour the following morning. Bellasis took leave of Agnes for the night, and Agnes retired to her apartment to prepare for her journey.

After a sleepless night Agnes arose early on the following morning; she now reflected upon her promise, and almost repented its abruptness; but her word was passed, and it was not now in her power to retract; she endeavoured therefore to expel from her mind the apprehensions which could not fail to arise. Bellasis was the object of her choice, could she refuse him now that he was less wealthy, when she had accepted him whilst he was considered as the heir of a princely fortune? This would be ungenerous, and want of generosity made no part of the character of Agnes. She endeavoured therefore to reconcile herself to her decision, and saw the post-chaise which was to convey her arrive at the gate without much alarm or emotion.

After a hasty breakfast, Agnes was preparing to depart, when a horseman suddenly appeared at the gate, and inquired for her by name. Agnes answering to the appellation, the fellow delivered her a folded paper, adding that he was commanded to await her departure and accompany her. Imagining him a messenger from Bellasis, Agnes opened the paper. Her surprise was great, when she discovered it to be a summons to attend within an hour after the delivery a neighbouring Justice of the Peace. Agnes, in some emotion, inquired the business which demanded her attend-

ance. In this, however, the messenger could not satisfy her curiosity.

"I was commanded," added he, "not to return without you; but I know not why you are summoned."

Agnes consulted her friends; it was agreed that the post-chaise should conduct her to the house of the Justice, and that Monsieur St. Etienne should accompany her thither. Though Agnes regretted the loss of time, she was compelled to consent to this arrangement, and the messenger preceding them as their guide they departed.

They reached the house without further incident. Agnes was conducted into an apartment where the first object that met her eyes was Daubigny. Agnes and Madame St. Etienne started as if with the same sentiment.

"You need not now regard me with terror," said he, "as I have come to repair not to add to my crimes. Your presence is necessary to confirm my declaration. I am now a prisoner by my own confession; but here comes the Justice."

This gentleman, indeed, now entered the room, and after the usual compliments thus addressed Agnes:—

"Your presence was necessary to hear a declaration to the subject of which you are a party concerned. You have been the object of a most villainous conspiracy, and by this means have been cheated of your birthright. This fellow is a prisoner by his own confession. You have done right in procuring yourself to be attended by your friends, as there cannot be too many witnesses to a confession like this. Your name, I think, is Agnes——"

"Harrowby," added Agnes.

The gentleman smiled.—"At least you have gone by that name," said he.

"It was the name of my much lamented benefactress," said Agnes. "She found me an orphan, and without a name; she adopted me as her child, and gave me her own. I am the child of misfortune, I know not her my parents nor my country."

"You will perhaps be more reconciled to your lot hereafter," replied the gentleman. "You are less the child of misfortune than you have deemed yourself. You are not without a name, and one of the



most respectable which this kingdom can boast. You have hitherto been the victim of a conspiracy which is now about to be developed. I have summoned you by the desire of the prisoner."

"I take no merit to myself," said Daubigny, "for this declaration; the conduct

of my accomplice perhaps has irritated me to this act of justice. All I demand is, that, as an admitted evidence, I may procure my own pardon; my confession shall be full, and will merit the royal grace."

(*To be continued.*)

## CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

MR EDITOR,

A SINCERE desire to benefit my fellow creatures, has induced me to offer the following essay to your notice, hoping, with deference, that the subject, at least, will need no apology to the respectable readers of *La Belle Assemblée*.

Being somewhat advanced into the vale of years, and arrived at that season of life when reflection is strengthened by the temperance of age; having long been a husband, and the father of a family, I presume to suppose myself competent to the discussion of this subject, from long experience, from inclination, from unbounded regard to that charming sex to which I am indebted for the greatest felicity of my life, and from an honest endeavour to meliorate the condition of those in the married state who are not so happy as nature intended.

The great importance of marriage throughout the civilized world, is so striking a feature in the business of life that little need be said here to prove the veneration in which it has been held in all nations, in all ages, by the wise and the virtuous; its great antiquity, or its inestimable value in its tendency to regulate the strongest propensity of our nature, and to limit the fury of passion by laws founded in the very perfection of wisdom.

We have scarcely any idea of nations, however plunged in barbarity, where this institution is not founded in some form, and approved by the practice, and sanctioned by the laws of savage simplicity.

But it is not my business in this place to discuss the excellence or universality of marriage, it is a point uncontroverted, that it is an institution founded by God himself for the greatest and best of purposes; to promote and to perfect the happiness of the human race, to continue our species, to awaken our love and tenderness, to excite the latent and fuest sympathies of the soul, and, in fine, to exalt man into himself.

I propose to take marriage as we generally find it, "with all its imperfections on its

head," as Hamlet says; to inspect the light and the shade of the picture, its errors and advantages, its influence and appearance in the different ranks of society; to inquire more particularly how wives and husbands ought to behave to each other, and to point out, in a pleasant way, by some sketches from real life, a few of that incalculable number of teasing little foibles which continually buzz in the ears of married people and lessen conjugal happiness.

This investigation will not be conducted like a sour moralist, a stern philosopher, or crabbed cynic who studies human nature in his tub; these good people weave dull systems for the regulation of mankind in vain, their labours seldom extend much beyond the sphere of the lamp which is often their only light; I shall rather, by a cheerful road, attempt to point out those things which cloud the matrimonial prospect, and endeavour, in a lively vein, by satire without severity, advice without austerity, and by a flow of good-nature, to laugh my fellow-creatures out of their imperfections, and promote instruction by entertainment.

It is necessary to inform the reader that this essay is not intended for the antiquated virgin, who neglected, or self-condemned to a life of mortification, has been perhaps half a century mourning her solitary state, or for the sullen bachelor, who, a traitor to manhood, and to the allegiance due to beauty, as well as to the noblest purposes of his creation, lives and dies a stranger to the rapturous and exalted sensations which shed lustre on humanity, but for those whose feeling hearts and congenial souls seek in the sweet embrace of conjugal union that sublime solace intended for man by the great and benevolent Author of his being. Those who have retired from social life, from the soft and endearing ties of mutual affection, to brood over the horrors of celibacy, must wait for experience before they can relish this discourse; these persons may be considered as *not of this world*, but as a different

order of beings, a distinct society, *superior* to the grand impulse of nature, contempters of the world and its wisdom.

But let me not seem, what I most certainly never wish to be, harsh in my remarks on the single state, candour must admit that there are many cases where celibacy is not only allowable but commendable; I mean merely to be definite for the sake of clearness, and to explain the exact order of society to which I more particularly address myself, leaving however the perusal not only open to all, but flattered by the possibility that my endeavours may reclaim, from the devious paths of celibacy, one solitary tyrant, to become loyal to the sweet dominion of conjugal monarchy. I shall divide my subject into the following parts:—

*First*, The radical causes of unhappiness in the married state.

*Secondly*, The various ways by which these causes operate.

*Thirdly*, The most probable methods of preventing, or, at least, lessening matrimonial unhappiness.

The candid and ingenious reader will perceive in a moment that this subject is far too extensive for the limits of the publication for which it is intended; to enter at large into so wide a field of discussion, would require volumes to pursue the subject at length; I must content myself with an epitome, a mere abstract of the subject, without following it in all its branches, bestowing on it, however, sufficient perspicuity and regularity to render it entertaining and intelligible.

*First*, Of the radical causes of conjugal unhappiness, which, with their usual consequences, I shall consider in one general view.

The original, or radical causes of conjugal unhappiness are to be sought for, in nature. There are ten thousand accidental and artificial causes, but these must all be ascribed into natural imperfection. As personal deformity in any great degree can never be lost or effaced, so deformity of the mind, or ungovernable tempers and passions, can never be entirely subdued. It is by the close and attentive study of nature that we are to account for conjugal misery, and it is to the noble and virtuous exertions of the powers of nature that we must look to correct ourselves. No man is vicious but by his own fault; I know some mistaken men who fondly hope to cover their vices by contending that *their passions were too powerful for their reason*. If, unfortunately, this were true, the world would still be worse than it is; but this is a falsehood, devised by vicious and artful men, who

give the lie to this delusive position every day. I never knew a violent man who did not put his rage in his pocket when he pleased; I have seen a man disgrace himself by the most ungovernable rage to his wife and family, and in a moment, let a person enter before whom the violent man does not like to expose himself, his rage is gone, he is tame, he has done what the moment before he declared was impossible for him to do,—he has subdued his passion by his reason. Let every man lay his hand on his heart, and honestly declare how much his power of reason exceeds his passion when he pleases to exert himself. I have just touched upon this topic, because on this fatal and false principle much conjugal infidelity is founded. It is not long since, when a scene of horror was laid open in the higher circles of modern adultery, that it was roundly asserted by one of the parties, that the passion of love at *forty* years of age was superior to reason; pretending thus, by this abominable and dangerous pretence, to justify and palliate every act, however vile or extravagant, finding an argument for sin, and fondly hoping to cover an act which involved two noble families in confusion and disgrace.

One great and very general mistake among married people is, to suppose that matrimony can alter the radical defects of nature; as well might they suppose matrimony capable of working miracles, of adding to our stature, increasing personal beauty, or giving wit and understanding where nature seems to have denied it. It is unreasonable to expect matrimony can accomplish impossibilities; its business is to soften our nature, to render the sexes mutually endearing, to lessen our asperities, and exalt our virtues. We often see, and can foretel with certainty the causes of future infelicity in the married state before the parties are united; when we find a man proud or peevish, morose or extravagant, ill-tempered or licentious, or much agitated by artificial appetite; when we find the lady under the dominion of similar infirmities, conceited, vain, perverse, contradictory, and let me not offend the lovely vex if I add, disobedient, we shall certainly find that these enemies to our happiness lurked in the bosom before the conjugal union took place, and that a thousand vagaries and extravagancies which sprouted from these dispositions proceeded from some radical defect. When I hear the lovely and all-accomplished Belinda complain that “her good man is strangely altered,” I, who knew the lady’s good man previous to marriage, can see no alteration in him whatever; he is the same man he was before, the

same figure, the same light and shade, and why he does not appear to Belinda as he does to me is, because some points of the character, some colouring, particularly some of the darker shades, were concealed from her view during the time of courtship. This leads me to some reflections on courtship, which is too often a season of mutual deception. Courtship! thou delightful and flattering vision, which now, though fast approaching my grand climacteric, fills my breast with grateful recollection, is I fear, too often, though soothing and alluring, the season of a little hypocrisy. Many reasons may be adduced for the seeming deception practised by young lovers. The intention of courtship is to render the parties mutually agreeable, and it were vain to expect candour where the affection of the heart fosters every delusion. When the heart is young it is most susceptible, it receives the tender impressions of love with full effect, and wishes not to be undeceived. When the nurse admonishes the love-sick Juliet, by hinting at something derogatory to the high idea which she had formed of her lover, Romeo, the young lady flies into a rage. If the voice of truth were attended to, or employed in the business of courtship, love would sometimes be crushed in its infancy; and so much information would be divulged, that many intended unions would be broken off abruptly. But the little hypocrisies of love are chiefly confined to very young people; nothing im-

moral is intended, it is merely keeping back some parts of the character, the production of which would be inimical to the cause their affections are engaged in. Of the deceptions and frauds practised by those who lay traps and meditate plots to undermine the peace of families, by betraying a lovely young creature, whose only fault is, perhaps, the possession of a feeling heart, I say nothing, these wretches seek not matrimonial happiness but plunder. A mere fortune hunter, if he could find no fond believing female to practise his arts on, would take to the highway; his business is not love but robbery. If he ever feels love, it is void of esteem and tenderness, void of honour; the object of his pursuit is money or lands, and often has it been found by beauty and tenderness, that by following and attending implicitly to the deluding whispers of affection, the too easy female has, in the pretended embrace of the ardent lover, too soon, and fatally met the scorn and insult of the unfeeling villain. In this case, and it too often occurs, happy were the reflection, if this essay should meet the eye of inexperienced beauty, and tend in the least to awaken prudence and caution in the breast of youth and purity; to rouse its vigilance and circumspection, to make it sensible of its native dignity, and induce it to seek refuge and counsel in the bosom of parental wisdom and tenderness.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY,

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

(Continued from Page 146.)

HAVING conducted our fair readers thro' the orchard, we shall now pursue our autumnal evening's walk to the fruit-garden; where some yet lingering gifts of nature's bounty may hang in purple fragrance on the spiny branches of the

### RASPBERRY.

This delicious fruit was well known to the ancients, from whom it received the name of *Rubus*, either from the redness of the twigs of the parent plant, or from the colour of its juice, which so often stained the taper fingers of the Roman maidens, as it does even now with our fair countrywomen, who are not ashamed to leave the library of science for the humbler studies of the confectionary or still-

room. In the latter, they may learn by practice how to please a husband's taste, even in the gratifications of the palate; in the former, they will doubtless have read that the botanical specimen at present in our view, is classed by the Linnæan professors as among the *ICOSANDRIA POLYGYNIA*, and as belonging to the natural order of *Scenicosa*. The most prominent features of its generic character is, that the perianth is one leaved, five cleft, petals five, filaments numerous, anthers roundish, and germs numerous also. Its essential character is too minute to require description where the fruit itself is so well known; but we must not forget to mention that of the general genus, there are no less than thirty-two varieties, comprising every species of the

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Bramble as well as of the Raspberry. Amongst us the old name was Raspis, or Raspisberry; in some parts of England it was called the Hindeberry, and also *Framboise*, from the French. It is believed to be indigenous with us, as it is a native of many parts of Europe, being found not only in woods and hedges, but also in moist situations, and even in rocky places. Its earliest time of flowering is in May or June, but in some places later; however, at whatever time of the year its fruit is ripe it is always grateful to every palate, even when served up simply by nature, though the saccharine juice certainly improves its flavour. It is needless to expatiate on the estimation in which it is held when prepared as a sweetmeat; we may, however, with propriety describe it when ripe as a fruit of the most fragrant kind, as subacid and cooling, allaying thirst and heat, and promoting the natural habits in common with other summer fruits. It is unnecessary to enumerate the various culinary uses to which it may be applied, as Mrs. Hannah Glasse has already been so diffuse on that subject; it is not irrelevant, however, to mention to anxious mothers, that a most grateful and cooling syrup may be prepared from the juice, and applied with success to the objects of their tender care, and which, if moderately given will not be objected to by the College of Physicians, as that learned body have inserted very copious directions for its official use in the Pharmacopeia. It may also be beneficially applied by those who chuse to be their own dentists, as it acts upon the tartar of the teeth, though perhaps not so powerfully, as the juice of the strawberry.

Our general garden varieties of this shrub are the red-fruited, the white-fruited, and the twice-bearing, of which latter one crop ripens in July, and the other in October; but it must be confessed that the latter crop, unless the autumnal sun has been very powerful, is seldom possessed of much flavour. Of other species which are deserving the notice of the elegant gardener, there is the Flowering Raspberry, *Rubus Odoratus*. With us, however, this is principally cultivated as an object of ornamental curiosity, as it rarely produces fruit in this climate; but in the northern parts of America, which is in fact its native country, it is as frequent as the common Raspberry, though its flavour is not so much esteemed. It is, notwithstanding, a pleasing addition even to our shrubberies, as it flowers from June to September, and has its name of *Odoratus* from the fragrance of its foliage. It is remarkable also for the size of its leaves,

which are six inches in length and seven in breadth, of a deep green on the upper surface, but finely contrasted by the light green below. Its flowers too are very showy, and plentiful throughout the summer, on which account, amongst the nurserymen, it has obtained the familiar name of the Flowering Raspberry. Latterly, too, there has been a partial cultivation of a small species called the Dwarf Crimson Bramble, which had for a long time been supposed as indigenous only in the more northern latitudes; it is asserted, however, that it is also a native of our northern sister kingdom, and that it has been found wild in the Island of Mull. This little specimen of nature's bounty is rendered more interesting from the notice taken of it by Linnæus in his *Flora Lapponica*. This amiable botanist, with all that tender warmth of sentiment which marks the enthusiastic admirer of nature, has elegantly sketched, and most minutely described, this little modest arctic Bramble, fervently expressing his grateful sense of the obligations he owed to it in his Lapland tour, for having so frequently recruited his spirits when almost sinking under hunger and fatigue, and when his only relief was from the vinous nectar of its berries. Though the cultivation of this plant is on a small scale in England, yet when our intercourse with the European Continent shall be freed from the shackles imposed on it by a haughty and selfish tyrant, such of our fair readers as have friends and relatives commercially connected with the Swedish ports, may be enabled through their good offices to procure some of its varied produce; for in one of the northern provinces of Sweden the principal families make not only a syrup and a jelly, but also a wine from its berries, which they often send to their friends in Stockholm as rarities of the most valuable kind.

We shall now take leave of the Raspberry by observing, that even its rudest species, the common Bramble, may be applied to useful and to elegant purposes, as the twigs are essential in dying woollen, silk, and mohair of a black colour, answering all the purposes of the shunach, whilst the silkworm may be fed upon its leaves where those of the mulberry cannot be found.

Shou'd we continue our walk to the kitchen garden, we may naturally contemplate those beds of the

#### STRAWBERRY.

whose fragrance had so often gratified both taste and smell during the hot months of summer. Of this, the botanical name of

*Fragaria*, is well applied, and by this name, derived from the fragrance of the odour of its fruit, was it known even as early as the time of Pliny, the Roman Linnæus. He, indeed, was content with slightly specifying its qualities; but later botanists have classed it as the *ICOSANDRIA POLYGYNIA*, being of the same class and order as the Raspberry, and like it, being also of the *Scuticoseæ*. This scientific agreement, when the general outward appearance is so very different, is a sufficient proof that the mere classifications of botanical science are not of themselves sufficient for general use either in description or delineation, however useful they may be to the botanist to preserve order in his researches and observations. The objection, however, holds good when applied to former systems, which moreover did not possess that character of simplicity which marks the Linnæan classification. From the botanical similarity of our two present specimens, it is but a repetition to say that in generic character the Strawberry has the perianth one leaved and flat; it is indeed ten cleft, whilst the Raspberry has but five divisions; the petals also are five, &c. &c.

Of the Strawberry there are only three species, yet these possess a great number of varieties; of these the common wood Strawberry of Europe bears but small fruit, which with us is not gifted with any peculiar flavour, owing perhaps to want of cultivation, and to its being generally shaded by the superimposing foliage of woods and hedge-rows. This, however, is not the case with the mountain Strawberry of warmer and of drier climates, for though these usually grow in sheltered situations, yet from the effect of more powerful suns and a more genial atmosphere, they possess a most delightful fragrance.

Any of these wild specimens might be cultivated to perfection, particularly the Alpine Strawberry, which is now indeed become frequent in our gardens. Even in its wild state it is larger and better flavoured than the natives of our woods, and is valuable from being a great bearer from June until the latter end of autumn. Of the more common kinds our gardeners have long been in the habit of cultivating the Hautbois; but this requires particular care, as it soon degenerates if neglected. Of other varieties are the pine, the scarlet, &c. but the most general is the wood Strawberry, which with us is of ancient culture, and has been from earliest times throughout all Europe

in high esteem, its leaves forming the principal ornament of ducal coronets. Stow, the metropolitan historian, mentions them as being cultivated by the Bishop of Ely in his garden at Holborn, as early as the time of Richard III. a circumstance alluded to by our immortal poet, when Richard says to the Bishop,

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
"I saw good Strawberries in your garden  
there;  
"I do beseech you send me some of them."

They are again noticed by this child of nature and of fancy when he observes in Henry the Fifth,

"The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle;  
"And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
"Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality."

It is superfluous to say that the Strawberry is delicious, perhaps superior to the boasted pine apple; but we may observe, that even if taken in large quantities, they seldom disagree with the stomach. In fact, they are known to promote perspiration; and they are also particularly valuable from their juice forming a very powerful solvent for the tartar which deforms the human teeth. A German writer, Hoffmann, asserts that he has known them to cure consumptions; and we have the authority of the great Linnæus himself, to say that he kept himself almost free from the gout by eating plentifully of them in their season. This fruit, in its culture, is an exception to almost all others, as it thrives not so well in a rich light soil as it will in a gentle hazzy loam. It may, however, with care be raised in any soil, and the Alpine Strawberry will supply the table the whole summer, if it is raised in pots, and sheltered in the hot or green-house, during the winter months; and we are told by scientific writers on their mode of cultivation, that a regular succession may be procured from March or April, and even earlier, by means of a hot-house, hot-walls, hot beds, or forcing-frames, until the month of June, and in the open air from that time until October, if the weather is favourable; and also that the Alpine and the white wood Strawberry will thus continue bearing even until the autumnal frosts, should the situation be warm and the soil favourable.

(To be continued.)

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## HISTORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS SOCIETY CALLED THE ILLUMINATI, IN GERMANY.

(Concluded from Page 139.)

THIS language (as M. Barruel observes) is surely not enigmatical; and the proselyte who has heard it without shuddering, may flatter himself with being worthy of this Antichristian priesthood. He is led back to the porch, where he is invested with a white tunic and broad scarlet belt of silk. The sleeves of the tunic, which are wide, are tied in the middle and at the extremities with ribbons likewise of scarlet; and the candidate is re called into the temple of mysteries. He is met by one of the brethren, who does not permit him to advance till he has declared "whether he perfectly understands the discourse which has been read to him; whether he has any doubts concerning the doctrines taught in it; whether his heart is penetrated with the sanctity of the principles of the order; whether he is sensible of the call, feels the strength of mind, the fervent will, and all the disinterestedness requisite to labour at the grand undertaking; whether he is ready to make a sacrifice of his will, and to suffer himself to be led by the most excellent superiors of the order."

The rites of the preceding degree were in impious derision of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; those of the present are an atrocious mimicry of sacerdotal ordination; at which, as every one knows, the Lord's Supper is likewise celebrated. A curtain is drawn, and an altar appears with a crucifix upon it. On the altar is a bible; and the ritual of the order lies on a reading desk, with a censer and a phial full of oil beside it. The dean, or president, who acts the part of a bishop, blesses the candidate, cuts hair from the crown of his head, anoints him, clothes him in the vestments of the priesthood, and pronounces prayers after the fashion of the order. He presents him with a cap; saying, "Cover thyself with this cap; it is more precious than the royal diadem." The mock communion is then distributed; and it consists of milk and honey, which the dean gives to the proselyte, saying, "This is that which nature gives to man. Reflect how happy he would still have been, if the desire of superfluities had not, by depriving him of a taste for such simple food, multiplied his wants, and poisoned the balm of life." The ceremonies are terminated by delivering to

the epopt that part of the code which relates to his new degree.

Among the instructions which it contains, the following are more particularly worthy of notice. The epopt, says the code, "will take care that the writings of the members of the order shall be cried up, and that the trumpet of fame shall be sounded in their honour. He will also find means of *hindering the reviewers from casting any suspicions* on the writers of the sect." He is likewise instructed to *bribe* the common people into the interests of the order, and to corrupt their minds, by getting possession of schools and other seminaries of learning. But "if it be necessary for us to be masters of the ordinary schools (says the impious legislator), of how much more importance will it be to gain over the ecclesiastic seminaries and their superiors! With them we gain over the chief part of the country; we acquire the support of the greatest enemies to innovation; and the grand point of all is, that through the clergy we become masters of the middle and lower classes of the people."

From the degree of epopt or priest are chosen the *regents* or *prince illuminees*. On making this choice, says the code, three things of the utmost consequence are to be observed. "First, the greatest reserve is necessary with respect to this degree; secondly, those who are admitted into it, must be as much as possible, *free men*, and *independent of princes*; thirdly, they must have clearly manifested their *hatred of the general constitution*, or the *actual state* of mankind; and have shewn how evidently they wish for a *change in the government of the world*." If these requisites be found in an epopt who aspires to the degree of regent, six preliminary questions are put to him; of which the obvious meaning is to discover, whether he deems it lawful and proper to teach subjects to throw off the authority of their sovereigns, or, in other words, to destroy every king, minister, law, magistrate, and public authority on earth.

When these questions are answered to the satisfaction of the examiner, he is informed "that as, in future, he is to be entrusted with papers belonging to the order of far greater importance than any which he has yet had in his possession, it is necessary that the order

should have farther securities. He is therefore commanded to make his will, and insert a clause with respect to any private papers which he may leave, in case of sudden death. He is to get a formal or juridical receipt for that part of his will from his family, or from the public magistrate; and he is to take their promises in writing, that they are to fulfil his intentions." This precaution being taken, and the day fixed for his inauguration, he is admitted into an antechamber hung with black, where he sees a skeleton, elevated upon two steps, with a crown and sword lying at his feet. Having given up the written dispositions, &c. respecting his papers, his hands are loaded with chains as if he were a slave, and he is left to his own meditations. A dialogue then takes place between the introducer and the provincial, who is seated on a throne in a saloon adjoining. It is in a voice loud enough to be heard by the candidate, and consists of various questions and answers; of which the following may serve for a specimen:—

*Proc.* Who has reduced him to this state of slavery?

*Ans. by the Introd. Society,* governments, the sciences, and false religion.

*Proc.* And he wishes to cast off this yoke, to become a seditious man and a rebel?

*Ans.* No; he wishes to unite with us, to join in our fights against the constitution of governments, the corruption of morals, and the profanation of religion. He wishes, through our means, to become powerful, that he may obtain the grand ultimatum.

*Proc.* Is he superior to prejudices? Does he prefer the general interest of the universe to that of more limited associations?

*Ans.* Such have been his promises.

*Proc.* Ask him, whether the skeleton which is before him be that of a king, a nobleman, or a beggar?

*Ans.* He cannot tell; all that he sees is, that this skeleton was a man like us; and the character of man is all that he attends to.

After a great deal of insidious mummery like this, the epopt is admitted to the degree of prince; but before his investiture with the insignia of that order, he is exhorted to be free, i. e. to be a man, and a man who knows how to govern himself; a man who knows his duty, and his inalienable rights; a man who serves the universe alone; whose actions are solely directed to the general benefit of the world and of human nature. "Every thing else (says the provincial) is injustice." A long panegyric is then made on the happiness which will be experienced by mankind, when

every father of a family shall be sovereign in his tranquil cot! when he that wishes to invade these sacred rights shall not find an asylum on the face of the earth! when idleness shall be no longer suffered; and when the clod of useful sciences shall be cast aside!

The sign of this degree consisted in extending out the arms to a brother with the hands open; the gripe was to seize the brother by the two elbows, as it were to prevent him from falling; and the word was redemption! The epopt was invested with his principality by receiving a buckler, boots, a cloak, and a hat; and on receiving the boots, he was desired to fear no road which might lead to the propagation or discovery of happiness. Thus decorated, the prince illumine received the fraternal embrace, and heard the instructions for his new degree.

One would think that the adept had now arrived at the very acmé of profaneness and treasonable conspiracy. He has been initiated into mysteries which burlesque Christianity and its Divine Author, and at the same time vow vengeance against all government, all law, and all science: yet Weishaupt, in a letter to Cato Zwack, his incomparable man, says, that he has composed four degrees above that of regent, or prince illumine; with respect even to the lowest of which, his degree of priest will be found no more than child's play. "The ritual of these degrees (says he) I never suffer to go out of my hands. It is of too serious an import; it is the key of the ancient and modern, the religious and political, history of the universe."

This caution of the chief conspirator has deprived us of the power to give so particular an account of these degrees as we have done of the preceding; but the Abbé Barruel assures us that they were reduced to two, viz. that of *Magus*, and that of *Man-King*; and that these two constituted the greater mysteries. When the adept was admitted to the degree of *magus*, he was illumined only in philosophy and religion; when to that of *man-king*, new lights were given him respecting property, and every species of political association. The Abbé quotes a passage from the *Critical History of all the Degrees of Illuminism*, written by a man of honour, who had passed through them all, which will give the reader a sufficient idea of the object of these last degrees.

"With respect to the two degrees of *magus* and of *man-king* (says this writer), there is no reception, that is to say, there are no ceremonies of initiation. Even the elect were not permitted to transcribe these degrees; they only hear them read, and that is the reason

why I do not publish them in this work. The first is that of Magus, called also philosopher. It contains the fundamental principles of Spinozism. Here every thing is *material*; God and the world are but one and the same thing: all religions are inconsistent, chimerical, and the invention of ambitious men."

"The second degree of the grand mysteries, called the *Man-king*, teaches (according to the author of the Critical History), that every inhabitant of the country or town, every father of a family is sovereign, as men formerly were in the times of the patriarchal life, to which mankind is once more to be carried back; that in consequence all authority and all magistracy must be destroyed."

To restore that liberty and equality, therefore, which is the ultimate object of the order, and constitutes the *Man-king*, all property must be abolished, every house burnt, as well the cottage of the peasant as the palace of the prince; and mankind must once more inhabit woods and caverns, without clothes and without fire, and sally out occasionally to encounter their fellow-brutes, and to search for food among the wild herbs of the desert. According to Mochus the Phœnician, and the Greek philosophers of this hopeful school, this was the original state of man; and to this state it was the object of Weishaupt and his adepts to reduce man again. Hence we hear them lavishing the most rapturous encomiums on the Goths and Vandals who overran the Roman empire, annihilated the arts, put a stop to agriculture, and burnt the towns and villages of civilized Europe! It was thus, according to the illuminés, that those barbarians regenerated mankind: but the regeneration was not complete; for the Goths and Vandals could not preserve themselves from the contagion of civil life; and their fall from savagism to sciences drew from Weishaupt's hierophants the most piteous lamentations!

The last secret communicated to the most favoured adepts was the novelty of the order. Hitherto their zeal had been inflamed, and their respect demanded to an institution pretended to be of the highest antiquity. The honour of instituting the mysteries had been successively attributed to the children of the Patriarchs, to ancient philosophers, even to Christ himself, and to the founders of the masonic lodges. But now the time is come when the adept, initiated in the higher mysteries, is supposed to be sufficiently enthusiastic in his admiration of the order, to be entrusted with its origin. Here then they inform him, that this secret society, which has

so artfully led him from mystery to mystery; which has, with such persevering industry, rooted from his heart every principle of religion, all love of his country, and affection for his family; all pretensions to property, to the exclusive right to riches, or to the fruits of the earth; this society, which has taken so much pains to demonstrate the tyranny and despotism of all laws human and divine, and of every government, whether monarchical, aristocratical, or republican; which has declared him free, and taught him that he has no sovereign on earth or in heaven; no rights to respect in others, but those of perfect equality, and savage liberty, and of the most absolute independence; that this society is not the offspring of an ignorant and superstitious antiquity, but of the modern philosophy; in one word, that the true father of illuminism is no other than Adam Weishaupt, known in the society by the name of *Spartacus*!

So zealously was the order bent upon propagating its execrable principles through the whole world, that some of the chiefs had planned an order of female adepts, in subserviency to the designs of the men. "It will be of great service, (says Cato Zwack) it will procure us both information and money, and will suit charmingly the taste of some of our truest members, who are lovers of the sex." An assessor of the Imperial Chamber at Wetzlar, of the name of Dittfurth, but known among the illuminés by the name of *Minos*, expressed even his despair of ever bringing men to the grand object of the order without the support of female adepts; and he makes an offer of his own wife and his four daughters-in-law to be first initiated. This order was to be subdivided into two classes, each forming a separate society, and having different secrets. The first was to be composed of virtuous women; the second of the wild, the giddy, and the voluptuous. The brethren were to conduct the first, by promoting the reading of good books; and to train the second to the arts of *secretly gratifying their passions*. The wife of an adept named Ptolemy Magus was to preside over one of the classes; which (says Minos) will become, under her management and his, a very pretty society. "You must contrive pretty degrees, and dresses, and ornaments, and elegant and decent rituals. No man must be admitted. This will make them more keen, and they will go much farther than if we were present, or than if they thought that we knew of their proceedings. Leave them to the scope of their own fancies, and they will soon invent mysteries which



will put us to the blush, and mysteries which we can never equal. They will be our great apostles. Reflect on the respect, nay, the awe and terror, inspired by the female mystics of antiquity. Ptolemy's wife must direct them, and she will be instructed by Ptolemy; and my step-daughters will consult with me. We must always be at hand to prevent the introduction of any improper question. We must prepare themes for their discussion: thus we shall confess them, and inspire them with our sentiments. No man, however, must come near them. This will fire their roving fancies, and we may expect rare mysteries!"

But notwithstanding all the plans and zeal of this profligate wretch, and others of the fraternity, it does not appear that the General *Spartacus* ever consented to the establishment of the sisterhood.

It is not enough for the founder of a sect of conspirators to have fixed the precise object of his plots. His accomplices must form but one body, animated by one spirit; its members must be moved by the same laws, under the inspection and government of the same chiefs. A full account of the government of Weishaupt's order will be found in the valuable work of Abbé Barruel; our limits permit us to give only such a general view of it as may put our readers on their guard against the secret machinations of these execrable villains, whose lodges are now recruiting under different denominations, in every country in Europe.

We cannot, however, conclude the article, without making some remarks on that specious principle by which the conspirators have deluded members who abhor their impieties, and who would not go all their length even in rebellion; we mean the maxim, "that it is our duty to love all men with an equal degree of affection, and that any partial regard for our country, or our children, is unjust."

That this maxim is false, every Christian knows, because he is enjoined to "do good indeed unto all men, but more especially to them who are of the household of faith;" because he is told, that "if any man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel;" because his divine master, immediately after resolving all duty into the love of God and man, delivers a parable, to shew that we neither can nor ought to love all men equally; and because the same Divine Person had one disciple whom he loved more than the rest. But we wish these philosophers who talk perpetually of the mechanism

of the human mind, and at the same time affect to have no partial fondness for any individual, but to love all with the same degree of rational affection, to consider well whether such philanthropy be consistent with what they call (very improperly indeed) mechanism. If this mechanism be (as one of them says it is) nothing more than attraction and repulsion, we know that it cannot extend with equal force over the whole world; because the force of attraction and repulsion varies with the distance. If by this absurd phrase, they mean a set of instinctive propensities, or feelings, we know that among savages, who are more governed by instinct than civilized men, philanthropy is a feeling or propensity of a very limited range. If they believe all our passions to originate in self-love, then it is certain that our philanthropy must be progressive; embracing first, and with strongest ardour, our relations, our friends, and our neighbours; then extending gradually through the society to which we belong; then grasping our country, and last of all the whole human race. Perhaps they may say that reason teaches us to love all men equally, because such equal love would contribute most to the sum of human happiness. This some of them indeed have actually said; but it is what no man of reflection can possibly believe. Would the sum of human happiness be increased, were a man to pay no greater attention to the education of his own children than to the education of the children of strangers? were he to do nothing more for his aged and helpless parents than for any other old person whatever? or, were he to neglect the poor in his neighbourhood, that he might relieve those at the distance of a thousand miles? These questions are too absurd to merit a serious answer.

When a man, therefore, boasts of his universal benevolence, declaring himself ready, without fee or reward, to sacrifice every thing dear to him for the benefit of strangers whom he never saw; and when he condemns, in the cant phrase of faction, that narrow policy which does not consider the whole human race as one great family—we may safely conclude him to be either a consummate hypocrite, who loves none but himself, or a philosophic fanatic, who is at once a stranger to his duty and to the workings of his own heart.

If this conclusion require any farther proof, we have it in the conduct of Weishaupt and his accomplices. In the hand writing of *Cato*, his incomparable man, was found the description of a strong box, which, if forced open, would blow up and destroy its contents, several

receipts for *procuring abortion*; a composition which *blinds or kills* when spurted in the face; a method of filling a bed-chamber with *pestilential vapours*; how to take off the impressions of seals, so as to use them afterwards as seals; and a dissertation on *suicide*. Would genuine philanthropists have occasion for such receipts as these? No! the order which used them was founded in the most consummate villainy, and by the most detestable hypocrite. The incestuous Weishaupt seduced the widow of his brother, and solicited poison and the dagger to murder the woman whom he had fondly pressed in his arms. "Execrable hypocrite (says M. Barruel), he implored, he conjured both art and friendship, to destroy the

innocent victim, the child, whose birth must betray the morals of his father. The scandal from which he shrinks, is not that of his crime: it is the scandal which, publishing the depravity of his heart, would deprive him of that authority by which, under the cloak of virtue, he plunged youth into vice and error. *I am on the eve (says he) of losing that reputation which gave me so great an authority over our people: my sister-in-law is with child. I will hazard a desperate blow, for I neither can nor will lose my honour.*" Such is the benevolence of those who, banishing from their minds all partial affection for their children and their country, profess themselves to be members of one great family, the family of the world!

### EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION OF AN ACTRESS.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE CELEBRATED FRENCH WRITER DUCLOS.

MADemoiselle GAUTIER who since the year 1716 was a performer at the *Theatre Françoise* in Paris, was tall, handsome, of a good figure and violent temper. She was a tolerable poet, and painted very prettily in miniature. She possessed at the same time such extraordinary strength, that few men were a match for her in wrestling. She once challenged Marshal Saxe to a contest of this kind; he proved victorious indeed, but acknowledged that he had seldom experienced so long a resistance from a man. She could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper.

Men in general are seldom fascinated by such amazons, but Mademoiselle Gautier was so amiable that she never wanted admirers, though they ran the risk of being sorely beleaguered by her, the first time they happened to fall out. One of her lovers was Marshal of the household to the Duke of Wurtemberg, to whose court she paid a visit with him. The Duke had a mistress to whom he was extremely attached. Gautier, whether from envy or caprice we know not, took every opportunity of affronting this person, till at length the exasperated Duke drove the rude stranger away. Thirsting for revenge she returned to Paris, and resolved to take signal satisfaction. She travelled a second time *incognito* to Wurtemberg, and lay in wait for the Duke's mistress till she was informed that she had gone abroad in a curriole. She then mounted a similar vehicle, drawn by two spirited stallions, which she drove herself, and overtaking her enemy at full gallop, ran purposely against her carriage which she upset. Laughing heartily at the

mischief, she hastened back to her inn where a post-chaise was in waiting, sprung into it and disappeared.

She afterwards reckoned many amiable men among her admirers, but was only once in love herself. Dufresne, one of her colleagues on the stage, with whom she lived for some time on terms of the closest intimacy, inspired her with so vehement a passion, that she was desirous of marrying him. His feelings, however, had cooled, and this inconstancy plunged the haughty imperious woman into profound melancholy, the first step towards her conversion, the history of which, written by herself, is a most interesting contribution to the study of metaphysics. The following narrative is extracted *verbatim* from her manuscript:

"It was on the 25th April, 1722, at a time when according to the ideas of the wicked world, I was swimming in the ocean of pleasure, and though surrounded by the shadows of death was living in terrible security, that I awoke earlier than usual, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning. I recollected that this was my birth-day; I rang the bell; my maid supposed that I was not well, and was not a little astonished when I ordered her to dress me, as it was my intention to go to mass. She replied that it was no particular festival. I persisted in my whim, and went to the bare-footed friars, attended by a footman and an orphan boy my *protégé*. There I heard part of the mass without paying the least attention; but towards the conclusion an internal voice demanded: "What brings you hither to the foot of the altar? Are you come to thank God

for having conferred on you the gift of pleasing, while you daily violate every one of his commandments?"

"This consideration made an extraordinary impression upon me. From the seat on which I had carelessly thrown myself, I dropped upon my knees. Mass being over, I sent the servant home with the child, and continued in the utmost distress of mind in the same posture. Suddenly rising, I went into the vestry, and desired that the mass of the Holy Ghost, as it was called, might be said. To this I was impelled in my anxiety by a spark of faith that was not yet extinguished. The first words that I was capable of stammering while waiting for the priest, were: "O my God! I am solicitous to save my soul, but how shall I set about it, shackled as I am by dear and indissoluble bonds! Merciful God, do thou thyself assist me! I will daily hear mass. Enlighten thou me!"

"After three hours passed in the most violent agitation, I returned home, if not justified, at least in the way to justification. Six months elapsed in which I went every morning to hear mass, but indulged every night in my usual way of life. I was rallied for going to church, and then I disguised myself that I might not be known. Still I was discovered and became the butt of redoubled ridicule. I then recollected the words of the Scripture: "No man can serve two masters;" and resolutely determined to relinquish the most fascinating, but the most dangerous service. I made a beginning by dispensing with my maid, and dressing myself. To habituate myself by degrees to solitude, I abstained from amusements, under the pretext of indisposition. I had fixed upon Easter for the execution of my determination; but the nearer the time approached, the more vehement became the conflict in my mind, which at length overcame my body. I was seized with an almost incessant vomiting, but retained sufficient strength to commit my confessions to writing.

"But where was I to find a confessor? I applied in confidence to a virtuous female relative whose pious exhortations I had often slighted. She recommended me to the rector of my parish of St. Sulpice. This rigid man at first repulsed me, and refused to hear what I had to say, till I had totally renounced the world. I lay at his feet; at length he was moved by my sobs and tears; he saw that I was in earnest, and appointed a day. Good God! What a day! On that day all those persons who were dear to me were to dine with me for the last time. Yes, they were very dear to me, but my salvation was still dearer.

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"At table I suffered inexpressible pain to conceal what was passing within me. "You entertain us by far too sumptuously for Ash Wednesday," said one of my guests. "It is the executioner's treat," replied another with a laugh. I was near fainting. I had scarcely strength to rise and leave the room under the pretence of paying a bill, which I had promised to discharge. The company attended me to the door; I entered the carriage, and they returned to the table. On hearing the first crack of the coachman's whip, I was no longer mistress of myself, and shrieked so loud, that the guests would have run down stairs again to my assistance. I had scarcely time to slip into an anti-room. My chamber maid persuaded them that I was gone, and that what they had heard was the cry of a child. I threw myself again into the coach and proceeded to St. Sulpice, where the confessor was waiting for me. There, in the greatest agitation, I began my confession, and after three painful hours, in which God alone could have kept up my courage, my confessor, who was deeply affected, dismissed me, and appointed a day for me to come to him again.

"I returned to my luxurious habitation in which I was to reside only four more days. Trembling, I cast my timid eyes on the objects around me, asking myself like St. Augustine: And will you be able to dispense with all these elegancies and conveniences of life? will you have the fortitude to exchange this little palace for a solitary cell?—to see nobody but ruins about you?—to embrace for life that monotonous and obscure state which you have always hated? God gave me strength to surmount this trial. M. Lanquet, an ecclesiastic whose pious admonitions I had always laughed at and ridiculed, felt sincere pleasure when I communicated to him the operations of the divine grace.

"The day of my departure arrived. I passed the whole of the preceding night in writing, partly to my former companions, partly to the father of my protégé, to whom I sent back the child with twenty Louis d'Ors. I directed the letters not to be delivered before noon, and every one who enquired for me to be told that I should not return for a considerable time. At five in the morning, I left my house never to enter it again. But instead of enduring the same agony of mind as before, I quitted my habitation with the same composure, as at this day, after an interval of eleven months, I got out of my cell. With the same composure I proceeded to Versailles to take leave of my constant patrons, Cardinal Fleury and the Duc de Gesvres. I then went to the chapel

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royal to hear mass; during which I recollected that a lady whom I had grievously offended, resided in the palace. Hastening thither immediately, I requested to see her in a private room, that the first expression of her feelings might not excite notice.

"She came. I shut the door and threw myself at her feet. She stood in speechless astonishment. On my knees I implored her pardon, representing that by way of penance, I had forsaken the world, and had begun by performing the most painful of the duties prescribed by the gospel. The lady on recovering herself, vented all the reproaches which anger could suggest. I listened calmly without interrupting her, and still kneeling replied with faltering accents: I am not come to justify myself, but to intreat your forgiveness; if you grant me this, I shall depart contented, if not, I trust that God will graciously approve my upright intentions. On this she gave me her hand, made me sit down beside her, and we were reconciled.—I left Versailles again without taking any refreshment; what I had just done produced the effect of a repast. Returning to Paris, I repaired directly to the society of St. Perpetua, where I had caused a small apartment to be provided for me, intending to reside there till I had settled all my affairs. On entering this first retreat, I felt invisibly what St. Paul experienced visibly: the scales fell from my eyes; I went, transformed into a new creature, up stairs to my cell, as if to heaven. There all perishable things, property, friends, pleasures, suddenly vanished: all of them were effaced from my recollection; profound peace reigned in their stead, and I could not refrain from asking myself, whether my life hitherto had not been a dream.

My cousin swam in tears, was unwilling to part from me, fearing to leave me alone, lest she should find me dead the next morning, and could not conceive why I wanted to hurry her away that I might be by myself. I told the superior that I had breakfasted and requested her to give me for supper the relics of the sisters' dinner. Astonishing, for three months I could keep nothing on my stomach, not even the most innocent broths, and now it not only received with pleasure a little fish that had been warmed up and a few nuts, but I slept as soundly all night as a child eight years old. And so it has continued to the present day.

"As soon as my renunciation of the world became publicly known, every one attempted to account for this step in his own way. Nobody would believe, that at my age,—I was then thirty-one years old—and with such

strong passions, I could have taken it without compulsion. The sale of my effects was announced; for a fortnight all Paris crowded to my house, to convince themselves of the reality of my unaccountable flight, and none returned without emotion. My relation who superintended these temporal concerns was urged to reveal the place of my abode, but remaining inexorable, she was intreated at least to take charge of a letter for me. This letter was from a friend, who painted in glowing colours what I had forsaken, and earnestly exhorted me to beware of too late and unavailing repentance. God assisted me to overcome this temptation also.

"As soon as my affairs were settled, I set off, on the evening of Ascension Day, just six weeks after my deliverance out of Egypt, to join my friend the Marchioness d'Arcy, whom I had requested to provide me a place in the Ursuline nunnery at Pondevaux, where I intended to live unknown as a boarder; for I was not yet favoured with the holy call, and had always abhorred the monastic life. When I got into the diligence, and I a fellow-traveller, the Commander de l'Aubepin, who deceived by my exterior behaved to me with great respect. At Saulieu the Marchioness was waiting for me. This confirmed him in his error, and he begged to know who it was that he had had the honour of accompanying. I frankly replied that I should take good care not to let him know my name, not from vanity but to spare himself the conscious shame of having thrown away his civilities on a person who was undeserving of them. This he took for a mere compliment, and he redoubled his importunities. "I give you my word," I replied, "that when you reach Lyons, you shall know who I am, and if I lose your regard, I shall at least have proved that I had no wish to deceive you." I kept my word, and he was so well pleased with my candour, that till his death I esteemed him as the best and firmest of friends.

"Scarcely had I entered the convent of Pondevaux, where the nuns gave me a sisterly reception, when Satan laid a snare for me. Some one wrote to me that, as I was resolved to live retired, he conjured me to accept of one of his estates in the country, which he named, and there to pass the remainder of my days as I pleased, and declaring that he was ready to procure the legal documents necessary for the transfer. I civilly declined his offer.

"The nuns had assigned me a large room, which I had made into three smaller, intending here to end my days. I attended all the religious exercises. Judging by appearances,

like de l'Aubepin, they took me for a lady of quality, and treated me with so much respect, that, overcome with shame, I undeceived these good nuns also. It seemed as if by this their friendship for me was only increased. My time being divided between reading and prayer, I led the most agreeable life in the world: except that in the first six weeks I was troubled with naughty impertinent dreams. I promised the blessed Virgin to fast always on the eve of her festival upon bread and water, to wear woollen next my skin as long as I lived, and to tell my beads a certain number of times every day, if she would relieve me from these carnal temptations. From that moment Satan departed from me. A circumstance which happened about that time; assured me that I was under the immediate protection of the Almighty. In the night before St. Ann's Day, there was a violent storm. The thunder rolled over the house and the roof was shattered in such a manner that torrents of rain poured into the lofts filled with flour, and penetrated through the ceiling of the sick-room where lay an aged paralytic nun. The sisters ran to and fro, and knew not what they did. I ran in my shift only out of my cell, and taking the poor patient in my arms, would have carried her to my own bed to which the rain had not penetrated. Unfortunately I had thrown the door to, and left the key in the inside, so that I was obliged to convey the poor creature to another chamber. The deluge pouring down upon me from all sides had reduced me to a situation equally pitiable and laughable; the nuns were obliged to lend me a shift and this was the first hair shift that I ever wore. We then all went up to the lofts to save the flour, and did not perceive the danger to which we were exposed, till day-break, when we beheld the loose tiles hanging every where over our heads, and as it were hovering in the air. All exclaimed: a miracle! and ascribed it to a mass which I had founded out of gratitude, and which had the evening before been celebrated for the first time.

"After a residence of ten months at Pondrevaux, I went to Lyons, to pay my respects to the Marshal de Villeroy. I was much pleased with the Convent of Anticaille, and though no boarders were received there, the Archbishop procured an exception to be made in my favour. I had suffered some uneasiness at Pondrevaux, because I had declined a visit from the governor, the old Count de Feuillans; besides which the Marchioness d'Arcy disapproved my total seclusion from the world, and was always importuning me to spend part of the summer at her country seats. I there-

fore remained at Anticaille, where I lived in the same manner as before, and had for my confessor a Jesuit, whose words seemed to be divine inspirations.

He began by advising me to rise every night at eleven o'clock, and pray till twelve. I kept myself awake that I might follow his direction, but no sooner had I knelt down than I fell into as sound a sleep as a marmot, which lasted God knows how long. When he saw that, with the best will in the world, I was unable to do what he prescribed, he enjoined me other exercises. He told me to scourge my back every Friday, saying they would lend me an instrument for the purpose in the convent; if not, he would bring me one himself. At the first moment I was overcome with surprise; nay, I was even secretly angry with my confessor for requiring such a thing of me. I resolved nevertheless to obey, made myself a scourge with a new cord, tied several knots on it, uncovered my shoulders, and applied it with such impetuosity, that I sunk down almost senseless, and wept, not from devotion but vexation. After a sleepless night, I hastened with three-coloured shoulders to my confessor, and implored him to release me from this penance. He immediately complied, but assured me that I should soon beg for it on my knees as a favour, which he would then refuse. "Oh!" said I, peevishly, "your beard will grow very long indeed before this prediction is accomplished."—Accomplished however it was, and very soon too: I was ashamed of my want of fortitude, and my shoulders were not yet healed, when I earnestly implored permission to crucify my soft delicate flesh. He demurred at first, but not long; and I zealously endeavoured to make amends for my former cowardice.

"I should never have done, were I to attempt to relate all the circumstances of this kind, which by degrees awakened within me the sacred vocation to be a nun. They had lent me in the convent the life of madame de Montmorency, who after the melancholy death of her husband, had here taken the veil. The reading of this book finally determined me. I communicated my resolution to the Jesuit, by whom it was warmly approved.

This happened in the month of July, 1721. When the nuns were informed of my intention, they redoubled their friendship and their civilities, I wrote to Paris, desiring my relation to come, as I wanted to surrender all my temporal concerns entirely into her hands. In the mean time, the history of the celebrated Rancé, the founder, or rather the restorer of the order of La Trappe, fell into my hands. It made a

deep impression upon me. Scarcely did I perceive the similarity between the juvenile aberrations of this celebrated penitent and my own, when every mild monastic regulation displeased me, and I made a solemn vow to God to imitate Rancé's severity. I would immediately have flown to the Clairettes (nuns living like the monks of la Trappe) had not my confessor assured me that I should find all I wanted among the Carmelites.

"I confided my wish to the venerable archbishop de Villeroi, who at first tried to dissuade me from the heroic resolution; but when he perceived my sincere repentance and anxiety, he was so penetrated with my situation, that he suddenly exclaimed:—"This is, indeed, the finger of God. I will myself seek you a place among the Carmelites."

"But," said I to him, "do not forget to inform them who and what I have been in the world, for I would not deceive any one." He did so. The good nuns were at first terribly frightened at the word actress; but the archbishop having taken all their scruples upon his own soul, the superior wrote me word that she expected me. To avoid the tender reproaches of my friends at Anticaille, I went privately on the 14th of October, 1724, to the Carmelite convent, from which I took leave of them in writing. Thus I, at length, set foot in the land of promise, eighteen months after my leaving the land of destruction, to which necessity alone had conducted me, for all my relations were respectable, Christian people. By the deranged circumstances of my father I was compelled in my seventeenth year to enter the dangerous career, and to embrace a profession which I abhorred. I was soon pacified, indeed, by the representation that the prejudice against players prevailed only among the lowest classes, that the court and city thought very differently, and honoured and rewarded talent. Experience has alas! taught me, that ruin is almost inseparable from this profession, because those who follow it live in superfluity and pleasure, without any other exertion than that of the memory. In the last three years I had acquired 44,000 livres, clear of all expences.

"Would it be believed that I was envied even this last retreat, the convent of the rigid Carmelites?—The first night of my abode there, some bad people came to the gate and there related things of me which might easily have induced the superior to turn me out again. She endeavoured, but in vain, to find out those reprobates, and acquainted the archbishop with the circumstance, who being probably better informed, knew how to put a

stop to such proceedings. But this was not enough. It was reported that I was not born in lawful wedlock. Had this been true I could not have been received into the holy order. The rector of St Sulpice, to whom I wrote, annihilated the slander by the register of my baptism.

"All these and other trials which I pass over in silence did not daunt me. I begged permission of the prioress to break off all connection with my friends, and even with my relations. This she refused, but granted a second request, that she would not spare me at first, as was customary in regard to novices. The very day of my arrival the broom was put into my hand. To wash linen, to draw water out of a deep well, to clean the tables in the refectory, to carry every sister her pitcher, to scour dishes and the kitchen, these were my daily occupations, which afforded me more delight than my former pleasures." After four years I was employed in other ways. I had to knit stockings for the whole convent, and to wind up the clock. To accomplish the latter I was obliged every day to lift up three prodigious stones.

"Three months after I had entered my noviciate, I received the holy veil. The archbishop himself had the goodness to preside at the ceremony. Notwithstanding the cold (it was the 20th January, 1728), the whole city thronged to witness it. My eyes were too springs of tears; tears of the most sincere repentance. Some days before Satan tempted me once more very strongly; but I conquered, and pronounced my last vow with a fortitude and cheerfulness that astonished all the spectators. Soon afterwards God permitted the wicked fiend again to torment me, not, indeed, by wanton dreams as at Pondevaux, but day and night I was in a dreadful situation, against which I struggled not with thorns like St. Benedict, not with fire like St. Martin, but by means of scourging and castigations. I made a vow never to drink wine, not even if my life were in danger, and a single drop could prolong it. For twelve years I scourged my sinful members more severely than the rules prescribed, till the weakness consequent on a severe indisposition, compelled me to confine myself to the customary flagellations.

"I thank God that, from the first moment of my flight from the world to the present day, the 10th of August, 1747, I have never repented my resolution, notwithstanding the severe penance which has changed my once coal-black hair and eye-brows to a snowy white.

"Of the former violence of my passions, some opinion may be formed from the dangers to which I exposed myself without scruple when I was intent on their gratification. I was twenty-two years old when I travelled in a post-chaise, attended by a single servant, from Paris to Wurtemberg. The faint-hearted fellow often came up trembling to my carriage, especially in the forests of Nancy, and St. Menchoud, to remind me that we were in the haunts of robbers. 'Proceed, fear nothing,' cried I gaily, 'thou followest Cæsar and his fortunes.' At one of the inns a villain actually found means to get into my chamber, and nothing but my wakefulness and shrieks scared him away. Thus God watched over me in spite of the contempt with which I treated the admonitions of the most exalted and virtuous people. When I was asked whether I received the sacraments, I replied:—'No, I will neither profane the sacraments nor renounce my pleasures on this side of forty five.'—'But do you feel no pangs of conscience?'—'No, Why should I? I never injured any body, and as to the future paradise, let those enjoy it who will; give me but the present.'—Horrible infatuation! deplorable blindness! which I shall never cease to lament.

"But I must repeat that nothing but necessity conducted me to this precipice. When at the age of nineteen I was at the gates of

death in Flanders, I solemnly promised to renounce my dangerous profession on condition that a pension of 200 livres should be secured to me. God forgive those by whom it was refused!"

Here terminate the confessions of the penitent. Her happiness was imbibed by no relapse; *Sister Augustina of Mercy*, for such was her monastic name, was a pattern of piety and humility. She seriously believed that she was unworthy of her companions, and often had to endure their slights. A pious correspondence which she kept up with the Queen procured her, however, unsought respect in the convent. Though in the last years of her life she became blind, yet she never lost her vivacity, always waited upon herself, and would not give trouble to any person. She was fond of receiving visits, and on such occasions expressed herself with animation and clearness. Never did she hear of an unfortunate creature without being affected and applying to her friends for their aid. The Pope had granted her a dispensation to appear in the parlour unveiled. Duclos, who relates this circumstance, cannot conceive the reason. Probably the humility of this penitent sinner would not permit her to conceal her face, and to spare herself the blush of conscious shame; and nothing appears so extraordinary as that the Catholic church has not long included in its orisons—*St. Gautier pray for us!*

## ORIGIN AND TALISMANIC VIRTUES OF RINGS.

PROMETHEUS being fastened to Mount Caucasus, made himself a ring out of one of his chains, in remembrance of the favours he had received from Jupiter; he set in this ring a small piece of the rock, and wore it on his finger, and this was supposed to be the first ring and stone which were ever worn. The Egyptians, however, affirm that they were the first inventors of rings, and certainly Joseph, after interpreting Pharaoh's dream, received with his golden collar a ring also, as a reward; and we find the Israelitish women giving their rings to Aaron, to assist him in making the golden calf; and four hundred years before the Trojan war the Jewish priests wore gold rings, enriched with precious stones: of that worn by Aaron, prodigious miracles are attested; for when the Hebrews were to be punished with death for their sins, the stone changed to a dark colour; when they were to fall in battle, it assumed the

tincture of blood; but whenever they were virtuous and innocent it sparkled, with its usual lustre.

Queen Jesabel made use of the ring of Ahab to seal the counterfeit letters which she issued in his name. The Lacedæmonians wore iron rings, either despising those of gold, or their monarchs always desirous of checking every species of luxury, set the example of wearing iron themselves, and the people durst not wear what was more costly than those adapted by their sovereign. The ring was looked upon, by most nations, as the symbol of liberality, esteem, and friendship; particularly with the Persians; amongst whom none were permitted to wear them unless they were a present from the king himself: and they relate that a certain prince of their Indian priests was possessed of a ring whereby he learnt every day the greatest secrets in nature. But the most wonderful ring on re-

cord, was that found by Gyges, and supposed to have belonged, formerly, to the Chief of the Bramins. Gyges was a shepherd belonging to the King of Lydia; and after a great flood of water, which nearly overwhelmed the country, he passed into a very deep cavity of the earth, where having found, in a brazen horse, an human body of enormous size, he pulled from off one of the fingers this surprising ring; the stone of which rendered its wearer invisible, if turned towards the palm of the hand. Gyges made trial of its efficacy, by introducing himself at court, and at length gained over the queen, to facilitate his ascent to the throne of his master, whom, with the queen's assistance, he killed.

Alexander the Great, after the defeat and death of Darius, made use of that monarch's ring to seal the letters he sent into Asia, and only used his own to those he sent to Europe. It was the custom at Rome, to send to the bride, before marriage, a present from the bridegroom of an iron ring, without any stone, to prove how lasting, durable, and firm their union ought to be, and the frugality requisite to be observed in the married state, in order to provide for a family: but luxury soon gained ground; the old custom was abolished, and the iron rings gave place to those of more cash and expence. The Roman knights were distinguished from the senators by their gold rings, and it was customary, as a mark of honour, to present ambassadors with them when they received orders from the senate to depart for foreign states. After the regal power was put aside in Rome, gold rings were worn as a sign of liberty; and Hannibal, when he had gained a signal victory, sent to Carthage a bushel of gold rings taken from off the fingers of the Roman nobles and knights who were slain in the field of battle.

Though the first inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the ancient Gauls were accustomed to wear the wedding ring on the forefinger, the use, at last, prevailed amongst all nations, to place it on that finger next to the little one on the left hand, called the annular finger; because, according to the opinion of the Egyptians, a small nerve runs from this finger to the heart. In Germany, married men wear a gold ring on the little finger of the right hand; which is put on at their marriage, with the date of the day of the month and year in which their union took place.

It was formerly a received and general

opinion, and there are yet remaining those, where the idea is not quite eradicated, that the precious stones in rings ought to be set in a collet pierced through, in order that the jewel may touch the finger; for many jewels are supposed to possess inestimable virtues: thus the diamond is said to be a preservative against poison and the plague: against this latter dreadful malady, one would really imagine it might have some power, for in Turkey it attacks, at first, only the poorer sort; and the Grand Signior, and princes about his court, who generally wear a profusion of diamonds, are scarce ever known to be afflicted with this rueful disease.

The diamond is also said to expel anger, and is, therefore, called the stone of reconciliation; and the ancients believed that whoever wore it when he was going to battle, it ensured him victory. Such a pernicious quality, however, is attached to diamond powder, that it cannot be corrected; and the great physician and chemist, Theophrastus Paracelsus, was poisoned by it. The ruby, they say, banishes sorrow and averts ill thoughts (who ought to be without a ruby?) The amethyst's beautiful purple will gain the wearer the favour of princes! (Alas! we fear, that stands on a yet more brittle and uncertain foundation!) The jacinth fortifies the heart, and preserves the wearer against the dangers of thunder and lightning. Of the emerald wonderful things are related; that it is almost a certain cure for epileptic fits; but if the disorder proves too strong, and the person should die with it, the stone instantly breaks in pieces: however, many people of unquestioned veracity, have declared that the powder of it being drunk is an excellent remedy against obstinate fluxes, and a sure cure for the bite of any venomous animal. The opal is reckoned a preservative against infectious air, and a preventive against fainting fits.

All these reputed virtues, whether real or imaginary, serve to shew that the first wearing of rings had in it something holy, honourable, and talismanic: the small golden fetter which binds the wife to the husband, is now reckoned the most sacred of all. The mourning ring, for a departed and dearly valued friend, or relative, claims the next place; and though valuable rings are often given as pledges of love, respect, and amity, yet there are only two, the wedding and the mourning ring, which possess and retain, through every age, the symbolic solemnity of their first institution.



## MEN OF THE WORLD; OR STORY OF SELINA SENSITIVE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the hope (which will not I trust prove a vain one) that the days of chivalry are not quite over, and that in you I shall find a knight errant, able, and willing to take the part of a distressed damsel against those base recreants generally termed men of the world, of whom I have had the greatest cause to complain; I beg leave to submit a few particulars of my very disastrous case to you.

I am, Sir, an only child, and have received an education the most proper to qualify me for becoming an inhabitant of a certain island, of which you may probably have heard, called *Utopia*: my mother who was a widow, and of a most amiable disposition, educated me under her own eye. As she had unfortunately passed a great part of her youth in the study of romances, and had never mixed sufficiently with the world to be convinced that the maxims they inculcate are equally false and dangerous, she had the most exalted, and at the same time the most mistaken ideas of human nature; I was early impressed with a belief, that mankind were divided into two classes, the very good, and the very bad; and as the first class, in my opinion, far outnumbered the other, I expected to find all my acquaintance possessed of the most sublime virtues, and that wherever I turned my eyes I should behold the enchanting effects of love, friendship, and benevolence; it is true, I did suppose that I should now and then meet with ill consequences of hatred, jealousy, and revenge, but I reflected that it had been so from the days of *Clelia* down to those of *Clarissa Harlowe*, and that it is our duty to bear unavoidable misfortunes with patience.

My mamma had repeatedly declared, that as soon as I attained a proper age, she would leave her beloved solitude for the purpose of introducing me into the world; but I had the misfortune to lose her when I had scarcely attained my sixteenth year; I had loved my mother almost to idolatry, and my grief for her was equally lively and sincere.

My father had died while I was yet an infant, and he bequeathed me a fortune of ten thousand pounds, on the express condition, that I married with my mother's full consent and approbation, or in case of her death, with that of my uncle, Sir Tristram Transfer, who was also nominated my guardian, and with whom I was to reside till my marriage.

Immediately upon the demise of my mother,

my uncle came down to our seat for the purpose of removing me to his house in London; I shed many tears on leaving *Rosebud Bower*, and the well-meant, but commonplace civilities of my uncle, had little effect in alleviating my grief. On my arrival at his mansion, I was received with much kindness by my aunt, but as her countenance did not please me, I immediately decided that Lady Transfer's and mine were by no means congenial minds, and I received her civilities with a degree of coldness which seemed to disgust her exceedingly.

When I began to mix with the world, I had the mortification to find my high-raised hopes and expectations completely disappointed; not a single being did I meet with who possessed any marking traits of character, yet my uncle was visited by the best bred people in town, at least so I was informed by Lady Transfer, and as she numbered some titles and not a few honourables amongst her acquaintance, I had certainly no reason to disbelieve her assertion.

But how contemptible did these well-bred moderns appear in my eyes, when I contrasted them with the amiable and polished characters whose memoirs had afforded me such an infinity of delight, and as I thought of instruction also; what a different creature was the effeminate and coxcombical Sir Charles Changeable, (who had the reputation of being a very Cæsar amongst the ladies, for he had the vanity to declare, that with regard to the fair sex, he might justly take to himself the celebrated motto—"I came, I saw, I conquered,") to the *Lovelace* of Richardson. The latter, all grace, wit and elegance, possessed too of a fine person, and the most insinuating manners; the former all vanity and insipidity, utterly devoid of good sense, and not inheriting from nature as much

"Human genius as God gives an ape."

Trifling in his manners, and with respect to his person, indebted to his taylor and perfumer for his shape and complexion. I was curious to know by what magic such an animal as this could ever have acquired the reputation of a man of gallantry; but the mystery was soon solved: I was informed that before he had attained his twenty-first year, he had carried off from her husband and children a celebrated autumnal beauty, who had long been considered in the circles of fashion as a second *Ninon*;

and to prove himself at once a man of honour and spirit, no sooner was a divorce obtained, than he married this grandmother of the Graces, and immediately took into keeping a most celebrated and expensive courtesan, on whom he is said to have lavished immense sums; this intelligence I had from my aunt, who added, that he was generally considered as a most elegant and charming man.

"Good Heaven's!" exclaimed I, "how dreadfully depraved must be the present age, if the commission of the most glaring vices is sufficient to entitle a being so utterly devoid of every manly accomplishment to the reputation of wit and elegance; but what became of the unhappy husband of the vile woman?"

"Do you mean Lady Changeable," asked my aunt?

I replied in the affirmative.

"I assure you," said Lady Transfer, "that she does not by any means merit the appellation that you have thought proper to bestow upon her; her conduct since her second marriage has been perfectly correct, and though there are a few lovers of scandal, who declare that she still has her gallantries, I protest that I, for my own part, do not believe it; I am sure I never saw any thing in her conduct to disapprove, and her *petit suppers* are delightful; but you were speaking of her first husband, and children: as to Mr. Surewell, he was charmed with Sir Charles's success, and exceedingly obliged to his wife, whom he had longed to get rid of for the last twenty years, only she never before had the kindness to afford him an opportunity; for though her intrigues were well known, yet she always managed them with sufficient caution to avoid a divorce. Mr. Surewell was fond of the turf, and he is besides exceedingly attached to the indulgencies of the table; and the five thousand pounds damages which Sir Charles paid, has afforded him a more ample means of following these favourite pursuits."

"As to her children, they were three daughters, and the affair did not affect them in the least; two were already married, and the third is since united to a Scotch nobleman, whose wife divorced him for infidelity; they are on exceeding good terms with their mother, and are always seen at her parties."

While my aunt was speaking, my uncle entered the room: "I have just met your old favourite, Lord Squander, my dear," said he to her; "he came to town but yesterday, and he will take a family dinner with us."

"I am very glad to hear it," cried Lady Transfer. "Now, my dear," said she, addressing me, "I can introduce you to a man of

fashion, who does not merit the censure of effeminacy or insipidity, he is the most generous, open-hearted creature breathing, and nothing can be pleasanter than his manners; frank, cheerful, and unceremonious; in short he is quite the well bred man of the present day."

This account prepossessed me highly in his Lordship's favour. At last, thank Heaven, thought I, I shall see a nobleman who does honour to his rank, and who doubtless possesses in no small degree the virtues which ought to adorn it. I will own the truth to you, Mr. Editor, I was woman enough to wish to appear to the greatest advantage in the eyes of this amiable man, and if my glass did not flatter, the pains that I took at my toilet were not ill bestowed; I longed for the dinner hour, and at last it came; but what was my astonishment to behold a tall athletic figure, who entered the room with an air, which I should not know how to describe to you, if his Lordship had not candidly confessed in the course of conversation that he acquired it from the stage-coachman; he saluted my aunt without ceremony indeed, for I thought his freedom both vulgar and impertinent; he was then introduced to me, and he honoured me with a broad stare, that put me completely out of countenance. The whole time of dinner he entertained us in a language, which to me, was nearly unintelligible; with an account of his having won a thousand pounds by out-driving his prototype the stage-coachman, whom he honoured with the appellations of "jolly dog," and "devilish hearty fellow," and with whom he said he had passed the preceding evening.

He ingeniously contrived to lengthen the history of his wager, by two or three episodes; one was a description of his new barouche, the other was a dissertation on the various excellencies of Catalani, and his favourite greyhound, to which my uncle and Lady Transfer listened with the greatest attention.

"Well, my dear," said my aunt to me when we had left the gentlemen to themselves "what do you think of Lord Squander?"

"Why really, Madam," replied I, "in my opinion he is not worth a thought."

"You are extremely fastidious," cried she coldly; "but you are I believe the only woman who would be thought to have taste, in whose estimation he does not stand high."

As I saw that she was very much displeased, and as I knew that I should not be able to convert her to my opinion, I dropped the subject.

In two or three days after this, my uncle with great apparent satisfaction, told me that

he had received a proposal for me which gave him infinite pleasure, and which he was certain I would approve. "Mr. Mediocre," said he, "is a worthy, amiable, and sensible man, and his morals are unexceptionable." From the little I had seen of the world, I found that I must, if I ever meant to be married, abate something of my original pretensions, and be contented with a husband, who might not perhaps in every respect equal my favourite hero, Sir Charles Grandison; I was, besides, by no means pleased with the life I led at my uncle's, for it is exceedingly ink-some to mix with people whom you despise; so that I was very well disposed to look with an eye of compassion upon Mr. Mediocre, whom Sir Tristram introduced to me the very next day; but two interviews were sufficient to convince me that he could never be the man of my choice.

I cannot exactly tell you what there was to find fault with, for he was undoubtedly handsome, sensible, and well bred, and his general character was an excellent one; but you know, Sir, the least compliment that he could have paid me was to have appeared passionately in love, and this did not seem by any means the case; for some time, however, I did not positively decide against him; but one day, to my inexpressible surprise, while we were engaged in a conversation upon the nature of love, he took the liberty of laughing at what he was pleased to term the romantic notions I had imbibed; you will allow, Mr. Editor, that it was not in human nature, female human nature I mean, to bear such an affront, and I positively assured my uncle that I never would have him.

"I am not at all sorry to hear it," replied Sir Tristram; "for I have a much better offer for you, Lord Squander has proposed to me for —"

"Lord Squander!" interrupted I; "why surely, Sir, you do not suppose that I will marry him?"

"And why not," cried my uncle sternly; "where can you find so unexceptionable an offer?"

"Upon my honour," said I, "I would as soon think of giving my hand to the B—— stage-coachman, of whom his Lordship made such *honourable mention*."

My uncle replied with much bitterness, and after a long altercation, he assured me that I should be Lady Squander.

As I had always thought Sir Tristram rather a good-natured, easy tempered man, I was at a loss to account for his obstinacy on this occasion; but an accident revealed to me

me that my worthy uncle, who might be termed a complete man of the world, had literally sold me to his Lordship, or perhaps he might have heard of the old proverb, "that exchange is no robbery," for Lord Squander had agreed to get him into Parliament for one of his boroughs, on condition that I became Lady Squander.

You will readily suppose that I determined to disappoint this nefarious project, and as the only means of doing it, I resolved to elope; I had no great stock of money, but it did not appear to me a very difficult matter to support myself; all distressed heroines on similar occasions had recourse to the needle, or the pencil, for a subsistence; in addition to my skill in these arts, I understood the French and Italian languages; and from the number of works that I saw daily advertised as translations from the former, I doubted not that I should be able to maintain myself till my uncle relented. By the assistance of a confidential servant, I put my scheme in execution and was soon quietly settled in a neat retired lodging within a short walk of the metropolis.

I waited for a short time before I ventured to take any steps to provide for myself, lest I should be discovered; but I need not have entertained any apprehension, my uncle seemed by no means inclined to trouble himself about me; and after a fortnight had elapsed, I dressed myself as plain as possible, and went to offer my services as a translator.

It would be an endless task to recount to you, Mr. Editor, the rebuffs I met with; one bookseller did not want any thing in that way, another politely assured me that he was certain the sum gained by it would not be worth my acceptance, because there were such numbers of distressed emigrants, that the market was overstocked; a third enquired whether I had ever written for the press, and as I never had, he declined to treat with me, as he observed, though he wanted a translator, he would chuse to engage one who was also an author, as such a person's style would in all probability be better than mine; not a few tantalized me with "hope deferred," for they civilly requested me to call again, merely I believed for the pleasure of informing me, that they had considered of the matter, and did not want my services. I returned home perfectly dispirited, and resolved to lose no time in making application in the needle and pencil way.

But alas! there also I was doomed to encounter difficulties and disappointments, and I saw myself reduced to a very unheroine-like state of distress; in plain English, I had the most

vulgar apprehensions of starving, and though I called to memory cases out of number, where the fair forlorn one is saved when on the very brink of despair, I cannot say that these precedents afforded me any *solid* comfort; and I was beginning to think of applying to Sir Tristram, when an incident occurred that diverted me from my design.

A man nearly old enough to be my grandfather, and whose appearance was perfectly that of a gentleman, had for some time followed and observed me, but he seemed to pay a kind of silent attention, with an air of so much respect, and had indeed so little appearance of a gay seducer, that I never felt displeased with him; one day as I was returning from one of my unsuccessful walks, my foot slipped, and but for some one catching my arm I should have fallen, I turned round to thank the person, and beheld the old gentleman whom I have mentioned; I had seriously hurt myself, and was obliged to accept of his arm; he walked home with me, and we entered into conversation; I was charmed with the delicacy of his sentiments, which were delivered in the most elegant language, and with the most unassuming tone and manner; he took his leave with great politeness, and called the next day to enquire after my health. I had been so highly pleased with his manners, that without a thought of harm, I admitted him; and my having sprained my foot afforded him an excuse for repeating his visit. In one of his calls, the conversation happened to turn on the many disagreeables to which single women, not possessed of independent fortunes, were liable; the subject touched me, and I could not help looking unusually grave. "I hope," said he, "that my observations have not occasioned the seriousness which overspreads your countenance."

"Indeed," replied I, "they come at this moment but too home to my feelings, my unprotected state appears——"

"I will be your protector," cried he with energy.

"Generous man!" replied I, utterly unconscious of his meaning, "I accept your offer, and now I will relate to you the circumstances which——"

"No, my angel," cried he, "you shall not tell me any thing at this moment that can give you pain," and he attempted to clasp me in his arms.

"How dare you," said I repulsing him, "insult me thus?"

"Insult!" said he, "have you not accepted my protection?" An *eclaircissement* ensued, and I discovered the meaning to which the term *protection* is now prostituted by men of the world; you may suppose that I dismissed this hoary Lothario with the contempt he merited, and I sat down to write to my uncle, when I was told a gentleman wished to speak to me; and Mr. Mediocre followed the servant into my apartment.

I felt startled at seeing him, for I almost fancied that he too came to insult me, but he soon removed my apprehensions; in tracing the place of my retreat he had been actuated by the most honourable motives, and though, when I was possessed of an independent fortune, he would not stoop to humour my caprices, he now offered me his hand with as much humility and respect as if he had been soliciting that of a princess of the blood; sensibly touched by this generous behaviour, I should instantly have accepted it, but I delayed giving a positive answer till I had heard from my uncle, to whom I immediately wrote, and requested his consent; I transcribe his answer because it is fully illustrative of his character.

"My dear Niece,—When I encouraged the addresses of Mr. Mediocre, I knew not that you would be fortunate enough to attract the notice of Lord Squander; as you dismissed the one, I must use the authority vested in me to oblige you to make choice of the other; in doing so I consult your own happiness; let me therefore beg that you will lay aside your *Utopian* ideas, and act like a woman of the world.—Your affectionate uncle,

TRISTRAM TRANSFER."

You will observe that he avoids making any mention of my fortune, but he gave me verbally to understand in a few days afterwards, that if I married Mr. Mediocre I should never have a shilling of it.

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, what a perplexing situation mine is; for I cannot think of giving a beggar to the arms of my generous lover; perhaps if you will do me the favour to publish this letter, it may make my politic uncle ashamed of the worldly policy to which he means to sacrifice me.

I make no apology for giving you this trouble, as I have no doubt that you will be happy in an opportunity to serve, from the most disinterested motives, one of the softer sex, that is, if you are not a man of the world.

SELINA SENSITIVE.

## LOUISA; A TALE OF TRUTH.

"Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies."

Of all the crimes which stain the human character, there are none attended with more dreadful consequences than that of seduction, nor one to accomplish which such means are resorted to, yet for which the perpetrator is so rarely looked upon with merited detestation. Justly does Stern express himself in one of his admirable letters upon this subject, when he says:—"How abandoned is that heart which bulges the tear of innocence, and is the cause, the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance. Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon,—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory."

But the following story, of which the leading incidents are unfortunately but too true, will best exemplify the justice of the foregoing observations: and thus, without farther preface, we proceed to state, that Louisa Rutland was the only daughter of a respectable clergyman, who possessed a moderate living, and resided in a beautiful village nearly two hundred miles from the centre of gaiety and fashion, that wide extended abode of mingled worth, honesty, industry, licentiousness, fraud, vice, and folly—the capital of the British empire.

Mr. Rutland was a widower from the hour of Louisa's birth; and being a man of letters, and of a studious turn of mind, he took the utmost pains to instruct his child in every branch of knowledge consistent with the female character; and as her capacity was excellent, and her desire for improvement boundless, the progress she made was beyond even the sanguine expectations of her parent; who, though he earnestly wished to behold her a well-informed and pleasing companion for a rational and sensible husband, in easy circumstances, and of a respectable character; he was far from seeking to see her what is usually termed a learned lady, a philosopher in petticoats, asserting the rights of women by trenching on the privileges of the male part of the creation, and in nine instances out of ten making fools of themselves, by attempting to support parts nature never meant they should appear in. To this end Mr. Rutland gave his daughter every advantage of which his situa-

tion admitted, and placing her at a respectable boarding-school in his own neighbourhood, she for two or three years of her continuance under the care of a sensible and accomplished governess, had the advantage of instruction from some very eminent teachers in the various branches of fashionable education; while her ideas were extended, and her manners improved by an intercourse with other young persons, and the example and precepts of their amiable and well-bred instructress.

When Louisa had attained her seventeenth year, her father brought her again to the rectory; here she took upon herself the care of superintending his domestic concerns, and acquitted herself in all respects as an elegant and amiable young woman, whose beauty and accomplishments rendered her an object of universal admiration to all who saw or conversed with her; while health glowed on her lovely countenance, cheerfulness and good-humour added nameless attractions to her charming features, and she was the idol of her doating parent, nor for an instant thought of the evils which awaited her future years, to murder peace and plant the thorns of sorrow in her bosom.

Sudden and unexpected was the death of Mr. Rutland; who, ere three months had elapsed after the return of his daughter to the rectory, was seized with a stroke of palsy which at first deprived him of speech and power of moving, and on a second attack a few days afterwards, bereft his daughter of the most affectionate of parents; and left her with a scanty pittance as her sole means of support, to mourn his loss, and take up her abode in the mansion of a widowed sister of her father, who resided also in the same village with the worthy Mr. Rutland: who with a narrow income contrived to keep up a decent and respectable appearance amongst her old acquaintances and neighbours, by all of whom she was regarded as a worthy inoffensive character, one of those good sort of persons whose knowledge of men and manners extends not beyond the limits of their immediate neighbourhood, and the local events which take place in a circle of twenty or thirty miles around; who step not to the right hand nor to the left, but continue to pursue the noiseless tenor of their way, the same straight path

of prudence and decorum in which they have trodden from the commencement of their journey, and in which they usually plod onward to the end of it. Mrs. Raynsford was, however, on the whole what might be termed a very good kind of woman. She loved Louisa as much as she was capable of loving any being in the universe; she was proud of her beauty and accomplishments, and was frequently heard to regret the narrowness of her own circumstances precluded the possibility of bestowing a suitable fortune on her niece, which she added, "was the only requisite wanting to render her a match for the first Duke or Earl in the kingdom." With all the fondness of her aunt, however, and all the praises bestowed by the good lady on her personal and acquired advantages, Louisa was by no means happy under the protection of Mrs. Raynsford, with whom, from her mode of education and the ideas she had imbibed from reading and reflection, she had few sentiments in common, and little of that congeniality of mind which tends so greatly to afford gratification to the bosom of sensibility, "when thought meets thought ere from the lips it parts," and every sentiment of which we feel the force "springs mutual from the heart."

But an incident occurred ere Louisa had passed more than the first year of her stay with Mrs. Raynsford that convinced her she was not without a kindred soul; while it led the way to those unfortunate circumstances which gave a colour to her future fate, and overthrew her peace of mind for ever.

It was on a fine summer evening as Mrs. Raynsford and her niece were returning from a walk, that they perceived as they drew near the door of Mrs. Raynsford's habitation, a gentleman advancing towards them upon horseback, followed by a groom mounted also on an handsome animal, and trotting at a brisk pace. As the riders advanced, a boy hastily drove a flock of sheep from an adjoining close into the road, which coming suddenly and with a disagreeable noise upon the spot over which the gentleman was just about to pass, his horse, a spirited, high-bred hunter, began to rear and prance, and being perhaps imprudently checked by the curb, gave such a sudden and violent plunge as threw his rider on the flinty road, where he lay to all appearance motionless and lifeless, till on being raised from the ground by some persons who had witnessed the accident, he faintly heaved a sigh, and was conveyed by the desire of Mrs. Raynsford into her house; where, laid upon a sofa, and a vein opened by the village surgeon, who fortunately was at home, and

hastened on the first intimation of the circumstance to offer his assistance, he raised his eyes, and looking round on those who stood beside the couch, appeared sensible of his situation, and murmured out his thanks for their care and kindness.

As there were no material bruises on the head, nor any broken bones, the surgeon gave it as his opinion, that his patient's case was far from being of a dangerous nature, though from the shock he had sustained, and a few cuts upon one of his cheeks from some flinty substances where he fell, a slight degree of fever he said might be produced; but that a few days' rest, he had no doubt, would set all to rights, and restore him to a perfect state of convalescence.

The good, well meaning Mrs. Raynsford was rejoiced to hear such favourable accounts of the stranger's situation, which she had apprehended would prove infinitely distressing. While Louisa, who from the moment she beheld him felt the deepest interest in his welfare, offered up her fervent thanks to Heaven for the preservation of a life she must be conscious ever must be dear to her, and which she doubted not was considered of the utmost consequence by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

Having passed rather a restless night the stranger felt himself a little languid and disordered in the morning; but by noon he arose; and having dressed himself, requested permission to be allowed to pay his compliments to his kind and hospitable entertainer, who was just then busily employed in preparing some delicacies from her larder and garden for his palate, and ruminating on the consequences which might very probably arise from his admission under her roof the preceding evening: for she doubted not Louisa's charms would make a deep impression on the heart of the elegant stranger, of whose rank in life and circumstances, she had acquired sufficient information from his servant to satisfy her on the score of his birth and fortune; which being the principal consideration in the mind of Mrs. Raynsford, she without further hesitation on the matter, settled that he must become the husband of her dear Louisa, to whom she hinted her views upon the subject, and desired she might hold herself in readiness, and in her most becoming attire, to accompany herself to the apartment of the stranger, of whom we shall say a few words before we introduce him to the acquaintance of Louisa: for though she had gazed with rapture on the manly countenance and noble figure of the invalid, while nearly insensible

to all that passed around he lay upon a couch in Mrs. Raynsford's parlour, he had not at that time cast his eyes upon the blooming and attractive creature whom his servant, who well knew his master's predilection in favour of female beauty, had described to him as one of the loveliest objects in the world; and to behold whose transcendent charms he had arisen from his bed when inclination would otherwise have detained him there for at least some hours longer.

Elegant in his address, with a figure tall, finely proportioned, and peculiarly graceful, the features of the stranger, whom we shall in future distinguish by the name of Major Blandford, were strikingly expressive and interesting. His manners were fascinating, and his conversation always so well suited to the tastes and dispositions of his hearers, that he was an universal favourite with his acquaintance, and an object of peculiar interest with the fair sex, whose minds and characters he had studied with unremitting attention, and over many of whom he had triumphed; destroying what he admired, and then deserting the luckless victim of his insidious and artful wiles. Though the Major had read but little, the deficiency, even among men of considerable erudition, was by no means remarkable; for what he had read he retained most faithfully, and as the study of mankind had been that to which he had principally applied himself, he was become an adept in the knowledge of the human heart; knew well the persuasive powers of flattery and well-timed attentions, and the influence such a line of conduct gains over almost every mortal; while he constantly expressed himself in such delicate, refined, and easy flowing language that whatever he uttered carried with it the semblance of sincerity and candour, and contributed to confirm his empire over the minds of all whose good opinion or regard it was his interest to obtain. Yet Major Blandford was not naturally an artful character, nor of a vicious disposition; but the mode of life into which he had been early introduced, the force of example, and the strength of youthful passions, had led him into many scenes of dissipation, which frequently produced regret and repentance during his hours of cool reflection, but which were yet, from want of resolution and a friendly monitor to direct his course, pursued and persisted in without a prospect of amendment; and unaccountable as it may appear to those who have not made the human character their study, he was, though in truth a dangerous mortal from his various pleasing qualifications and interesting manners, rather a singular

than a bad character; for he was capable of performing acts of the utmost liberality from motives of the purest benevolence; his hand was ever open to the relief of the indigent or unfortunate; and he had been known to deny himself the gratification of some reasonable wishes in the purchase of fine horses, of which he was particularly fond, for the sole purpose of relieving a distressed family with whose misfortunes he had accidentally become acquainted, and he had too high a sense of honour to contract a debt which at that period he was uncertain whether it might or not be ever in his power to discharge.

Such are the contrarieties in the human character, such the inconsistencies observable in men, who at the same time they are thus capable of performing deeds of generosity and real charity, will not scruple to gratify their selfish passions at the expence of a virtuous female's peace of mind, her happiness, her fame, and in all probability her eternal salvation in the life to come!

Originally the Major's fortune was limited, but the death of an uncle had rendered it independent, and he had just been settling accounts with the steward on his estates, and was returning to the quarters of his regiment in the provincial town nearest to the residence of Louisa Rutland, when the accident we have related happened, and he was received beneath the roof of Mrs. Raynsford.

To describe the sensations which filled the breast of Major Blandford on beholding the interesting figure of our lovely heroine, would be a task of difficulty for which few persons are adequate, and to which we own ourselves entirely unequal; he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, and fixing his eyes upon her countenance with that soft, yet impassioned look which men of his description so well know when to assume, the blushes which those regards called forth augmented her beauties in a tenfold degree, and rendered her irresistably lovely, while they completed the Major's passion; and he secretly vowed to become possessed of those charms which had intoxicated his senses at any sacrifice, almost even that of matrimony, to which he had a mortal aversion, and only could endure the thought with the view of bettering his fortune and adding to the honours of his name, by an alliance with a family of superior rank and consequence in the kingdom.

Louisa had seen but few men beside those who lived in the adjacent country, and occasionally visited the rectory, or made their appearance at church, and the few parties that

were given by the card-playing tabbies of the village; and those men were in general no ways remarkable for gracefulness of manners or a fashionable exterior; on the contrary, they were principally composed of plain country squires, past the season of youth, or not yet arrived at that age when the conversation or behaviour becomes insinuating and dangerous. In Major Blandford she, however, beheld united all that she could fancy was delightful, captivating, and amiable; his conversation was well adapted to the turn of her mind, and formed a striking contrast to the homely phrases of her aunt, or the senseless jargon of the conceited spruce attorney's clerk, and dashing hunting curate who now supplied the place of Mr. Rutland at the rectory, and were the principal beaux of the village and its neighbourhood. The syren voice of flattery also sounded sweetly in her ears; its honeyed accents charmed her inexpressibly, while self-love, so natural to mortals, led her to give credit to the sincerity of all the Major uttered; while ignorant of the dark designs which brooded in the heart of Blandford, she yielded up her heart a willing gift to the insidious deceiver, and placed the fullest confidence in the integrity of one who, underneath the specious mask of love, had ruined the repose of many an unsuspecting, fond, and credulous female.

Though Louisa had a large share of good sense, and her education and morals had been strictly attended to, yet her disposition was somewhat tinged with romance; her bosom was the seat of sensibility, she was artless and fugacious as an infant; and ignorant of the cunning ways of mankind she placed implicit confidence in the assertions of her lover, who very shortly made his passion known to her; and better versed in the movements of the human heart, easily perceived he was far from indifferent to her, while he trusted to artifice and the powerful toils of love, to bind her to himself and make her all his own. Cruel man! thus to meditate the destruction of a lovely unsuspecting being, who had granted thee her heart, and would with pleasure have united herself to thee in the sight of Heaven and of the world, though certain that poverty and care were to have been the companions of her future days.

But not to dwell upon a relation of the artifices put in practice to deceive the innocent, and lure the hapless Louisa into ruin, suffice it to say, Major Blandford being quartered in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Raynsford's habitation, afforded him almost daily opportunities of seeing his adored Louisa, and he availed

himself of her aunt's repeated invitations to her house; for she placed all his visits to the score of his increasing affection for her niece, whom she already in idea fancied she beheld the Major's lady, the sharer of his fortune, and a Countess in perspective; for he was actually the heir apparent of an earldom, and this circumstance had added greatly to Mrs. Raynsford's predilection in his favour; for, like most persons of very moderate understanding, she was not a little tinctured with vanity, and the idea of beholding her beloved Louisa ranking amongst persons in the exalted walks of life, was of itself sufficient to render her desirous of the match. In a word, both Mrs. Raynsford and her niece, though from different causes, were pleased and unsuspecting: while the Major, continuing his visits, almost became domesticated in the family, and pursuing his nefarious designs, at length succeeded in effecting his diabolical purpose, and triumphed in the ruin of Louisa.

As Blandford had solemnly sworn to make her his wife as soon as a near relation, then on the verge of fourscore and of an infirm constitution, should leave him at liberty to pursue the bent of inclination, and enjoy an independence he affirmed was not at that time his, the unfortunate Louisa, in a moment of fondness, resigned herself to the delusions of her own heart and the insidious wiles of a practised deceiver; and when she gently remonstrated with him on the advantage he had taken of her unsuspecting fondness, he vowed to perform whatever could conduce to her comfort; to hasten to his kinsman and endeavour, at the risk he well knew of his everlasting displeasure, to obtain his consent to a marriage with the idol of his soul; she firmly confiding in her Henry's honourable intentions, permitted him to press her to his bosom, and repeat his former protestations of never ending love and constancy.

Unfortunate Louisa! she loved her betrayer, more than ever loved him; and innocent in heart, as she was lovely in person, told him of her increased partiality; while in idea believing she was shortly to become his wife in the eyes of all the world, as she already thought herself in that of Heaven, she consented to continue the guilty intercourse until her situation rendered it necessary to acquaint her aunt with a circumstance she never for an instant had suspected (so well had matters been arranged and carried on betwixt the lovers), and at the same time formed an additional motive to the Major, whose passion was upon the decline, to throw the mask aside, and leave the wretched victim of his perfidy to her fate; for mar-



riage was now still less than ever in his thoughts; and to have united himself to a woman who had once surrendered her virtue to his artifices or persuasions, was the last thing he would have thought upon. The departure of his regiment to another station in a distant part of the kingdom, was therefore first urged as a pretence for quitting the now wretched and unhappy girl, to whom he promised to write almost daily during the painful hours of absence, which he assured her should be shortened as much as possible; and as no discovery of her situation could readily take place for some time, he requested she would postpone her intention of disclosing it to Mrs. Raynsford till after his departure, when she could take her own time to introduce and unfold the affair as gently as possible; and placing in her hands a sum of money to be applied to the purpose of purchasing the continued secrecy of the domestic who had aided their meetings in private, he took an apparently affectionate leave of the deluded victim, whom he trusted never to behold again, and whom his conscience told him he was leaving in a situation which must terminate in the destruction of her hitherto spotless reputation, and on whom the knowledge of his baseness would in all likelihood produce the most fatal consequences to her peace of mind, perhaps even to her life itself. Alas! she knew not that her faithless Henry had for ever left her to bewail her own credulity and easy fondness; or, that though he did not actually boast of her partiality to his companions, who had frequently remarked his visits to the village, and thrown out many hints upon the subject of Miss Rutland's fascination, he listened to their language, and laughed off their congratulation on his success in a manner that left but slight room to doubt of its being equal to his utmost wishes, and stamped at once the character of the luckless girl who harkened to his tale.

Having waited upwards of a fortnight with increasing impatience and anxiety without a single line arriving from the Major, Louisa became inexpressibly unhappy; and after the lapse of another week, which passed as the preceding, she determined to write to him, and in the tenderest, and most pathetic terms entreated he would let her hear from him, if but a line, to assure her of his welfare, and relieve her mind from its burden of incertitude and pain. But day after day passed on, and still no answer came from Blandford. Louisa was alarmed; she was miserable; and perplexed by doubts and apprehensions such as never had before assailed her. In an agony

of despair she again addressed him; but her letter shared the fate of the former. Mrs. Raynsford expressed her astonishment, that he had never written to enquire after his old friend, who had been so civil to him, as she expressed herself, but then it was like officers she had heard, to forget old acquaintance, and neglect them for new ones; but for her part, she thought Major Blandford had been quite a different kind of man, and as sincere in heart as he was handsome in person. So thought poor Louisa also; but the hour was come when she was doomed to know and feel it was otherwise, and Mrs. Raynsford too, to learn how her generous hospitality had been cruelly imposed upon, and rewarded with the ruin of her niece. To describe the heartfelt grief, astonishment, and disappointment of the good old lady, on being made acquainted with the situation of Louisa, is utterly impossible.—Surprise and sorrow, at first suspended her vital powers, and she fell from her chair apparently a lifeless corpse. Recovering a little, she was conveyed to her chamber, where she continued several days and nights in a state of mind bordering on distraction; during which time, the hapless self-condemned Louisa, watched with unceasing assiduity the couch of her unhappy relative, and awaited the awful moment when she would become a mother, which at length arrived; and even amid the sorrows and distresses of her mind and body, she experienced a delight which mother's only feel on hearing the first cries of her infant; while she clasped it fondly to her bosom, wept over it, the tears of mingled joy and sorrow, and for a short while forgot the baseness of its other parent, and her own unfortunate conduct in a seducer.

From the moment of Louisa's confinement, it had been her determination as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey to follow Blandford, present his child to him, and from his own lips learn the confirmation of her fate. From this wild scheme no persuasion or entreaties of her aunt could turn her; it had taken full possession of her mind, and whatever might prove the consequences she was bent on fulfilling her purpose. Mrs. Raynsford was too much of an invalid to accompany her, for she had never recovered the shock sustained by the disclosure of her niece's situation. Louisa, therefore, accompanied only by her infant, bade adieu to the village where she had passed the early happy days of innocence and childhood; and journeying on as quickly as her yet feeble frame would permit, on the evening of the fourth day after quitting home she reached the town

where Major Blandford's regiment was stationed, and where, upon enquiring for her betrayer, she learned he was at that time, though expected soon to exchange his quarters for the residence of a neighbouring Baronet, with whose only daughter he was on the eve of marriage, and it was reported would receive a large portion with his intended bride.—“And is Blandford so perfidious!” cried the wretched Louisa, pressing her infant to her throbbing bosom; “can such deceit lurk in the breast of one so favoured by nature, so rich in every grace that can adorn the human species.”—Alas! it was but too true, and Henry was the libertine in heart as well as practice. Being told a lady desired to speak with him on returning to his lodgings from the morning parade, he gaily tripped up stairs to his apartments, little dreaming of who awaited his arrival; when dressing up his face in smiles, and entering the room with a gay air, he beheld, to his astonishment, the grief-worn countenance of the once blooming beautiful Louisa Rutland, with a lovely infant in her arms, whom she presented as a pledge of their mutual affection, and dropping on a seat remained the picture of despair and anguish; while for an instant shame and contrition marked the features of the unfeeling Blandford, and hastily kissing the child, he placed it beside its mother on a sofa, and endeavouring to appear at ease, inquired the cause of her honouring him just at that juncture with her presence, which with the addition of an infant, he added, could not, as she might readily have judged, be either gratifying or convenient.—“You had better, therefore, return to your aunt’s,” said he, “and endeavour to regain a better state of health, than from your present appearance I imagine you enjoy. The child I am ready to acknowledge, as the fruit of our unfortunate connection, and pay every reasonable demand for its support until, as it is a boy, I can provide for it in the army, or any other profession. As matters now stand, all intercourse betwixt you and myself must cease; for I am on the eve of marriage with an amiable young lady of rank and fortune, who will not readily admit a rival in my affections; and who I should be much averse to knowing I had so recently been engaged in an affair of this nature.—Here then, my dear girl,” drawing a bank-note for an hundred pounds from a secretaire, “here is the first payment of an annuity of two hundred a year I will allow you for the remainder of your life. I am very sorry for what has happened, but regrets are now unavailing; and if you only act pru-

dently in future, and seek another place of residence than where Mrs. Raynsford lives, you may yet retrieve your reputation and your happiness, and enjoy many years of felicity.”

He might have added much more, but it was needless; he had said enough to convince Louisa she had sacrificed herself to the momentary gratification of one who never truly loved her, and that grief, regret, and pain must be her future companions while an inhabitant of earth. Pressing her babe fondly to her bosom, and looking on its unworthy father, more in sorrow than in anger, she saw the image of despair and misery. Her eyes were open, but they appeared glazed, and incapable of distinguishing any objects; her lips were livid, and her cheeks, whereon the bloom of health and youth so lately sat, were colourless, and trembling; her lips seemed stiffened and unable to move, and the conviction of her unhappy fate pressed on her mind with deadliest weight, while tears, the sure relief of extremest wretchedness, were denied her, and she keenly felt the painfulness of a situation of which it is impossible to convey an adequate idea, and from which she was only partially roused by the entrance of some of Blandford's gay companions, who unexpectedly opened the door, as with uplifted hands, and eyes fixed upon the features of her faithless Henry, she remained a spectacle of woe and misery too great for utterance, and sufficient to call forth all the powers of sympathy existing in the breast of man. Their entrance startled and confounded their Major, who at that moment wished himself, Louisa, and her infant, a thousand miles from thence. The officers looked surprised, and inclined to quiz the Major, when one of the number, recognizing the features of the ill-fated Louisa, familiarly addressed her by name, and attempting to take her hand, the wretched creature, with a look of wild despair, broke from his hold, and darting out of the apartment quickly reached the street, where clasping her child yet more closely to her breast, she cried in the accents of distraction, “My babe, we will die together! this world contains no happiness for us, and in another we will seek for comfort!—Oh! Henry! cruel Henry! thus to insult and wound me;” she shrieked as hastily she darted forward through the wondering crowd; when at the end of the street the river caught her eye, and placing her hand upon the battlement of the bridge, she jumped with the rapidity of lightning over the height, and with her infant plunged into the rapid stream that flowed be-

neath its arches, nor rose again till life was fled from both, and all their sorrows were at rest.

Fearful, from her looks, that some unlucky accident might arise to injure the wretched object of his lawless passion, and her helpless babe, and dreading lest she should expose his conduct, and prevent his marriage with the wealthy heiress of Sir Gregory St. Bernard, the Major quitted his companions, and calling a servant, upon whose fidelity he could well depend, he ordered him to follow the steps of Louisa, and endeavour at his request, to prevail on her to return to her aunt, or at all events, permit a lodging to be secured for her in some respectable family, until her health and strength were sufficiently recruited to enable her to bear the fatigues of the journey back to —shire. "Tell her," added he, "I will make a point of seeing her in the evening, and in the meanwhile, to rest assured I will do every thing in my power to render her future life as comfortable as circumstances will admit of." The servant obeyed, and left the house upon his master's errand; the crowd who ran along led him to make one of the number for the gratification of his curiosity; nor was he long here he beheld the cause of such a number of persons passing in one direction. The report that a woman had drowned herself and infant, was quickly spread around, and some watermen had already brought the lifeless bodies to the shore; where after several ineffectual attempts to reanimate the breathless clay, they were placed upon a board, and conveyed to a place of public notice, in order to be owned. Horror-struck! and terrified beyond description! the servant of Major Blandford returned to the abode of his master, whom he met at the entrance with his gay associates, and who on beholding the death-like countenance of the man, was instantly struck with a foreboding of some dreadful news he was ready to com-

municate. Stepping aside, and beckoning the man to follow him, he asked what was the cause of his apparent agitation, and demanded if he had seen the person of whom he sent him in search. For several moments the poor fellow found it impossible to articulate a syllable; but gaining, at length, the power of speech, he owned he had seen the luckless object of his pursuit, and with more caution than might have been expected from one in his situation, he explained the cause of his alarm. But who can paint the distraction and unhappiness of the conscience-touched and perjured Blandford, when told his late adored Louisa, and her child, were both a sacrifice to cruelty and indifference. His agitation was dreadful; his self-upbraidings indescribable; his baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude, now for the first time, spoke conviction to his bosom. He flew to the spot where he was told Louisa's clay-cold corpse lay on a pallet to be owned. In all the agony of despair and remorse, he clasped the insensible body to his bosom; called on her name in accents of a maniac, nor was it without considerable force that he could be, at length, forced from her remains; when taken to his own apartment, and the luckless mother and her infant placed in a decent state for private interment at a late hour in the evening, he became outrageous, and attempted several times to put a period to his own existence, from which, however, he was prevented by those around him; but a violent fever was the consequence of his agitation; convulsions succeeded his paroxysms of passion, and at the end of a week he followed Louisa to another world, a sacrifice to remorse, for his perfidiousness and treachery, and a warning to a great proportion of mankind, who freely give a licence to passion, and for its gratification scruple not to commit a number of acts which Heaven registers, and will one day appear in judgment against them.

## POETRY.

### ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

#### PALM TO PALM.

"Palm to Palm is holy Palmer's Kiss."—

SHAKESPEARE.

NAY, press not my hand, for thy touch is unholy—

In thy fingers wild pulses all riotous beat;  
Thy bosom, I know, is now occupied solely  
With thoughts that discretion ought never  
to meet.

No. XI. Vol. II.—N. S.

Nay, press not my palm with that look so entreating,

Nor with "well-painted passion" thy palm  
join to mine;

For, still as my hand, will my heart be re-  
treating,

It knows how to estimate wishes like  
thine.

Dd

Palm to palm, if two souls in affection united,  
 Determine their fates in the same stream  
 shall flow,  
 Is a kiss that, unblam'd by the heart, may be  
 plighted—  
 Is a pressure that virtue herself may allow.  
 But to thine must my soul still continue un-  
 feeling.—  
 Their tastes strangely differ—pursuits  
 wander wide;  
 For thou thy propensities never concealing,  
 In what I condemn hast still taken a pride.  
 Sentiment, feeling, (my senses maturing)  
 Were nurtur'd with me—with them was I  
 born;  
 These charmers of life, to me so alluring,  
 Provoke in thy bosom derision and scorn.  
 Thy dangerous eye will ne'er find me relent-  
 ing,  
 Though the fever of passion may bright in  
 it burn;  
 Release then my hand—my heart unassenting,  
 Will make to thy pressure no *thrilling re-*  
*turn.*  
 When *He the ador'd one*, my wishes possessing,  
 My hand within his shall have tremulous  
 stole,  
 Their pressures will quickly acknowledge the  
 blessing,  
*Palm to palm then becomes a chaste kiss of the*  
*soul.*

JULIA OF SWANSEA.

## TO A GENTLEWOMAN

*Objecting to Mr. Henrick on account of his Grey  
 Hairs. Extracted from Henrick's Poems, just  
 published.*

As I despis'd, because you say,  
 And I dare swear, that I am grey?  
 Know, lady, you have but your day;  
 And time will come, when you shall wear  
 Such frost and snow upon your hair.  
 And when, though long, it comes to pass,  
 You question with your looking-glass,  
 And in that sincere crystal seek,  
 But find no rose-bud in your cheek,  
 Nor any bud to give the shew  
 Where such a rare carnation grew;  
 Ah! then too late, close in your chamber  
 keeping,  
 It will be told  
 That you are old,  
 By those true tears y'are weeping.

## TO JULIA.

SWEET maid! one only wish is mine—  
 May we in love united be,  
 My eyes shall fondly gaze on thine,  
 My heart shall ever sigh for thee.  
 And while through life we gently move  
 May bliss like ours meet no alloy,  
 Our eyes shall speak our mutual love!  
 Our hearts shall sigh our mutual joy;  
 I. L.

## TO A. R. C.

ON HER WISHING TO BE CALLED ANNA.

FORGIVE me if I wound your ear  
 By still repeating Nancy,  
 Which is the name of my sweet friend,  
 The other's but her fancy.

Ah, dearest girl! how could your mind  
 The strange distinction frame?  
 The whimsical, unjust caprice,  
 That robs you of your name.

Nancy agrees with what we see,  
 A being wild and airy;  
 Gay as a nymph of Flora's train,  
 Fantastic as a Fairy.

But Anna's of a different kind,  
 A melancholy maid,  
 Boasting a sentimental soul,  
 In solemn pomp array'd.

O ne'er will I forego the sound,  
 So artless and so free!  
 Be what you will with all besides,  
 But Nancy still with me! 7.

## THE SQUIRREL'S ESCAPE.

My little friend! whom I have fed  
 With never failing care,  
 And mark'd thee, in thy woolly bed,  
 Conceal thy husky fare—

My little friend! lament I much,  
 That thou should'st bid adieu  
 To luxury so sweet,—and such  
 As seldom Squirrel knew.

Should whirlwinds howl, and pelting rain  
 Assail thy tender form,  
 Affrighted, thou wilt seek in vain  
 A refuge from the storm.

Till Famine, at the stern command  
 Of chilling frost and snow,  
 Shall smite thee with her shiv'ring hand,  
 And terminate thy woe.

My little friend! 'tis vain to grieve,  
But fain would I inquire,  
What charms invited thee to leave  
All thou could'st well desire?

## THE SQUIRREL'S REPLY.

To answer—is no irksome task,  
E'en to a brute like me;  
Art thou an Englishman—and ask  
What charms has Liberty?

## INVOCATION.

O give me the days when my fingers were  
young  
In the use of the sweet-speaking lyre;  
Again let me hear the dear sounds as they  
rung  
When they set my poor bosom on fire!  
And, Fancy, do thou with thy sketch-book  
return,  
(Ah! why are thy visits so brief?)  
Display its kind pictures, and studies more  
stern  
I'll renounce while I hang o'er the leaf.  
Come—once more deceive me, and hush this  
alarm  
That Experience and Truth so oft cry:  
Yes, hourly they tell me thy lessons are harm,  
And Hope, lovely Hope all a lie!  
What! and shall I not follow thy Heav'n-  
treading feet,  
With mine eye fix'd in mute reverie?  
Nor at twilight pursue thee on pinions more  
fleet  
Than ere nature could furnish for me?  
What! resign thee for ever! and banish sweet  
Hope  
From her mansion—my care-beaten breast?  
No; not till this frame, by death vanquish'd,  
shall droop,  
And the grave yield it quiet and rest! L.

## VERSES.

*Written at Sea, near the Island of Sicily in the  
month of May.*

SWEET is the face of night, and scarce a breeze  
Disturbs the silent surface of the seas!  
Strut let my waud'ring soul with rapture  
gaze,  
And read thy works, O Nature! with amaze!  
Cast off a while the load of earthly cares,  
And view th' Eternal in yon round of stars.  
Yonder the moon in borrow'd brightness  
glides,  
Illumes the earth and elevates the tides;

Thousands of starry worlds bestow their light  
And, twinkling, beautify the face of night;  
Worlds amid worlds, round suns most distant  
roll!—

The thought perplexes, but uplifts the soul.  
Wond'rous are these thy works, thou Great  
Supreme!  
The sage's study and the poet's theme;  
In adoration let me quickly kneel,  
And thank Thee for the benefits I feel;  
Praise Thee for light, whereby I gladly see  
These glorious works, and in their glories  
Thee.

## VERSES.

*Written by a young Gentleman who carried off a  
Lady's Fan, and picked up her Glove.*

To steal a fan's no mighty deed,  
Such trophies I have many;  
To win the mistress, that's the meed,  
'Tis not the Fan, but Fanny.  
Nor is it much to give a Fan,  
This too I've done to many;  
But that's the boon, which get who can,  
To give yourself to Fanny.

In war and in love  
The signal's a glove,  
To the champion who ventures to make it his  
own;  
But alas! I've no right  
To love or to fight,  
For I've pick'd up the gauntlet before it was  
thrown.

Thus the work's left undone,  
Since I have not yet won  
The treasure of which the glove's only the  
band.  
'Tis labour in vain  
The glove to obtain,  
When a happier knight runs away with the  
band.

*The late Sir Gregory Page, when he was above  
twenty years old, sent a pair of Gloves to a  
young Lady, with the following lines.*

Take G from glove  
There remains love,  
Which I send thee.

*Miss, suspecting it came from Sir G. immediately  
returned the Gloves, with this answer.*

Take P. from page  
There remains age,  
Which suits not me.

D d 2

# F A S H I O N S

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1810.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

### No. 1.—BALL DRESS.

A body, or petticoat, of pale pink satin, ornamented with a narrow tea-green fancy trimming, with short epaulette sleeves formed with white lace, and trimmed to correspond with the petticoat. A light white net, or gauze drapery, is worn over the petticoat, reaching nearly to the bottom, flounced with a rich white lace round the bottom, just above which is laid a wreath formed with pink Persian, tied with rose leaves, the top of the drapery, round the waist, trimmed with a falling of lace. The hair in full loose curls all over the head, amongst which is worn a full wreath of roses. Gloves of white kid; pale pink satin slippers, bouquet of natural flowers.

### No. 2.—WALKING DRESS.

A white satin petticoat, made a walking length, and scalloped round the bottom; with which is worn a blue satin spenser, laced with gold cord, the top of the sleeves made full, trimmed and laced to correspond with the front; over the petticoat is worn, confined to the bottom of the waist, a black lace or net, which gives it the appearance of a pelisse. The bonnet is formed of narrow blue satin ribband plaited, with pink feather. Hair in small full curls. Gloves of pale buff or white. Boots of slate-coloured jean, laced with black.

### A DESCRIPTION OF SEVERAL DRESSES WORN BY LADIES OF RANK AND FASHION.

1. Full Dress.—A train petticoat of lace, or muslin in a running pattern, the petticoat entirely formed by goars, each goar let in with joining lace or white figured satin ribband; worn over a pale lilac or lemon-colour satin slip; a bodice of lace or muslin, lined with satin, edged with a narrow lace of white beads. Necklace of gold or pearls, with cross and earrings of amethysts; wreath of foil or silver round the hair; white kid shoes and gloves.

2. Full Dress.—White crape dress, over a satin petticoat, with a drapery formed of white satin ribband about an inch and half wide, suspended in stripes from the waist, and confined at equal distances with small floss silk tufts about the size of a double daisy; the dress made entirely round, but short, and ap-

pearing like a net; a silver net worn on the head.

3. Full dress.—A dress composed of alternate goars of white satin and crape, the seams ornamented with silver gimp, with short sleeves confined with silver armlets; pearl necklace and earrings; shoes of silk and silver brocade.

4. Morning Dress.—A petticoat of French cambie, the seams let in with lace; a deep round jacket of the same, made up to the neck, without a collar, ornamented up the seams with lace, and trimmed at the edge with scallop edging, made to fit close to the shape like a pelisse, and confined by a plain satin ribband pinned round the waist. Coral necklace and bracelets; a small cap of muslin or lace, trimmed with a double row of edging round the face, above which is worn a narrow wreath of heath or barberries, and tied under the chin with white satin ribband; shoes of deep crimson or amaranth coloured kid.

5. Walking Dress.—Pelisse of Prussian blue satin, lined with amber, the front cut in the form of a stomacher from the shoulder, the seams to appear double, and buttoned from the throat to the feet with buttons composed of yellow and purple silk in quarters, so as to resemble a heart's-ease; velvet boots; Spanish hat of amber velvet, with one long flat ostrich feather.

6. Walking Dress.—An amber velvet pelisse, trimmed with swansdown, with a long white satin tippet, the pelisse buttoned with small raised silk buttons; white satin hat, and two small ostrich feathers; yellow boots, laced with white.

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

### FASHION AND DRESS.

The return of cold weather has compelled us to many changes in all the concerns of the toilette. The pelisses are now of a warmer hue and texture, and lined with a well contrasted colour. Silk still prevails; some few velvet spensers have appeared; but all is doubt and perplexity as to the most fashionable articles for the winter season. We are disposed to think that velvets will have the preference, but this is too important a subject to decide



HALL FANCY DRESS.







WALKING DRESS



hastily upon. Fashion at this season of the year is nearly neuter, so that the choice of dress is left to each individual, and equally at the mercy of such as have taste as of those who have none. We can, therefore, only endeavour to point out and select such as appear to us to merit the greatest portion of approbation. Pelisses are decidedly the most comfortable, and becoming style of dress for the Promenade. They are formed to the shape in the form of a stomacher or vest, cut from the shoulder, with a band of the same, and buttoned from the throat to the feet with small raised silk buttons of the same colour; dark green, with orange scarves thrown over the shoulders, purple lined with amber or white, are the colours most in esteem. Velvet spencers in amaranth or purple form a pleasing temporary dress. Notwithstanding the long reign of cottage bonnets we have again to enumerate them among the most prevailing, in white satin, simply tied under the chin with a small black lace veil, or black chip lined with pink, and crossed with a ribband of the same, worn over a cap with a double trimming of lace, between which is placed a small narrow wreath of heath, barberries, or geranium. In a fuller degree of dress velvet or satin hats, with ostrich feathers, are equally worn, and, perhaps, more appropriate. We have remarked on several very fashionable ladies shoes of deep dead-crimson colour kid, or Turkish red.

For Morning Dress we have noticed a deep round jacket, made up to the throat, without a collar, edged with lace, the seams were likewise let in with lace, it was made quite plain to the shape, resembling a pelisse cut short, and confined at the waist by a simple white satin ribband pinned round. The gowns are still made to button or lace either behind or before, with lace let in in every direction. Thick jacconot muslin, plain or striped cambric, appear to be the favourite articles in their composition.

For Dinner or Home Dresses, cloth, queens stuff, bombazeen, opera nets, and sarsnets are still unrivalled, made high in the neck, with long sleeves and short trains, ornamented with lace. We have not a single novelty here to offer. All dresses are invariably made extremely plain; with laced or fruck backs. The waists are worn certainly long, but not in the extreme. The skirts of gowns are considerably widened; this gives ease to the figure, and an appearance of increased slenderness to the waist, which is once again considered a beauty in the female figure. Watches are very generally worn suspended from the

waist, the seals confined at the bosom by way of broach; some ladies have a gold chain suspended from the neck attached to the watch; of this latter ornament we do not approve, it appears superfluous, or not consistent with that air of negligence which should pervade every form of dress.

In Full or Evening Dress, the sleeves begin to be worn short, with armlets of lace, silver, or beads; the trains about a quarter and half in length, except for dancing; the waists are worn long, and confined by a simple band of ribband either plain pinned or with a pearl or diamond clasp; the bosoms are cut low; the backs rather high; the skirts of an easy fulness. We observed on two ladies of distinction slate-coloured crape dresses, worn over slips of white sarsnet, ornamented round the bottom with a stamped white satin bordering, representing lilies and their leaves, veined with silver; on their heads they wore a wreath composed of satin and silver to correspond; a small white satin jacket was worn over the dress. Figured white gauze holds the highest point in fashionable favour, as does also plain white gauze, or very transparent muslin over white satin slips. Robes of white satin are considered extremely elegant, and in compliment to the Jubilee, royal purple dresses will prevail for some time. Bands, flowers, turbans of gold or silver tissue and pearls, are most in esteem as head ornaments; caps are confined to the morning, and veils are for some time laid aside. We must not omit mentioning that the petticoats of dresses are frequently formed entirely of goars, and when in muslin, lace is let in between each, if in satin, the seams are ornamented with silver gimp; satin and crape are often blended in these dresses, and have a very happy effect. No alteration whatever has taken place, or could indeed have been expected in the mode of wearing the hair at this season of the year, it continues to be braided and rolled up tight behind, and curled in thick round curls before.

Shoes, in Full Dress, are invariably of white kid or brocaded silk, with silver roses; in morning dresses the Turkish red slipper is by far the most novel and approved; we have not observed many boots lately, probably they wait a more unfavourable season.

Jewellery remains the same as in our last, necklaces in diamonds, pearls, amethysts, garnets, rubies, topaz, gold, and coral are all equally fashionable in their several orders of dress.—The prevailing colours for the season are royal purple, amber, amaranth, rose, scarlet, green, crimson, and coquelicot.

## MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

## THE STAGE.

ESSAYS TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRESENT STATE  
OF THE DRAMA.—No. II.

The *Country Wife*, by Wycherley, has been altered by Garrick to the *Country Girl*; under which name we shall speak of it. In this play there is little plot: the interest, with great artifice, being so contrived as to be kept up rather by the developement of the several characters than by any particular action. If there had been nothing more to recommend this play but its fable, that of a guardian outwitted by his ward, and a coxcomb losing his mistress, it would have sunk into forgetfulness. But its merit is of a very different kind. The character of *Maddy* is equally comic and natural: he is one of a genus, and before and since the time of Wycherley, has never been brought on the stage. But it is not the least artificial part of his character, that his moroseness has the delicacy and moderation of nature; that it has not the folly and extravagance of a French misanthrope; and it has not, what would have been the common place of such a character, a repelling gravity and declamation, too much of which, at least in the English translation, is found in the *Hypocrite* of Moliere.

Nature, in her extremest follies, where she is short of absolute madness, never deals in those extravagant excesses of which modern dramatists weave their humour. The career of natural folly, is checked by the controul, weak perhaps, of reason. The happiest art of the dramatist, therefore, is to give his folly or humour, this portion of reason; in other words, of human nature.

In *Maddy*, the gay profligate of the town, after a certain period of life, changes into the country squire. This is a natural progress of character. A life of what is called pleasure is always made up of selfishness; a principle concealed beneath the surface of gaiety; but when age has removed the covering, and leaves the natural passions to their unrestrained display; when men of this description have no longer any motive to render themselves pleasing, when they are jealous of their own sex, and indifferent to women, it is then that the principle of selfishness domineers over every other passion, and assumes its natural shape of moroseness, avarice, and suspicion.

This play will always please by the nature and fidelity of its manners, and by the opportunities which the briskness of its dialogue, rather than its action, gives to good actors.

Southern was a writer of not much stretch of fancy or comprehensiveness of learning; his plays shew him to be little of the scholar; but he was possessed of much natural tenderness, which as it received little direction from learning, so it escaped many of its affectations.

The most popular of his plays is his *Fatal Marriage*. The fable is natural and domestic, and the character of *Isabella* is sufficient for the plot. As a work of genius it has no claim upon attention; it has neither imagery, strength of sense, nor any imitation of nature beyond the mere surface. It is merely a good and natural fable, put into a natural action. The Tragedy of *Oroonoko*, by the same writer; though less popular on the stage than *Isabella*, has infinitely more merit. The affection of *Oroonoko* and *Imoinda*, is tender and manly—It is not the common declamatory love of the stage. *Abdoo* is a forcible character, and may easily be imagined to exist. He has not the poetical splendour of *Zanga*, but infinitely more of truth; he has a vulgar, gross heroism, which agrees well with the African character, and is perhaps the true shape which courage would wear under such barbarous appendages.

These are the only two pieces which keep up the memory of Southern upon the Stage.—His general character as a writer is, that he was a skilful dramatist, but an indifferent poet; that he was uncultivated by learning, and had no natural elevation of fancy; that, by mixing with better writers, he obtained a kind of technical knowledge of character, and the mechanism of a dramatic fable; and that, possessing warm feelings, and a judgment formed by habit, he produced plays, of which the best merit is, that without any appeal to the fancy they succeeded upon the heart.—But, it has been well observed, where the feelings are engaged, many beauties may be wanting, but few will be missed.

We have now brought our examen to the time of Congreve. At this period Comedy assumed a new character, and as Tragedy had departed from nature in quest of rhetoric, and substituted declamation for passion, Comedy was in the same manner forced by Congreve from popular and domestic manners into scenes of artificial life, which, though embellished by all imaginable wit and elegance, could not compensate for their want of nature, and total absence of living originals. Congreve was the first writer who attempted to dress comic characters according to his imagination;

and, by a brilliancy of wit and imagery, to conciliate an English audience to manners purely artificial; to advance dialogue above action, and wit above character.—It seemed the peculiar ambition of the writer, like Cowley, to let his fancy loose into a brilliant wilderness; to dress all his characters in lights, and to keep the eyes and attention of his audience on the stage by manners which had no reference to the world they had left without. His young men and his young women are strictly children of his own imagination: he enters himself, as it were, into all of them, and they have all a common resemblance to their parent; his young men are profligate wits, and his women have just virtue enough to render them tolerable in a drawing room.

The first Comedy of this writer was his *Old Bachelor*. The plot is in the highest degree improbable, and, such as it is, was not his own. The novels and plays of that day had scarcely any other intrigue than what was produced by the confusion of a mask. In the *Old Bachelor* the plot is founded on this mistake, and two couple are made to marry without seeing the faces of each other.

The characters of this play are for the most part common. *Fondlewife*, *Wittoll*, and *Bluff* had been repeatedly shewn upon the stage,—the young men and the ladies are purely imaginary; but the character of *Heartwell*, if not original, is so admirably enlarged, so ingeniously invested with ridicule, and relieved with such brilliant sarcasm, that it is entitled to the highest praise of novelty.

If we consider the dialogue of this Comedy purely upon the ground of its wit, and not as a vehicle of action, or the expression of natural manners, it exceeds all praise. Every speech teems with imagery either ludicrous or brilliant; every answer serves to parry or confound; the ball is not once suffered to drop; it is as surely caught and returned by the one, as it is struck by the other.

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Congreve's next Comedy was his *Double Dealer*. It contains no character which can be compared with *Heartwell*, and the interest of the plot is totally lost in the attention necessary to comprehend the dialogue. The plot, moreover, which is extraordinary, suffers by its too great art. The complexity, which always accompanies every deviation from nature, puzzles and distracts the mind, and dissipates the energy necessary even to be susceptible of interest.

The next Comedy of this writer was *Love for Love*, and the only one which keeps possession of the stage. *Foresight* is an original and natural character.—It has the moderation of an ordinary humour, and therefore never fails to divert. *Tattle* likewise has a rare merit; he is the source of perpetual gaiety, and yet is given up to infamy without regret. *Ben*, to the nature of a sailor, adds a wit which is admirable, because not unnatural; he is always a favourite on the stage, as he furnishes opportunities for good acting. *Miss True* is entitled to the same praise.

The dialogue of this play has a more tempered, sober, and digested wit, than that of the *Old Bachelor*. It comes nearer to the conversation of life, and the manners are less fictitious.

*Angelica*, like all Congreve's characters, has more wit than virtue, and more decorum than delicacy.—She is totally without feeling, and perfectly unamiable; a woman without a soul; a sort of embroidered coquette; glittering like an *Ignis Fatuus*, and substituting raillery for every thing else.

(To be continued.)

LYCEUM THEATRE.—At this Theatre Mrs. Glover has made her appearance in the character of *Mrs. Oakley*, in the *Jealous Wife*. We shall not now speak of the merit of this comedy, nor of the cast of the characters, but confine ourselves to Mrs. Glover. *Mrs. Oakley*, if we rightly comprehend her, is a lady of genteel life and genteel accomplishments, endeavouring to govern her husband by a jealousy sometimes real and sometimes counterfeited, with so much of the *Shrew* as is sufficient to give an agitation to those passions which are comic and striking, but stopping short at that line, where the extravagance of this kind of character might fall into grossness. Her jealousy is perfectly ridiculous, but not farcical; her artifices are comic, but not vulgar. She is a lady-like scold, and belongs to comedy, because her passion is shewn in its domestic operation, its object being to tease and perplex; and because, by the peculiar artifice with which it is treated, it has the levity and ridicule of comic humour. A character of this description must call forth all the powers of elegant comedy. She must possess vivacity, with much of the force, and even powers of tragedy. She must have that variety and dissimulation which are necessary to domestic stratagem; she must be turbulent without vulgarity, and make a graceful transition into gentleness and penitence. Such is our idea of the character of *Mrs. Oakley*, and Mrs. Glover performed the character fully up

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In *Moody*, the gay profligate of the town, after a certain period of life, changes into the country squire. This is a natural progress of character. A life of what is called pleasure is always made up of selfishness; a principle concealed beneath the surface of gaiety; but when age has removed the covering, and leaves the natural passions to their unrestrained display; when men of this description have no longer any motive to render themselves pleasing, when they are jealous of their own sex, and indifferent to women, it is then that the principle of selfishness domineers over every other passion, and assumes its natural shape of moroseness, avarice, and suspicion.

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to this notion. We pronounce this actress the very best representative of an elegant female on the stage: she has more sweetness, more of natural grace, and imitates the manners of genteel life with more correctness than Miss Duncan. She has not, indeed, the playfulness and picturesque simplicity of Mrs. H. Johnstone; but she has double her force. She is naturally gay and animated, and never disappoints but when she is grave. She possesses ease without inanity, and strength without coarseness. She is, in truth, an actress, neglected for no other reason but that the line of comedy in which she shines is gone out of fashion with the town.

Mr. Lovegrove, a new actor at this theatre, made his *debut* in the character of *Lord Ogleby*, in the *Clandestine Marriage*.—*Lord Ogleby*, if we comprehend him rightly, is a debauchee broken down rather by profligacy than age; a premature invalid, whose passions have survived his constitution, and whose vanity has been grossly pampered by the most expert parasites; he is a sort of spent sacrifice, blazing from the embers of decayed appetites, after every thing of substance has been consumed. This character, though it has a good stage effect, has very little humour. The best part of *Lord Ogleby* is his unexpected generosity in the last act, which however pleasing, is unnatural. A life of pleasure is always a life of selfishness, and a debauchee is never liberal at the expense of his passions or his vanity. Mr. Lovegrove's efforts seem to have been directed to perform this character after the example of King, who, as the original representative, was its dramatic parent. King, however, was far from pleasing in *Lord Ogleby*.—The excellence of King chiefly consisted in a kind of sour irony, a sort of misanthropic acerbity, which he threw into his countenance, and which gave a prodigious effect to a certain class of characters; but (we speak of the latter part of his life) he was too morose, too ill-natured for *Lord Ogleby*.—There was no hilarity in his mirth, there was nothing pleasing in his levity. Mr. Lovegrove succeeded in copying the prominent defects of King, without any apparent capacity for his excellencies.—In attempting his chastity he was severe, in aiming at his purity he was dry; where King was ironical and waspish, Mr. Lovegrove was merely harsh; in a word, it was the outline of King, without any of the rich tints of his genius; a sort of a chalk copy, which was faithful in its boundaries and dimensions, but a mere blank copy in every other part. Mr. Lovegrove, absurdly enough, exhibited *Lord*

*Ogleby* rather decrepid from age and disease, than infirm and valetudinary from dissipation. He seemed to produce him as a receptacle for all kinds of distemper, a sort of walking hospital; he was at once gouty and paralytic; phthisical and rheumatic; in short, such an heterogeneous mixture of distempers was collected in the unfortunate body of this nobleman, that the pity of the audience was excited by his infirmities, instead of any merriment being produced by his follies. This was a great error on the side of taste, as mere disease and decrepitude have something in them, if not of natural disgust, yet, at least, of a tendency to excite those sentiments of melancholy which are foreign to the purpose of Comedy. Independently of the gravity and dryness of such an exhibition, which was perfectly incompatible with every sentiment of humour, Mr. Lovegrove was extremely monotonous and tame; his gallantry was a sort of declamatory recitation; his *badinage* was dry, without being forcible; in a word, justice compels us to say, that his *Lord Ogleby* had as little merit as any performance of the part we have ever seen. Mr. Lovegrove, we fear, has been spoilt by giving ear to certain critics, who, in reprehending the mummery of the stage, have recommended a certain dryness, which they call chastity. It is this dryness which makes intolerable writers, and intolerable actors. All humour has necessarily some extravagance, and dramatic humour has a sufficient portion of fidelity, if it does not offend by an improbable departure from life, or by such exaggerations as disgust. An actor had better be a buffoon than dull; in short, the bowl and the dagger are as little suited to comedy, as that dry and hungry style, which is rather borrowed from particular and insipid habits, than from the grand generality and copious variety of nature. Art always bestows augmentation and improvement; and it is the province of Comedy to ornament the barrenness, and enliven the insipidity of natural humour; to be satisfied with general resemblances, and where a sufficient portion of ridicule is not found in her originals, to invent and accumulate till she has produced it by art.—In what we have above said, it is not our intention to depreciate the general merits of Mr. Lovegrove, who is certainly an actor of great experience and much ability; we only wish him not to be afraid of throwing a broad and plentiful humour into those parts which require it, and to think with us, that an inflexible dryness, an iron gravity, has no natural alliance with the expressions of true comedy.



VENT-GARDEN —Tranquillity has been lately restored to this Theatre. The house has been crowded every night of performance, and indeed nothing but the most liberal indemnity to the Managers for the cause of regret.—On Tuesday a new piece, called the *Bridal*, was performed at this Theatre. The plot is from one of the Canterbury tales, as Lee (the Two Bachelors), and has a recent portion of mystery and improbability to constitute what is called a dramatic Melo-drama, or Romance. It was not, however, constructed with that degree of artifice which is necessary to give to such things their proper effect. The fancy of the gentleman who prepared it for the Stage has not the richness and inventive energies of romance; he is not, we fear, sufficient of a conjuror to contrive mysteries and prepare spells; he has neither strength nor steadiness of hand to wave the wand, and draw the circle of magic; to guide us in the trackless wilderness of romance, and regale us with the rich feasts of imagination. The great fault in the dramatic fabric of this piece was, that the mystery was not collected in masses sufficiently dense; it was cut up and frittered away, and instead of bursting over our heads with an explosion equally sudden and awful, it was suffered to escape through innumerable orifices and rents, and fumed away at last in inanity. Now all this was mismanagement. When a writer once departs from nature in quest of fancy, it is no expence to him to be extravagant. It is as well, says the proverb, to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; a little improbability costs no more than a great deal. The scene in the first act, in which the vindictive *Emily* witnessed the marriage of the *Marquis* (her former husband) with her rival Cousin, arrayed as the statue of St. Ursula, was well imagined, and pleased no less as a stroke of dramatic artifice, than as a well contrived stage-spectacle. But the scene in the second act, the *petty larceny* job of the jewels, was a bungling business, and would have been deservedly hooted by any practitioner, as equally deficient in probability and *legerdemain*. The trial and conviction of the *Marquis* for bigamy, was an unfortunate attempt to agitate the affections by a scene of solemnity; but nothing gave us more real disgust than the conclusion of the mystery, which was special pleaded and quibbled away by help of *alibi* and *misnomers*, and all the common craft of Old Bailey practice. The termination, therefore, was rather ludicrous than solemn, and disappointed us, not

from the deficiency of the original story, but from absolute mismanagement and want of contrivance. Notwithstanding the defects we have pointed out, the piece was well received, and will doubtless have that attraction and success which, in comparison with things of the same sort, it has a reasonable claim to.—Mrs. Siddons has come forward in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, at this Theatre, being her first appearance for the season. It is impossible to say anything new upon her performance of this part,—the just pride of the English Stage.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

An Account of the Kingdom of New Spain; containing researches into the Geography of Mexico, the extent of its Surface, the actual Population, state of Agriculture, the quantity of Metals which has flowed from Mexico into Europe and Asia since the discovery of the new Continent, &c. &c.: with Physical and Geographical Maps. Translated from the French of Alexander de Humboldt.

A Treatise on some Practical Points relating to the Diseases of the Eye, by the late J. C. Saunders, Esq.; it will be illustrated by coloured Engravings, and contain a short account of the author's life.

The Life of the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. composed from authentic documents in the possession of Mr. Ford, his executor: it will form a quarto volume, and include the epistolary correspondence of Mr. Murphy with many distinguished persons of his day.

Mr. John Nelson, of Islington, is preparing for the Press a quarto volume on the Antiquities of that Parish, illustrated by views of ancient buildings yet remaining, and others long since removed, with an old plan of the village, and several miscellaneous plates.

Mr. John Bigland will shortly publish, in two octavo volumes, a Sketch of the History of Europe, from the peace of 1763 to the present time.

Mr. Cromek, the Editor of Burns' Reliques, has in the Press a volume of traditional Poetry, collected by him in the districts of Nithsdale and Galloway, with historical notices relative to the manners and customs of the Peasantry.

The Letters of Madame la Marquise du Deffaud to the Hon. Horace Walpole, published from the originals at Strawberry Hill, are nearly ready for publication.

Mr. C. Eichhorn will shortly put to Press a translation of Gessner's pastoral novel of *E e*

Daphnis, intended for the use of German and English scholars; with an interlineary translation, and the English elegantly rendered at the bottom of every page.

Mr. Smith's Historical Memoranda of the War in the Levant, 1798 to 1801, illustrated by engravings, is nearly ready for publication.

**BEEs.**—A gentleman, last month, walking in his flower garden, had his attention arrested by the following curious circumstance: A large wild bee was observed to go into one of the bee-hives, from which in less than a minute he was expelled by three of the hive bees, who brought him out and left him. The intruder, however, made a second essay, and was again ejected by the rightful owners of the tenement; but notwithstanding the two fair warnings he had received, he returned a third time to the assault, and entered the premises. The inhabitants, as it is conceived, now thought it high time to punish him for his temerity; which they did, as four of them brought him out dead; and having laid him at the extremity of the stone on which the hive stood, they returned to their habitation.

**LAWYERS.**—When the Czar Peter I. was in England, he happened one day in term time to be passing by Westminster hall, when his curiosity led him to inquire of one of the persons accompanying him, "who all those persons were, and what they were about?" Being answered, "*they are Lawyers, Sir.*"—"Lawyers," replied the monarch with great signs of astonishment, "Why, I have but two in my whole dominions, and I design to hang one of them when I get home."

**PENAL CODE OF CHINA.**—By the laws of China the authors of all anonymous accusations against others are punished with death, although such accusations prove true! Their laws respecting divorce are not less curious, though to our fair countrywomen they will no doubt, appear very arbitrary. A husband can

put his wife away if he substantiate one of the following causes,—lasciviousness, disregard of her husband's parents, *talkativeness*, or an envious and suspicious temper!

**CURE FOR THE GRAVEL.**—About twenty-seven years ago (says a Correspondent) I was much afflicted with the gravel, and twice in serious danger from small stones lodging in the passage; I met with a gentleman who had been in my situation, and had got rid of that severe disorder by sweetening his tea with half honey half sugar. I adopted this remedy, and found it effectual. I have recommended my prescription to many of my acquaintance, and never known it to fail.

**OBSELETE MAXIMS.**—Men naturally love their princes, as appears by the court paid them at the beginning of their reigns; yet it seldom lasts long by reason of princes mistaking their true interests, and enriching their courtiers at the expence of their people: preferring, as it were, the parrot and monkey, that are of no solid use to them, to sheep and oxen that feed and clothe them.

A prince's word ought to be equal to the oath of a private person: he should consider well before he gives it; but no consideration can excuse the breach of it.

When the people press for a new ministry, they do not mean a new *set*, but a new *sort* of men.

Some women, like some parliaments, still trust the men who have deceived them.

It is a great misfortune to a prince not to be able to keep his word: not to be willing is somewhat worse.

A bad minister is like a bad tenant coming into a well-furnished house; he takes no care of the furniture, wastes all, and leaves every thing worse than he found it.

A prince should never employ a man who has no reputation to lose; he brings nothing into his service, and cares not what he carries out.

## INCIDENTS

### OCCURRING IN AND NEAR LONDON, INTERESTING MARRIAGES, &c.

**DEATH OF MR. ABRAHAM GOLDSMID.**—It is with sentiments of peculiar regret and sorrow that we have to announce the violent termination of the life of Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, on Friday, Sept. 28th, and by his own hands. The general philanthropy, the ready munificence, the friendly demeanor, the mild

and unassuming manners of this gentleman have been long known and esteemed, both by the circle of his private friends and by the public at large; of whose notice, the magnitude of his money concerns, and the multiplicity of his commercial engagements, attracted as large a portion as ever fell to the

lot of any individual unconnected with the administration of the state.

There are not many men, we believe, who have ever performed more kind acts in social life, or more liberal ones in what may be esteemed his public one, than Mr. Abraham Goldsmid; no one, indeed, of any class or description, ever became tolerably well known to him, without improving their fortunes in some degree by the connection; so that the list of those whom gratitude or the sense of kindness received in one way or other had bound, or ought to have bound, to him, was almost endless. The city of London was thrown into the greatest agitation by the news received of the melancholy event. He had, it appears, shot himself with a pistol through the head, in the Wilderness, at the back of his own house, at Morden, in Surrey, about eight o'clock in the morning. The medical gentlemen from the neighbouring villages were summoned as soon as the fact was ascertained, but their skill was unavailing: he executed his design too effectually for human aid to be of any use to him. The cause of this rash act it is not difficult to assign:—Mr. Goldsmid was a joint contractor for the loan of fourteen millions with the house of Sir Francis Baring, and taking the largest probable range that he had, dealt amongst his friends one half of the sum allotted to him, the loss sustained by the remainder at 65*l.* per thousand, which was the price the day previous to his death, was more than any individual fortune could be expected to sustain. Ever since the decline of *Omnium* from par, Mr. Goldsmid's spirits were progressively drooping; but when it reached five and six per cent. discount, without the probability of recovering, the unfortunate gentleman appeared evidently restless in his disposition, and disordered in his mind; and, as we have reason to believe, not finding that cheerful assistance among his monied friends which he had experienced in happier times, he was unable to bear up against the pressure of his misfortunes; and hence was driven to terminate a life which till then had never been chequered by misfortune. The moment intelligence of the distressing event reached the city, which was about the period of the opening of the Stock Exchange, the funds suddenly felt the effects, and *Consols* fell in a few minutes from 66½ to 60¼. *Omnium* declined from about 6½ to 10¼ discount, and then remained steady at that price for some time. We understand that Mr. Goldsmid had determined, if possible, to perform all his contracts at the Stock Exchange, hoping still to have a competency left to retire with into

private life, from the wreck of his fortune. He had already commenced his retrenchments, by discharging all the workmen and out-door labourers employed upon his extensive premises at Morden. The mutability of human affairs has been strongly evinced during the last few weeks. Sir Francis Baring and Mr. A. Goldsmid, who were considered as the pillars of the city, are both dead within that time. The effect their deaths have had on the funds of the country will best bespeak the support they gave them while they lived. We have been informed that Mr. Goldsmid received some friends at his house the night preceding his decease, and even joined in a party at cards; but at intervals his mind seemed totally absorbed in the thought of other subjects. Another circumstance which is said to have accelerated his death is that he had borrowed of the East India Company five hundred thousand pounds, for which he gave them ample security; but notwithstanding, they wishing to have the security redeemed, had fixed on Friday or Monday for that purpose; and, it is supposed, he felt a difficulty in complying with this engagement. The house, however, continues to discharge all demands upon it; and will have no occasion to suspend its payments. About half-past seven o'clock in the morning, Mr. Goldsmid was seen to pass over the bridge which leads to the Wilderness or Rookery, in the grounds at Morden-house: shortly after, the coachman, as was usual, inquired what horses were to go to town, upon which he was referred to Mr. G. being told at the time which way his master had walked. The coachman went in search of him, and was the first that found him weltering in his blood, with the pistol grasped in his right hand. Life was not quite extinct, but before any aid could be procured Mr. Goldsmid expired. A Coroner's Inquest sat on the body, and returned a verdict of—*Insanity*.

The funeral ceremony of this unfortunate gentleman was performed with a due observance of all those rites and customs practised by the Hebrew nation on such melancholy occasions. But as there is nothing which their religion so much abhors as self-destruction, the body was not interred within the pale allotted to those of that persuasion, whose lives are terminated by the course of nature, but it was placed near that of his brother, who also finished his existence by laying violent hands on himself. It is usual on those occasions to uncover the countenance of the deceased, which, in the present instance, exhibited a spectacle most awful and shocking to behold.

**APPREHENSION OF ROBERTS.**—In our last Number we gave an account of the escape of Roberts from Coldbath-fields prison; he has since been apprehended at the Royal Oak, near Vauxhall Turnpike. Information of Roberts's abode was first received by the Bank Directors, and they immediately repaired to Marlborough-street, and after procuring a search-warrant, four officers, viz. the two Foyes, Craig, and Burton, accompanied by Messrs. Glover and Lees, Bank Investigators, repaired to the Royal Oak, and having rendered escape there impossible, by barricading the house, they inquired of the landlord who were his inmates. Two of the officers repaired upstairs, and they found Robert Roberts in a back room, which was partitioned on the first floor. He was surprised and secured, and on searching him, a brace of loaded pistols was found in his pockets, together with a large clasp knife. The prisoner was much agitated at the moment of his apprehension, but after having been securely ironed, he recovered himself, and inquired who had betrayed him. He observed, that he should act as a gentleman, and attempt no resistance; but he regretted that he had placed too much confidence in man. On him were found bank notes to the amount of nearly two hundred pounds, but, on examining them, they all proved to be forgeries. The prisoner was conveyed to Marlborough-street Office, and committed from thence to Newgate. Roberts had been a fortnight in his lodgings, and he often walked out, notwithstanding his situation. He gave his name as "Sidney" at the house, and saw several persons whilst he was there. When Roberts went to the Royal Oak, in Vauxhall, he represented himself as an attorney from Oxford, under the assumed name of Sidney, and that he was come to London on Chancery affairs; and as he enjoyed but an indifferent state of health, his Doctor, at Oxford, recommended him not to lodge in London, but in the suburbs, and particularly recommended Vauxhall air. With this tale the landlord was induced to receive him as a lodger. He occupied a room on the first floor. He took with him several rolls of parchment, and a quantity of papers; and whenever the waiter went into the room, he appeared very busy with them. He in general walked out early in the morning, and associated with the company who resorted to the house. Several persons called upon him, and inquired for him by the name of Sidney. Some of them brought with them parchment and other papers, as if concerned in the law. It has been noticed that neither he, or any of those who visited him, went to the windows. On the Thursday previous to his being taken, he had four men to dine with him, and they drank four bottles of wine. In consequence of some information which had been obtained by some officers belonging to Union-Hall Office, they apprehended a Mr. Brooks, a respectable whitesmith in the Borough, Stephen Cooper, his foreman, and Joseph Broadbent, a

locksmith, on suspicion of their having been concerned in making the keys by which means Roberts effected his escape from Coldbath-fields. The parties were brought before G. Hicks, Esq. and underwent a long private examination, of which the following are the particulars.—Mr. Brooks stated, that prior to the account of Roberts's escape appearing in the papers, a person whom he did not know came to him, and said he wanted to have two keys made immediately, the one a padlock key, the other a door key; that he had been recommended to him (Brooks) to have them made, by a respectable ironmonger in the Borough, and must have them that night, as he was going out of town to Cheltenham the following morning, and must take them with him: he was to make the door key from an impression taken on soap, and the other from a padlock which the person left with him. Brooks went to several ironmongers to endeavour to procure a rough key, but could not procure one, as the dimensions of that wanted were not common; the bit was not very large, but there was an unusual length between the bit and the bow, not less than eight or nine inches: he at last went to Broadbent, and directed him to make a key from the impression; Broadbent made the key, and delivered it to Brooks that evening, and when the person called on him, he delivered the keys, the impression, and the padlock to him, and received 12s. for the two keys. Broadbent's statement corroborated that of Mr. Brooks, so far as related to his coming and giving directions to have the key made. Brooks appeared very anxious to have the keys made in time, and continued at a public-house in the neighbourhood all the time he was at work on it. He told Broadbent to send for whatever he wanted to drink whilst he was making it, but the key must be done in time, as it was going one hundred and fifty miles out of town. At first Broadbent was not willing to make the key, it looked so much like a prison key, and went to consult some friends before he made it: they, however, advised him, as it was an usual thing to make keys from such impressions to make it. He did so, and finished it by the hour mentioned by Brooks, who paid him 5s. for making it. Stephen Cooper, foreman to Mr. Brooks, made the padlock key by his master's order. Mr. Brooks, when first examined, said he did not know the person who gave him the order to make the keys: but on being pressed afterwards, he said he believed it was William Folkard, the person now in custody. The prisoners were remanded for further examination on a future day.

On Monday, Oct. 1, about eight o'clock in the evening, the men on board a West Country barge lying off Paul's Wharf, Upper Thames-street, were alarmed by a sudden plunge in the water, and soon observed a man, whom they with a great deal of difficulty saved from a watery grave, and took on board their barge. After he

was somewhat recovered, they questioned him as to the cause of his rash attempt. He said, he threw himself into the water with a determination of putting an end to his existence, and appeared much deranged in his mind. He was very genteelly dressed, and had a gold watch and money in his pockets, but he declined telling his name, or place of residence.

On Wednesday, Oct. 3, a man of the name of Mullens, a journeyman barber, in Great Far-lstreet, Seven Dials, cut his throat in a dreadful manner; but surgical assistance being at hand, the wound was sewed up, and hopes are entertained of his recovery. He had lately collected trifling sums of money from the trade, which he had put to improper uses, and the dread of being detected is supposed to have operated so strongly on his mind as to have drove him to the rash act.

An unfortunate accident happened lately to Mrs. Soley, a widow, in Duke-street, Oxford-street. She was ironing and drying clothes by the fire, on a horse, when some articles took fire, and in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, her apparel caught fire. Her servant, who was in the next room, hastened to her assistance, and with great presence of mind, threw a great coat round the unfortunate sufferer, but Mrs. S. being lightly clad, her garments were reduced to tinder. She was not expected to survive.

Lately, as the eldest daughter of Mr. Randall, of Winchester-street, Pentonville, was sitting in the parlour, by some accident her dress caught fire, and she was in an instant enveloped in flames. She ran immediately into the street, when, by the exertions of some persons passing at the time, the flames were extinguished; but she was shockingly scorched. Some hopes are, however, entertained of her recovery.

A woman residing in Little Russell-street, Covent-Garden, who was abandoned by her husband in consequence of a violent quarrel, and left totally destitute with an infant of fourteen months old, in a fit of despair went into Hyde Park, tied her infant in her apron, and jumped into the Serpentine River. A gentleman passing by at the time, procured assistance and got her out. She being in the water but a short time, was soon brought to, and the little innocent but little injured. It was some time before she would tell who she was, or the cause of her committing the rash act; but she at length detailed the circumstances, and the gentleman procured a hackney-coach, and conveyed her and the child home.

The body of a young woman, dressed in a blue mantle and edged with gold lace, was lately picked up in Paddington Canal, by a bricklayer going to work. In her ridicule, which was fastened to her dress, was found about fourteen shillings, and a letter from a female friend, who resides in Sloane-street. It was by this letter that the body of deceased was owned by a disconsolate mother. Her name was Sitton, and she

served her apprenticeship to a wholesale milliner at the west end of the town, and was lately out of her time. She appeared about twenty years of age, and was in a pregnant state, which probably was the cause of her death. She had been two days from home.

Mrs. Woodgate, sen. the mother of Mr. Woodgate, an eminent solicitor in Golden-square, was lately burned to death here. The old lady was upwards of eighty years of age. The female servant who had the care of her, left her sitting in the two-pair of stairs front room, about eight o'clock in the evening, whilst she went down into the kitchen, and as she was returning she heard her mistress shriek. She hastened up stairs, and on entering the room, the clothes of the unfortunate lady were on fire, and one part of the room was on fire. The deceased lingered three hours only. It is conjectured that Mrs. W. must have been stooping, when the candle set fire to her dress, as it was found in the same place where the servant left it.

Captain Stephenson, of the *Mentor* West India ship, has undergone a private examination upon a charge of assault, with intent to commit a rape on the person of a lady named Popplewell, on her passage homeward from Barbadoes, where her husband is a Commissary in the service of Government. The circumstances as they have transpired were these:—Mrs. Popplewell had taken her passage on board the vessel of Captain Kerr. Both vessels fell in with each other at sea, and were both becalmed during this interval. Captain Stephenson invited Captain Kerr, of the *Rachel*, and his passengers, on board his ship to dine; amongst them was this lady and a Captain Austin. During their entertainment in the evening, a brisk gale sprung up, and the ships were separated. Captain Kerr with some difficulty got on board his ship, but Mrs. Popplewell was persuaded by Captain Stephenson not to venture to regain the *Rachel*, but to remain on board the *Mentor* until daylight, in the hope of again falling in with the *Rachel* in calmer weather; but in the course of that night the attempt was made by Captain Stephenson, on the lady with so much violence, that her screams alarmed Captain Austin, who was on deck, and he immediately came below. She conjured him as a married man, and one who could feel for the injuries of a virtuous wife thus insulted, to protect her; which he accordingly did. On her arrival in England, Mrs. Popplewell immediately consulted her friends; and, as she was advised, lodged information of the fact before the Lord Mayor, who instantly issued a warrant for the apprehension of the delinquent, and he was accordingly taken into custody at the house of his attorney. The Lord Mayor, after a full hearing of Mrs. Popplewell's testimony, held the Captain in sureties to take his trial for the offence; himself in 1000*l.* and two sureties in 500*l.* each.



## PROVINCIALS.

INCLUDING REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, &c.  
IN THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

## BEDFORDSHIRE.

The inhabitants of the town of Luton, were surprised with an astonishing phenomenon lately; the common pond, situated in rather an elevated part of the town, which, as there had been no ruin in their neighbourhood for some weeks, was getting rather shallow of water, suddenly filled, and emitted from its bottom all the filth and sediment, and continued flowing over and discharging a great quantity of water for some hours, and since has continued quiet as usual. The townspeople are struck with considerable alarm at this circumstance, and apprehend intelligence of some earthquake on the Continent, because this pond had a similar emission at the precise instant the dreadful earthquake happened at Lisbon in the year 1755.

## CHESHIRE.

William Smith and John Clarke, the two men convicted of a robbery in the shop of Mr. Fletcher, watchmaker in Chester, have been executed pursuant to their sentence. Smith mounted the platform in a firm and steady manner, followed by Clarke, who appeared much emaciated and very weak. Smith addressed the crowd to the following purport:—He said they beheld two unfortunate men, who in a few minutes must suffer the death ordained by the law. He declared solemnly to his God, that he had never been in the shop of the prosecutor, and cheapened a watch, as he had stated in his evidence; and that the man who drove the cart down Forgate street, and who said on the trial that he had seen him there, had forsworn himself. He declared he forgave Mr. Fletcher, and all concerned in the prosecution from his heart, and died in peace with all mankind, in hopes of receiving that mercy in another world which he had never hoped for here.—Clarke, in his address, also solemnly denied, as shortly to appear in the presence of God, being in Cow-lane on the night of the robbery; said he had not been in the prosecutor's shop for the space of twelve years before the robbery. He then went on nearly to the same effect as his fellow sufferer had done. They afterwards both called upon God to bless all around them, and bade the world farewell. After spending a few minutes in prayer, Smith gave the fatal signal, and the platform dropped. They both died very penitent, and with manly fortitude. Their behaviour since their condemnation was exemplary.

## CUMBERLAND.

A tame jack-daw had for some time been kept at the iron foundry of Messrs. Nicholsons, Carlisle, which had a strong propensity to destroy and swallow flies and wasps. It lately appeared sickly,

and any food that was given it, the stomach immediately rejected, apparently with the most excruciating pain, and it died that evening. Some of the workmen, induced by curiosity, opened the bird, and discovered that the tormented creature had been killed by the ferocity of one of those insects, which were supposed to constitute part of his subsistence. On dissection, a living wasp was found, which had made its way through its crop to the heart, part of which it had actually gnawed away, and it would soon, in all probability have exhausted the remainder.

## DEVONSHIRE.

One night lately as the barrack guard at Frankfort barracks, Plymouth, were relieving the sentinels on duty, one of them was found asleep on his post; and on one of the reliefs attempting to awake him, he started up and run his bayonet through the other's breast. He is not expected to recover.

## ESSEX.

The following extraordinary case of abstinence has recently occurred at Chelmsford. On the 4th of September last, James Jackson was committed to the House of Correction at that place as a vagrant. For the first five days after his commitment he was not perceived to take any sustenance whatever, or was he once observed to open his eyes. On the sixth day he walked in the prison yard and drank plentifully of water at the pump, and continued to do so till the 17th, but constantly refused to take any kind of food whatever, and from the seventeenth day of his confinement to his death, which happened on the 2d of October, he even discontinued taking water. The constable, in whose custody he was for three days previous to his being committed to the House of Correction, states, that during that time he took nothing but one pint of beer; so that it appears that from the first of September to the second of October, the day on which he died, he took no other nourishment but one pint of beer, except water, of which it is stated he drank plentifully during twelve days of the time he was in prison.

## GLAMORGANSHIRE.

A woodcock was lately seen in Wenvoc wood, the property of R. Jenner, Esq. The early appearance of these birds has been generally considered the presage of a severe winter.

## GLOUCESTER.

DIED.—Suddenly, at his residence in Gloucester, Sir Edwyn Jeynes, Knight. He had dined with the Corporation, of which he was an old member, and left the room with the Duke of Norfolk at eight o'clock in the evening. The Duke quitted the town for Cirencester, and Sir

Edwyn immediately returned home, apparently in perfect health: he went in, and sat down in the parlour, by his daughter, who was playing on a piano-forte, and falling out of his chair, expired without a groan. Sir Edwyn was in his 60th year.

#### HERTFORDSHIRE.

A young man of the name of Jonathan, a farmer's son, was shot on the estate of P. Harnage, Esq. at Stoke, Herts, by a keeper. The deceased was robbing a fish-pond, in company with another man, and he resisted being secured, when the contents of a fowling-piece were lodged in his body.

#### LINCOLNSHIRE.

In consequence of the completion of an extensive building at Bitchfield, near Grantham, the agent of Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart. gave a treat to the farmers and other inhabitants of that place, several of whom continued drinking until the following morning, when, between the hours of five and six, a quarrel suddenly arose between Edward Porter, of Bitchfield, and Joseph Watson, of Chapel Addelsey, in the county of York, both being much inebriated. They immediately proceeded to fight; and in the conflict Watson gave Porter a mortal blow near the short ribs, on the left side, of which he instantly died. Watson has since been committed by the Coroner to the Castle of Lincoln, to take his trial at the next Assizes.

At Spalding Sessions, an Irishman was found guilty of stealing from a shop at Crowland, a pair of small clothes; for which offence he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. This imprisonment was a thing which Pat didn't like at all; and with a very long face he told the Justices on the Bench, that if they persisted in detaining him in prison, "the devil of a potatoe would his poor old mother get for the winter, for she depended upon him to dig her crop, and would be starved if he didn't go!" The poor fellow begged, therefore, that their Worships would "do some civil thing to him," and let him be off. The Magistrates could not but be amused with the whimsical style of the petitioner, and after a short deliberation they changed his sentence to a public whipping: whereupon Pat, in a grate-in-extacy, "thanked them kindly;" and he underwent the flogging through the market with high good-will.

#### MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Two persons calling then selves George Smith and James Botlaud, were lately committed to the county gaol, on suspicion of having uttered, knowing the same to be fictitious, bills purporting to be drawn for "William Nightingale, Caslen, Carpenter, and Nightingale," under the style of the "Cheshunt and Hertfordshire Bank," payable at Messrs. Smith and Co.'s London.—The account they gave of themselves, on their examination before the Magistrates, was extremely contradictory and evasive. It appeared they had set off from London about two months

ago, and had travelled principally on foot from thence, through Oxford, Witney, Cirencester, Stroud, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Upton, Hereford, and Newport, to Pontypool, where they were detected. There is reason to suppose that they have circulated bills of the above description at the several places before-mentioned.

#### NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Mrs. Dicken, wife of Mr. Dicken, baker, Daventry, was lately delivered of three fine children. This birth has increased the family five in number in the course of twelve months and three days. The children are all well, and the mother in a fair way of recovery. It is somewhat singular likewise, that she was delivered by a blind Accoucheur.

#### NORFOLK.

On Michaelmas-day Francis Morse and Thomas Troughton, Esqrs. were sworn into the office of Sheriffs of Norwich for the year ensuing. Mr. Morse appeared in his shooting-dress, viz. a short coat, leather breeches, &c., and on the Stewards proceeding, as usual, to invest him with the gold chain, he refused to put on what he called "a bauble;" nor would he wear the gown, he said, unless he was informed it was absolutely necessary. Mr. Steward Alderson observed, that he did not give it as his opinion, but he did entertain a doubt whether his acts as Sheriff would be valid, not having complied with the usual forms, and his refusal also seemed to convey some little disrespect to the Court. Mr. Morse disavowed any individual disrespect, but said he would perform the duties of the office, independently of external forces, with truth and fidelity. He also denied having assumed to himself the office, as stated by the Steward; but said it was forced upon him with the expectation of obtaining the fine of eighty pounds, as he was convinced there was not a gentleman on the Bench who believed, when the precept was sent him, he would serve the office.

A shocking event lately took place at Swaffham. A loaded gun was incautiously left in the barn of Mr. Sporle. Two boys, his sons, went there to amuse themselves, when the eldest, about fourteen, took up the gun, which went off, and shot away nearly half the skull of his brother, a very fine boy of eleven years of age, who instantly expired.

Lately as Mr. J. Adams, of Norwich, and Mr. J. Broad, of Drury-lane, were returning to the former place in a chaise, through the village of Thorpe, their horse having taken fright, ran the wheel of the chaise against a post, and they were both thrown out of the chaise with great violence. Mr. Broad at the time had a severe attack of the gout, but the shock being so sudden the gout immediately left him; he afterwards walked to Norwich, a distance of three miles without the least inconvenience, excepting a few bruises, nor has he had the least symptom of the gout since.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

A shocking affray lately took place in Marsh-street, Bristol.—A dispute having arisen between some English and a large party of foreign sailors, at the Hope and Anchor public house, respecting a girl of the town, some blows were exchanged between one of the foreigners and a seaman named Henry Murray. The parties were separated, but afterwards proceeded to the street, where a battle commenced between the foreign sailor and Murray: when the former drew a dirk, and stabbed Murray below the left breast. The weapon was driven with such violence as nearly to cut through one of the ribs, and made a wound sufficiently large to admit the whole hand. The perpetrator of this shocking act fled, with the dagger in his hand, but was pursued and taken as he was about to enter the bar of the Ship public-house, in the same street, and safely lodged in Bridewell. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, when a Verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned against the foreign seaman.

As the Gamekeeper of S. Worrall, Esq. Town clerk of Bristol, was getting through a hedge with his gun upon the cock in his hand, a briar caught the trigger and the gun going off, the contents passed through the unfortunate man's heart, who instantly expired.

## SUFFOLK.

DIED.—Thomas Dyson, plumber and glazier, of Maidenhall. He was talking with some other persons in the street, opposite the White Hart Inn there, when he suddenly dropped down, and notwithstanding immediate medical assistance, he shortly afterwards expired.

## SUSSEX.

The following shocking circumstance lately happened at Monk's Gate, about two miles from Horsham:—A man of the name of Lindfield, who has for some time courted a young woman residing there, being exasperated with her on account of supposed infidelity with a neighbour of the name of Naldrett, repaired to her house with a gun, and said he came to shoot her, when she immediately gave the alarm, and Naldrett seeing him at the door with his gun, was proceeding to expostulate with him, when he presented it at him and shot him in the right breast: the young man died in a few minutes, and Lindfield was taken into custody.

Lately, as a servant of Mr. Parry, of German Place, Brighton, was following the chaise in which was his mistress and another lady, he fell from his horse near Rottingdean; recovering his feet, the man adjusted the saddle, but was seized immediately after with such a violent pain in his side, that he could not stand. He expired on the same evening. The body being opened, to

ascertain the cause of his death, one of the kidneys was found entirely severed, from which much blood had flowed. The Coroner's Jury sat on the body. Verdict—"Killed by a fall from his horse."

A couple who had agreed to be married at a church near Lewes, set out from their home, accompanied by the bride-maids, &c. to have the ceremony performed; and had actually reached the church door, when a qualm of conscience, or some other qualm, occasioned the bride to change her mind and she actually ran off, leaving the disappointed bridegroom, bride-maids, father, person and clerk, in a state of utter astonishment. The damsel, however, afterwards attended the altar, and the indissoluble knot was tied.

An Inquisition has been taken at Lewes, on the body of — Homer, a private in the 37th Foot, who was shot by John Carter, a labourer in the service of T. Tourle, Esq. as he was crossing a potatoe plot, near that town. The poor fellow languished in extreme agony until noon the next day, when he expired, aged twenty-eight years. The reins exhibited sixteen distinct and deep wounds, the effects of the deadly shot, which, on laying open the abdomen, were found to be pieces of cut lead, of various dimensions, and which had not only perforated both lobes of the lungs and the liver, but also miserably lacerated the left kidney; and several were taken from the thorax, sticking to the ribs. It afterwards came out in evidence, that the deceased, and two of his comrades, having unfortunately trespassed on the plantation referred to (which is an open lane), were taken for depredators, put to flight, pursued, and rashly shot at by two persons, armed with horse-pistols, who, with five others, had been ordered to watch the potatoes. One of the soldiers wholly escaped, but the other, after being fired at without injury, was seized. It further appeared, that Carter, after he had shot Homer, went up to him, when the unhappy sufferer exclaimed, "You have stung me severely!" turned sick, and fell on his face.—The Jury returned their Verdict—"Homicide by misadventure!"

BIRTH.—At Brighton, the Lady of the Hon. David Montague Erskine, of a daughter.

## YORKSHIRE.

MARRIED.—Lately, Mr. Thomas Wray, blacksmith, to Miss Susannah Hodgson, both of Wensleydale, in this county. The bridegroom has had the banns published with eighteen different females, and been twice married; this last marriage, however, was by licence. He has for some time past gone on crutches, but was so elated with joy on this happy occasion, as to be able to lead his bride to the hymeneal altar with the assistance only of a walking-stick.



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BEING

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## COURT AND FASHIONABLE

## MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1810.

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THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE OF FRANCE.

Engraved for La Belle Assemblée New Series. Published by John Bell, Southampton St. Strand.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

For NOVEMBER, 1810.

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A New Series.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

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The Twelfth Number.

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### THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, OF FRANCE.

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THERE are few circumstances in history which have more of the texture and colour of romance than those which grew out of the French Revolution. It was peculiar to this tremendous explosion of anti-social principles, that it gave birth to occurrences which had no example in any former ages; and that it was equally without a parallel in the events which it brought about, and the characters and persons which were their moral engines and movers.

The history of France, indeed, during the first years of Jacobinism, presents a series of revolutions, more resembling those sudden vicissitudes which occur in the Asiatic courts, than the orderly, and tranquil changes, which sometimes happen in regular governments.

These revolutions, however, were not confined to systems of governments, or to the principles upon which political economy is founded; they pervaded, and indeed effectually corrupted, the whole mass of the people; the pestilence began to work, not by the slow progress of infection, but by the more rapid strides of an epidemic, voluntarily received, and adopted

into the blood and breast of each individual. Borrowing the most sacred terms, and coveting the abuse of the most sacred names, the infuriate people of this country (always in extremes) sought to be regenerated and baptized anew in the font of revolutionary anarchy; they cast off voluntarily and renounced the established principles of natural duty and domestic affection; considering them as the clogs and encumbrances of the old superstition and tyranny. Acknowledging nothing sacred or valuable but what bore the features of novelty, each individual who attempted to gain power and to become popular, sought distinction by monstrous and unheard of crimes, and the novelty of an emancipated and brutal nature.

Such was the state of things which an all wise Providence permitted to have a temporary course of rule, by way of holding up to mankind an example of the excesses of the human character when it escapes that servitude (which is perfect freedom) of natural duty and religious restraint. Such, we say, was the state of things when, amongst other novelties and political wonders, the Empress Josephine,

the repudiated wife of the Emperor Napoleon, emerged from a life of comparative obscurity to a situation of popular idolatry and imperial splendour.

It has been too much the practice of the press in this country to degrade and vilify our enemies, with a degree of ferocity and asperity which even their vices did not always warrant. To lessen, and bring them into contempt, we have not been sparing of the most uncharitable misrepresentations; we have deemed it, almost universally, a sort of pious fraud to forge CRIMES for CHARACTERS, and CHARACTERS for CRIMES. In a word, to aggravate national abhorrence beyond all the proportions in which national enmity is justifiable, we have not hesitated to break through every restraint of probability and truth.

Josephine la Pagerie, was a native of Martinique, and the daughter of a rich planter in that island: she is said to have descended from a noble but obscure family, who had transplanted themselves to the West Indies in expectation of tropical wealth and colonial distinction. Josephine was married, at a very early age, to Viscount Alexander Beauharnois, at that time holding a distinguished commission in a French regiment of infantry. Beauharnois was some years younger than his wife, but this match was desirable, not less on account of the wealth than the beauty of Mademoiselle la Pagerie. She was at that time in the splendour of beauty, embellished by the fascinations of female elegance and grace, and as the Viscount Beauharnois had exhausted his patrimony by the prodigal dissipation of the Court of Versailles, the marriage which he contracted with Josephine was creditable to his taste, and no less advantageous to his finances.

After their marriage, Monsieur and Madame Beauharnois continued to move in the splendid circles of Paris; but as the ambition of the French *noblesse* was now coveting other objects than distinction at court, the Viscount and his wife became frequenters of those assemblies in which the new philosophy, which was to regenerate France, was delivered out in wholesale lectures, and the train was prepared for the explosion of the old system, by the combined operation of false philosophy

with ignoble and democratic ambition. At these assemblies Talleyrand, Charles and Alexander la Methe, Beaumetz, La Tour Maubeuge, Sillery, Flahault, were some of the persons most frequently found; characters who have, with their ladies, more or less figured in the French revolutionary annals, and were most celebrated in its early burst.

A few years after his marriage, M. de Beauharnois was chosen by the nobility of the bailiwick of Blois, a deputy to the States General. In this assembly M. de Beauharnois, if we may believe the reports of the times, behaved with shameful and dishonourable ingratitude to his former benefactor Louis XVI. In this senate, of all that was grave and eloquent, and distinguished for wealth, rank, and talent, and which might with ease have become the cradle of a great and glorious revolution for the improvement and solid establishment of the French government, M. de Beauharnois declaimed against his sovereign, and denounced his implacable enmity to the royal family. When the States General were converted into the National Assembly, he ascended the tribune, and became the decided and unqualified advocate of the popular cause; and by his association with La Fayette and La Methe, notwithstanding his want of those energetic and impressive talents necessary to conduct and regulate the revolutionary storm, he was elected in June, 1791, the President of the National Assembly, and signed the proclamation addressed to the French people when the unfortunate Louis XVI. was arrested at Varennes.

Soon after he made his peace with the court, and became an Adjutant-General and the patriotic friend of La Fayette. He afterwards joined Dumourier. He next courted Custine, whom, when proscribed by the Revolutionary Tribunal, he succeeded in the command over the army of the Rhine; he did not occupy this post long, but was suspended from all public functions, and ordered to retire above twenty leagues from the frontiers.

He was soon afterwards, with his wife, arrested as a suspected person, and on the 23d of July, 1794, sent to the guillotine as an accomplice in an imaginary conspi-

racy The day before his execution he is reported to have written a letter to his wife, in which he recommended his children to her, and charging her in particular *not to neglect to re-establish his memory and reputation, by proving that his whole life had been consecrated to serve liberty and equality.*

During the revolutionary career of her husband, Madame Beauharnois lost many of her former friends. It was, therefore, when at Strasburgh, in July, 1793, her intention to emigrate, which her husband prevented by sending her back to Paris, where, soon after, she shared imprisonment, but not the same prison, with him. It has been reported, and is believed, that Madame de Beauharnois, to save her life, threw herself into the arms of the regicide Barras. General Beauharnois was beheaded five days before the death of Robespierre, and six days before the guillotine ceased to kill in mass. Two days after the death of her husband, a list of assassination was prepared in which Madame Beauharnois' name was inscribed. But the death of Robespierre released her from prison, and reduced her into the ignoble captivity of Barras' mistress. Being at that period rich, and in the zenith of her beauty, she was esteemed too great a prize to be retained in the character of a mistress; in order, therefore, at once to reward a young favourite, and attach him more closely to his interests, Barras negotiated a marriage between Napoleon Bonaparte and Madame Beauharnois. This marriage was made public in the year 1795, and Madame Beauharnois at once increased her popularity and secured her safety by the connection.

After the brilliant campaign in Italy, Bonaparte returned to his wife in Paris, and was received by the Parisians with triumph and enthusiasm. Madame Beauharnois was wealthy, and Napoleon had little more than the barren palm of military glory, but the wealth of his wife gave him the eclat of one of the most successful military adventurers of France.

When Bonaparte sailed for Egypt in 1798, he left his wife in greater affluence than that in which he found her. He parted from his wife, according to his own

letters, with great regret; indeed her insinuating manners and powerful attractions had not failed to excite in his nature emotions of the softest kind.

It is said that her husband was no sooner departed than Madame Bonaparte relapsed into her former connection with Barras. It is known, indeed, that Bonaparte felt some jealousy, as appears from his intercepted letter of July 25th, 1798, from Cairo, to his brother Joseph, in which he said:—"I have many domestic troubles and family vexations; the veil is entirely withdrawn; you alone remain for me on earth; your friendship is very dear to me; nothing is wanting to make me a complete misanthrope but that I should lose you, or you should betray me. Such is my melancholy situation.—*I possess all possible sentiments for this same person, whilst another reigns in her heart.—You understand what I mean.*"

This letter, transmitted in the confidence of private friendship, is an unequivocal proof of the affection which Bonaparte, notwithstanding his subsequent conduct (of which the moving cause was political ambition), once entertained for the repudiated Empress Josephine.

When Napoleon returned to France, and, from the character and situation of a fugitive, was raised to the rank and authority of First Consul, and assumed the control of the military force, and the guidance of the civil fortune of a mighty kingdom, he seems, in gratitude for what he owed to the assistance of his wife and her friends, to have overlooked and pardoned her infidelity, and received her to his bosom with his former passion.

It was not till after the peace of Amiens that Madame Bonaparte obtained the highest point of her elevation, and was invested, jointly with her husband, with the imperial purple.

When Bonaparte was making his progress through Italy and the States of the Rhine, as the grand pacificator of Europe, his wife always accompanied him. She appeared with him at the Italian Consulta at Lyons, where she was officially complimented. It was, however, in her journey along the coast, and in Brabant, that she was entertained with the most exquisite

adulation, and language was exhausted in panegyrics on her beauty and virtue.

When Bonaparte, shortly after the peace of Amiens, assumed the title of Emperor, he caused the Empress to be crowned with him, and placed, with *his own hands*, the diadem upon her head.—This glittering ornament was not long to remain there! It was quickly removed, when the purposes of ambition required that she should descend from her dignity, and give way to a younger successor, from whose womb, it was fondly contemplated, would issue a royal lineage to perpetuate the succession of the Napoleon family to the throne of France.

The following account is given of the splendour and luxury in which Madame Bonaparte lived before she was Empress:—"Madame Napoleon has four distinct established wardrobes, different diamonds, &c. for travelling, for the Thuilleries, for St. Cloud, and for Malmaison; and though she cannot reside but in one place at the same time, in the Thuilleries, as well as at St. Cloud and Malmaison, four changes of furniture, &c.—are always ordered for the same period. At St. Cloud she has, at the expence of six thousand Louis-d'ors, improved the bathing cabinet of the late unfortunate Queen. By touching certain springs, she can command what perfumes her caprice demands, to mix with the water; the reservoirs always containing, for fifty Louis-d'ors, the finest odours and best perfumed waters. By handling other springs, she commands the appearance of drawings or pictures, elegant or voluptuous, gay or libertine, as her fancy desires. When she wishes to leave the bath, at the signal of a bell, she is, by a mechanical invention, lifted, without moving herself from the bathing machine, into an elegant moderately warm and perfumed bed, where she is dried in two minutes; and from which she is again lifted and laid down upon a splendid elastic sofa, moved, without her stirring, by another piece of mechanism, into an adjoining cabinet for her

toilet, of which the furniture and decorations cost 100,000 livres. For the improvements only of her luxurious though less expensive bathing cabinet at the Thuilleries and at Malmaison, the French Republic has paid two hundred thousand livres. To shew her pretensions to equality with Empresses and Queens, Madame Napoleon bespoke and ordered at Brussels, two magnificent lace gowns, made after the pattern of one presented by the consistent Belgians to the model of her sex, her Consular Majesty. One of these gowns was destined for the Empress of Russia, and the other for the Queen of Prussia. The former, report says, has, to the great humiliation of Madame Napoleone, been declined; but the French republicans do not doubt, but that the latter has been accepted, because they remember perfectly well that the Queen of Prussia presented at Berlin, in 1799, to Bonaparte's emissary, Duroc, a scarf of the Prussian guards, and her Majesty cannot therefore refuse a gown of honour offered from the *amiable wife of Duroc's master*."

It is unnecessary to repeat the circumstances of the dethronement of the Empress Josephine, which are fresh in the memory of our readers. Suffice it to say, that she is dismissed to obscurity, but not without a great degree of royal splendour to accompany her, and the strongest assurances of royal protection.

Bonaparte, in his decree of divorce, has left her in the possession of the regal title, she is always to be called the "Empress crowned," and the Empress Josephine; and Napoleon assured her, that she preserved an indelible claim upon his affections, and bade her to consider him always as her *best friend*.

Of the children the Empress Josephine had during her first marriage, two only are living; Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy; and Fanny Beauharnois, married to Louis Bonaparte, and Queen of Holland.



## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

## HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

(Continued from Page 120.)

BEING now fixed in town for the season, my aunt issued cards of invitation for the following Sunday. Seeing the day for which they were given:—"Why not," said I to her, "for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, or for any other day next week, as I know you have no particular engagement on any of those days?"

"Why," replied my aunt, "for two reasons; in the first place, because Sunday is the dullest day in the week; and in the second place, because it is most fashionable to have our parties on that day."

"And why," said I, "is that the duller day, does not the sun shine as bright on that day as on any other?"

"What a stupid question," replied my aunt. "Are not the better part of the good people of this world in the houses or the fields on that day; do not the streets of London resemble an empty ball-room, or the interior of a play-house by daylight; what pleasure can there be in driving through such streets; they remind you only of one of those enchanted cities in the *Arabian Tales*, in which every thing, even the inhabitants themselves, are turned into stone."

"And is there no better occupations," said I, "for Sunday than driving through the streets, and hunting diversion in shops and play-houses? Are you not a member of the Christian community, and do you not, in profession at least, acknowledge the grounds of its faith, and your obligation to practise its precepts?"

"That is all very true," said my aunt; "and what will you say to me if I have found out a method to reconcile my duties and my pleasures?"

"I will say," said I, "that you are very ingenious; but let us hear how it is."

"I will tell you," said my aunt; "I always go to church once a day, and then I think I have a very good right to spend the remainder of it in any way I please; and if it is not convenient for me to go to

church, I will pick out one or two of the shortest prayers and read them by the fire-side."

"Upon my word," said I, "a very ingenious way indeed; the Christian commandment is,—that one day out of seven you shall devote to your Maker; and you think you sufficiently keep the commandment when you devote two hours to it. Nor is this the worst, you not only do not keep the Sabbath, but you degrade it; you not only do not cherish the spirit and sentiment of religion, but you do your utmost to suppress and extinguish it. The worst effect of fashionable levity and dissipation is, that it utterly destroys that proper temperament of the mind which is necessary to the growth, nay, even to the very principle and practice of religious duties."

"Upon my word," said my aunt, "to hear you speak, one would think that I was the most confirmed reprobate in England. And yet I am persuaded, that with respect to the fashionable world I am almost an example."

"I do not speak of you as if you were a reprobate," said I; "but I cannot but feel a most lively indignation, that a woman so accomplished as you are, so formed as both to know your duty and to feel it, should be so miserably deficient. You are one of those numerous fashionable creatures who, though naturally gifted both with an excellent heart and a good understanding, yet abuse both; lose yourselves in levity and dissipation, and endeavour to drown your own consciousness that you are acting wrong in a jest or a laugh."

"Is there any harm in innocent pleasures?" said my aunt.

"Yes," said I, "in those pleasures which you term innocent; they are not innocent when they interfere with duties. The first call on a reasonable being, on a being accountable for his actions, is to dis-

charge his duties; pleasure, even of the most innocent kind, must only come in the next place; it is only the relaxation allowed after the discharge of duty. Do your duties, and then enjoy your pleasures; but do not let pleasure become your business, for then assuredly your business, that is your duty, will become a burthen."

"Where is the sin, pray, in going to the Opera?" said my aunt. "Is this not innocent enough?"

"Yes," said I, "provided you go not so often to the Opera as to be unable to live out of it. Provided you do not thereby contract a taste for a trifling, insignificant amusement, and thereby, what necessarily follows, gradually reduce and lower your mind. No dissipation is innocent which dissipates your mind, your thoughts, and your attention, and thereby induces a habit of mind which totally unfits you for all serious and better subjects. There is certainly no harm in going to a play or an opera, but there certainly is a very considerable harm in going so often, *so constantly, and so uniformly* to them, as at once to contract a taste and liking for these insignificant trifles; and what is worse, a distaste and a disliking for the more serious and more necessary occupations of life. Let me suppose you to have a husband living, who would take pleasure in his domestic enjoyment; what kind of wife would he most probable find her to be who could not live out of a play-house. Those kind of amusements are like high seasoned dishes;—they neither satisfy themselves, and they totally destroy all relish for those homely and more wholesome food. They corrupt the mind to themselves."

"But suppose I perform all my duties, what harm is there then in pleasure?" said my aunt.

"Pleasure in the sense in which you use it, is a bad word," said I. "It means nothing more than that routine of dissipation and levity through the week which characterizes our modern fashionable men and women; and then, on a Sunday, they

think to make up for it by driving to hear a fashionable preacher at a fashionable chapel."

"And what have you to say against this?" said my aunt.

"I have to say," replied I, "that pleasure in this sense is totally inconsistent with the possibility of discharging your duties. Your pleasures may be innocent in themselves; that is, there may be no positive harm in them; but this is not sufficient. To be fully and truly innocent, they must end innocently, as well as begin so. They must be innocent in all their effects. And a life of levity never can be so. It weakens the understanding by purposely suffering it to lie dormant. It corrupts and hardens the heart by a uniform effort, and banishes every thing from the thoughts which is sober, serious, and not exactly pleasant. It introduces a habit of selfishness. It turns off every thing with a laugh. It is always pleasant and never thoughtful. In plain words, no man of pleasure or woman of pleasure (the latter name I believe is never used but in a bad sense) were ever exemplary in the domestic relations of life. They are uniformly indifferent husbands, thoughtless wives at best, and the worst fathers and mothers in the world."

"You are worse than *Lady Grace* in the play," said my aunt. "You would make us all soberly mad."

"Not at all," said I. "Do your duties, and they are very simple and intelligible, and then amuse yourself as much as you please. But I never will be silent, when you ask my opinion, whilst I see you in such glaring errors. There are innumerable kinds of pleasures which you may enjoy without in any manner interfering with your duties."

"Well, you have made me your convert for once," said my aunt; "and next Sunday you shall have no cause to complain of me."

(To be continued)

## THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

*(Continued from Page 183.)*

AGNES was now about to know what, during her former life, she had in vain endeavoured to discover; her anxiety, her hopes, and her fears produced such emotions in her mind, that she could scarcely support herself. The Justice perceived her agitation, and with much politeness intreated her to retire into another apartment: "Your presence," said he, "is not necessary during the examination; when it is signed, and witnessed, you shall be called forwards to hear it. In the meantime you may retire, and if you will, use my house as your own."

Agnes bowed her gratitude and assent; the bell was rung, an elderly lady was summoned, and Agnes withdrew under her protection.

Having entered another apartment Agnes was about to seat herself, when her attention was attracted by a young man who was standing before the fire, with his back turned towards her. He suddenly turned round, and Agnes was fixed in astonishment at the sight of Mr. Beachcroft. "Miss Harrowby!" exclaimed he. Agnes replied almost unintelligibly, with an exclamation of equal surprise.

After the first surprise, and first compliments, Beachcroft congratulated himself upon his good fortune in this meeting: "I was no sooner informed," said he, "of your disappearance than I neglected no means to discover your place of concealment; I learned the artifice by which you had been removed, and a shade of legality thrown over the atrocity of Minabel. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to trace out his road. The unfortunate, but merited event, of the late duel, at length furnished me with a clue, and I hastened to follow it. Mr. Featherstone, the gentleman to whom this house belongs, is a friend; I slept at his house last night, and intended to proceed in my search of you

this morning. My good fortune has, perhaps, saved me some miles."

Agnes expressed her thanks for his friendly anxiety; she now remembered the clause in the will of the late Lady Priscilla, and resolved to seize the present opportunity to fulfil her purpose. She told him, therefore, that she had been long anxious to see him; and upon his inquiry into the cause, recalled the clause to his memory.

"I think it my duty," said she, "to fulfil the intentions of my benefactress; I know that those intentions were, that her wealth should center in her own family after a suitable provision for her adopted child. She died under the error that we were attached to each other, and, therefore, bequeathed her property jointly to us in the circumstance of our union, but should no such union take place, I am persuaded that it was her intention that the legacy in question should pass undivided to you."

"No," said Mr. Beachcroft in some confusion; "the clause of the will, under the circumstance of our not being united, gives it to that party who consents to the union, in exclusion of him or her who may refuse their compliance."

"Then it takes it from me," said Agnes; "for I have publicly announced my refusal, and wait only to transfer you your right. The legacy is yours. I am persuaded that I only fulfil the intention of my benefactress."

"Generous Agnes," said Beachcroft; "you have saved me from ruin which I thought was but too imminent. Know that I am married!"

"Married!" exclaimed Agnes, with a surprise in part affected, as she knew this circumstance, in part, at least, before.

"Yes," replied he; "and my motives for concealment will not appear unpardonable, when I shall inform you of them."

G g

By assisting my father in a late election I have involved myself in an immense debt. The legacy of my aunt arriving at the ears of my creditors, they were satisfied, and consented, in full security of payment, to await my own time. Had I announced my marriage at this period, I should have been ruined beyond recovery, as the condition of the clause of the will was as publicly known as the legacy itself, and though I knew you to be all that is generous and good, I could not reckon upon your making such a sacrifice as this. My intention was to preserve my marriage a secret till by instalments I should have discharged some of the most pressing of my debts, as the reputation of such a legacy had rendered my creditors patient, and content to wait my own convenience. You will do me the justice to believe that I had a no less honourable purpose."

At this moment a beautiful girl entered the room whom Mr. Beachcroft, taking by the hand, introduced as his lady.

"She is the daughter of the gentleman in whose house we now are," said he. And then addressing himself to his lady: "This is the young lady, Madam," continued he, "of whom you have so often heard me speak; I flatter myself that you will not longer doubt my judgment."

Mrs. Beachcroft replied in terms of more than common civility; and such is the attraction of similar and amiable natures, that Agnes and herself, though they had never seen each other before, had soon the air of long intimacy.

The obvious thread of our narration would lead us to relate what passed in the examination of Daubigny, but as this is more connected with what follows, we shall here pass to other matter. The reader, perhaps, may not be displeased that we prefer to follow Bellasis.

He proceeded according to previous appointment as far as the first stage, where he waited the arrival of Agnes. He waited, however, in vain. Indignant at his disappointment he imputed it to the caprice of Agnes, and consulting only his pride, offended by this treatment, he pursued his journey. Some intelligence on the road animated him to still further speed, and he continued to travel without

remission, till he had reached Holyhead. Finding a vessel bound for Cork, and about to sail on the next day, he embarked in her, and reached that port without further incident.

The memory of Agnes, however, still returned, and in despite of the prudence his situation required, he had scarcely disembarked from the ship before he was more than half inclined to return and seek once more his lost mistress. It was now what, in the language of the law, is termed the long vacation; that is to say, had Bellasis been apprehended, as the offence was not of a bailable nature, he must have remained in a gaol for upwards of five months, perhaps double that time, before he could be brought to trial. The heir of Mirabel spared no efforts to press the prosecution, and Bellasis had escaped with difficulty from Holyhead, the officers of justice having entered a boat almost in the same moment that the ship in which Bellasis had embarked had raised her anchor and commenced her voyage.

For some time, therefore, it would be highly imprudent for Bellasis to return to England; the memory of Agnes never recurred without an immediate effect upon his natural gaiety. To dissipate his melancholy he mingled in the society of the town and neighbourhood. This was, indeed, more pleasing than usual as the general agitation in the kingdom rendered a very numerous garrison necessary in a place of the consequence of Cork. Bellasis had always preferred the society of officers to that of any other peculiar order or profession, and his manners being elegant, and his finances not deficient, he was generally courted and well received.

Amongst other means of relieving the tedium of his present situation, he occasionally accompanied his friends, the officers, as a volunteer, on their expeditions to beat up the haunts of the rebels. The face of the country was overrun with these lawless desperadoes, who under the name of United Irishmen, spread ravage through the kingdom, murdering all the defenceless who fell in their way, and burning such houses as stood single and ungarrisoned. Bellasis was so

eager, and so successful in the pursuit of these monsters, that he was, at length, as well known by name, as held in terror, amongst them. His zeal and merit procured him the general esteem of the regiments quartered at Cork, and a Cornetcy becoming vacant he was solicited by every officer in the regiment to accept it. Bellasis did not refuse as he knew he might resign it whenever his situation required.

Still the memory of Agnes would haunt his imagination, and he was never so happy as when he could steal from the noisy society of his comrades, and in solitude give a rein to his thoughts, and recal to his mind the days he had passed in her much loved society.

One evening having escaped from table, he mounted his horse, and to indulge his favourite train of thought threw the rein over the animal's neck, and permitted him to follow his own road. Involved in thought he continued to proceed forwards, till, suddenly awakened from his reverie by a stumble of his horse, he saw that it was already dark, and that to all appearance he had travelled many miles from Cork. He now for the first moment became sensible of his danger and his imprudence; he recollected that the country was overrun with rebels, who spared no one.

He looked around him; he saw nothing but an extended heath; his horse had evidently wandered from the beaten road, and got into a sheep-walk. Bellasis knew not which way to turn him. He stopped a moment in doubt; he was in a kind of valley, or rather hole, between two banks or eminences. About the distance of thirty yards to his right hand was a clay cottage, or shepherd's hut, in ruins, with a clump of trees. Bellasis remained motionless, undecided to which point to turn. On a sudden two balls whistled near his ears; he had scarcely time to look around him before a second discharge killed his horse beneath him.

Bellasis fell likewise; he became conscious of the danger of his situation; he knew not from which point the balls had proceeded, and had he risen on his feet to reconnoitre, he must doubtless have been killed before he could have made the

discovery. What remained for him to do but one thing, and that his courage suggested. He uttered a groan as if killed on the spot, and fell extended with his face upwards. Two fellows hearing the fall and the groan rushed forwards from the ruined hut, they approached the face of Bellasis in the same moment, but had scarcely stooped to examine him, before the contents of two pistols which Bellasis held in his hand for the purpose, were discharged into their bowels. One of them fell dead by the side of Bellasis, the other still stood erect. Bellasis darted up, and seizing him by his throat, plunged a dirk, with which he was always armed, into his bosom, and finished his work.

It was now midnight, Bellasis was still more embarrassed in what manner to proceed; his horse lay dead by his side. As he looked around him he thought he beheld a glimmering light at a distance. He directed his steps towards it. The surface of the heath was intersected here and there by marshes and drains, which compelled him to turn so often, that he again lost himself, and even the light to which he was advancing. He walked forwards, as any thing was preferable to his present situation, and in about half an hour came to the foot of a hill, upon ascending which the light again appeared, and to his great joy not a hundred paces distant. Passing through a gate in a new raised ditch which bounded the heath on that side, he entered a ploughed field, in the midst of which was the barn, (for such it was) whence the light proceeded.

Bellasis hastened towards it, and was about to enter it and demand his road; when something whispered him to beware. Is there not a guardian genius, a good angel, who is allowed to awaken the mind to those presentiments of evils by which we must otherwise have perished. There is at least a benevolent Providence who watches over the safety of his creatures, and when the natural course of things, or our own imprudence, brings us into dangers, he employs those means to warn us of our peril, and perhaps snatch us from imminent destruction. What is it that whispers the careless traveller to prefer one

of two roads? he hears the following day that a murderer was in wait for him had he passed along the other. Chance, replies the philosopher.—No, no; consult your heart, my friend; it is that benevolent Being who has made nature for our use; in the sublime language of the poet, it is God within us.

Warned by this presentiment, Bellasis turned aside, and instead of the front came to the back of the barn. Through a hole he had a view of the persons within. Two or three hundred of them were assembled round a fire in the midst. By the shamrock in their hats Bellasis recognised them as United Irishmen; by other forms he saw that this was one of their general councils, in which they consulted upon their next objects of mischief. He almost started with horror as he beheld the ferocity of the greater number of their visages; his surprise was almost equal to his horror, when he recognized amongst them several persons whose dress announced them of higher rank than their desperate comrades. A few yards farther, round the corner of the barn, Bellasis observed a yew tree, the branches of which touched the walls; he wished much to overhear the subject of their deliberations, and believed that as that corner was near the place of consultation, he might succeed by means of climbing the yew-tree, and applying his eyes and ears to one of those long air-holes so customary in gable ends. He executed his purpose without difficulty, and as he found not without success.

He now saw what he had before only heard, and therefore from its atrocity never believed, the forms of this horrible assembly of the friends of freedom. He heard their general oath to be faithful to the cause, and to execute in the front of certain death itself, the commands of their leaders. He heard an oath that in their sacred cause they would execute justice upon their brothers, and even their fathers, should they by their treachery summon upon their heads the indignation of the general council. He saw man and his leader, each hand in hand, and the whole thus forming a large circle of fraternity, swear to stand by each other till the horde of intruders were expelled from their

country, and their names erased from the list of the living. He heard the watch-word, and the proposed mischief of the night, the destruction of the castle of the Earl of Fitzallan, one of their most dreaded enemies. Having listened to the arrangement for the execution of this atrocity, Bellasis again descended the tree, and stealing softly to a gate where he saw some horses tied, he chose what appeared to him the best, and hased away.

He had proceeded scarcely half a mile before two fellows with muskets ready presented placed themselves in the middle of the road. Bellasis was compelled to stop; they demanded the watch-word, and Bellasis answered.

"It is you then, comrade," said one of the fellows. "Is the council broke up? and what is the subject of debate?"

"They are yet sitting," said Bellasis. "The Earl of Fitzallan's castle is to be attacked."

"We know that," replied they; "and you are sent before to reconnoitre, we suppose."

"Yes," replied Bellasis; "is there any shorter way than the road I am taking, for I am to lose no time?"

"Hey, master!" said one of them, "how is it that you are an United Irishman and do not know the Earl of Fitzallan's, and that this road leads straight to his park gate? how is it the council came to send one so ignorant of the road?"

Bellasis looked about him in some confusion, and saw the eyes of the other fellow fixed on him with a look of suspicion; in the same moment he presented his piece. The horse which Bellasis had taken had a carbine slung to his saddle, he lost not a moment; the fellow fired; Bellasis received the ball on the top of his shoulder, but it fortunately only grazed the skin. Bellasis returned the fire, and the rebel fell.

In the meantime his comrade was not idle, and his musket missing its fire, he plunged the bayonet into the horse. The horse fell, and Bellasis closed with his adversary; the fellow was strong and infuriate, thrice he grasped the throat of Bellasis, and thrice Bellasis could only release himself by having his cloathes torn from his body; the fellow at length effected the

release of his hand, and in the same moment drawing his dirk, plunged it into the heart of Bellasis,—the point, however, was received not by the heart of Bellasis, but by the picture of Agnes, which hung suspended, and received the blow. The blow missing its aim, enabled Bellasis to wrest the dirk from the assassin's hand, and seizing the fellow by the throat, he buried it up to its hilt in his mouth, which was open and foaming with rage. The fellow, worthy of his desperate associates, was rendered only more savage by the consciousness that he had received his death-blow, throwing his arms around the neck of Bellasis he endeavoured to strangle him, and succeeded in bringing him to the ground along with himself. Bellasis in vain endeavoured to release himself, the fellow held him in the grasp of death. Bellasis could no longer breathe, the shades of death already floated before his eyes; he uttered the name of Agnes, recommended his soul to Heaven, and saw no more.

How long he continued in this state of senselessness is uncertain; when he recovered he found himself in a magnificent, though old fashioned bed, and in an apartment of the same splendor. The chamber was full of attendants, who appeared to regard him with anxiety.—“Where am I?” said Bellasis.

“Repose yourself, Sir,” replied a gentleman whose features wore the character of benignity; you are in the house of the Earl of Fitzallan; he happened to be returning home from a visit where he had stopped late, when his attendants saw your body in the road. Your situation, and the frequency of murders by the rebels in this part of the kingdom, explained itself; we saw that you were still living, though upon the point of suffocation, and we removed you hither.”

“Is it the Earl of Fitzallan that is speaking to me?” said Bellasis.

“Yes,” replied the gentleman; “Fitzallan is my name.”

“What is the hour, my Lord?” said Bellasis.

“Two in the morning,” replied the Earl consulting his watch.

“Then indeed there is no time to lose;

Let me rise as I am sufficiently recovered.”

“If you were to suffer yourself to be bled, Sir,” said another who appeared the surgeon of the family.

“No, Sir,” there is no time for that,” said Bellasis. “My Lord,” continued he, addressing himself to the Earl, “your castle is to be attacked by a large force of rebels within the next hour; I overheard the consultation, decision, and arrangement.”

Bellasis here explained his adventure, and repeated what he had heard. The Earl saw that there was no time to be lost; the domestics were armed, and being divided into two bodies the Earl himself took the conduct of one, giving Bellasis the command of the other.

On each side of the road by which the assailants must come to the attack, were plantations for the preservation of the game which in that part of the kingdom was in much esteem. By the advice of Bellasis the two divisions took their stations in this place, one on one side, and the other almost opposite. Here they awaited the arrival of the rebels. The time approached; the party in ambush listened, and the rebels at length appeared. Their march, according to their usual custom in night expeditions, was in silence; the divisions under Bellasis and the Earl suffered them to approach; their aim was thus rendered sure, they fired, and every shot succeeded; the rebels looked around, but in vain, their enemy was invisible,—they fled in confusion. The domestics under the guidance of the Earl, encouraged by their success, rushed forth from their hiding place, and followed the rebels; the latter turned on them, and had not Bellasis and his party hastened to their assistance, would have oppressed them by their superior numbers. The conflict now raged anew. The leader of the rebels, the celebrated Russel, known by the name of General Russel, fixed on the person of the Earl, already had each discharged their pistols at the other, the contest was now with the sword. The weapon of the Earl was broken off near the hilt by a violent blow from Russel; this bandit rushed on, and the Earl was forced to the ground.

“Ask your life,” said the rebel.



of two roads? he hears the following day that a murderer was in wait for him had he passed along the other. Chance, replies the philosopher.—No, no; consult your heart, my friend; it is that benevolent Being who has made nature for our use; in the sublime language of the poet, it is God within us.

Warned by this presentiment, Bellasis turned aside, and instead of the front came to the back of the barn. Through a hole he had a view of the persons within. Two or three hundred of them were assembled round a fire in the midst. By the shamrock in their hats Bellasis recognised them as United Irishmen; by other forms he saw that this was one of their general councils, in which they consulted upon their next objects of mischief. He almost started with horror as he beheld the ferocity of the greater number of their visage; but surprise was almost equal to his when he recognised amongst the persons whose dress announced a higher rank than their desperate looks. A few yards farther, round a corner of the barn, Bellasis observed a man leaning against a branch of which to support himself, with fainting branches of which to support himself, wished much to observe the rebels, but their deliberation, and the darkness of the night, left the field that corner was the scene of their deliberation.

When he awoke on the following morning, the first object which met his eyes was the Earl, who was attentively examining a picture which was usually suspended about his neck, but which he had deposited the preceding night on the chair which stood by his bed; it was the picture of Bellasis's mother.

After inquiring into his repose, and the state of his feelings from his wound, the Earl demanded of him if his name was not

country, and their names erased from the list of the living. He heard the word, and the proposed night, the destruction of Earl of Fitzallan, one of his enemies. Having listened to the execution of the Earl of Bellasis, and the horses tied, he stole softly to the best, and before he could be pressed of

any brother who had deserted him but he had not seen him, and thus on his death-bed he erased her name from his will. His titles and family estate descended upon me, there being no heir in the family. I knew not that your mother was yet living or I should have sought her."

Bellasis rejoiced that he had not fallen into the hands of a total stranger, and the Earl appeared so pleased with his society that he insisted upon his continuing at his house. Letters were sent to England to hasten the departure of Mrs. Bellasis, as the Earl was eager to be introduced to his niece, who was now his heiress. An application was at the same time made to the Lord-Lieutenant to extend the patent of nobility of the family of the Fitzmaurice to Bellasis and his heirs, and as the Earl of Fitzallan had at this period a good interest at court, from his influence amongst the Catholics, the Lord-Lieutenant did not oppose his request; he even promised himself to second the application to the minister for this purpose.

(To be concluded in our next.)



PLEASURE AND GALLANTRY.—AN ALLEGORY.

Gallantry, two powers at-  
coeval with Time  
whole extent of  
of adventures.  
the daughter  
of refine-  
civiliza-  
poured  
sun-  
ed

While gallantry is generally employed in stimulating guilty love, pleasure is more laudably, in her extensive circle, promoting the better cause of inspiring the young and so- lacing the old, and visiting the wise and the virtuous. The operations of gallantry are chiefly confined to the dissipated young, it seldom seeks old age, though, to its shame be it spoken, old age too often seeks gallantry; but this only happens when folly lends the way, and predisposes old age to turn old fool.

From this opposition of character it is that Mantry is chiefly courted by the idle and voluptuous, and pleasure by all ranks; all are fond of pleasure in different degrees, but there are many that despise vicious gallantry. Hence it is that pleasure is always a pleasant inmate in the residence of elegance and refinement, when accompanied by innocent gaiety and moderation, when gallantry, with the constant attendance of levity and wantonness, is treated with contempt, and considered as an impertinent intruder.

It were a vain attempt to endeavour to re- count even a very small part of the adventures of these active agents, the old stupid French romances of the middle ages, and a few thou- sands of modern novels enriched with glowing sentiment and critical incident, though seem- ingly written to forward the purposes of gal- lantry, contain but a very small portion of them, we must content ourselves, therefore, with merely a short history, a brief abstract of the actions of these celebrated powers, just sufficient to shew how much they have been the objects of adoration in all ages.

It seems that these powers were busy among the sons and daughters of Adam at a very early period, and accompanied them in their various migrations when they formed settle- ments for themselves. In after ages they con- tinued active among the children of Israel, long before the Babylonish captivity; they seduced most of the renowned Jewish kings, particularly Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and of men; maintained their influence until the coming of the Messiah, and the final de- struction of the temple, and the lasting and still continued dispersion of the chosen people.

In Egypt, the glorious repository, the cradle of science in its infancy, and the school of its manhood, pleasure and gallantry were famous;

Like the vicious and fabled deities of classi- cal mythology, these two powers sometimes look different ways, and are sometimes at open variance. In those enjoyments which are founded in wantonness and guilt, pleasure is not always found; pleasure possesses more wis- dom than gallantry, consequently more virtue; and though gallantry is often strongly solicited for an introduction to pleasure, yet she re- mains coy and reserved, often flies from the vicious abode of sin, and leaves guilt and lux- ury to their sure attendants, remorse, pain and sorrow.

In their travels these alluring deities ex- plore every clime, every town, and every vil- lage; they mix in every society, and endea- vour to insinuate themselves into the good graces of all descriptions of mankind; the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe, the old or young, the volatile and morose, are alike exposed to their influence, and even wisdom and philosophy, at some unguarded moment, are sometimes unexpectedly found capering and frisking in a corner, even in the very in- stant of rigid and determined gravity.

These powers fill spheres of very different magnitude. The wide sphere of pleasure has scarcely any limits; the sphere of gallantry is contracted, for this power commonly loses all influence, and ceases to act when the flames it has excited have consumed and destroyed its worshippers.

HISTORY OF THE DOMESTIC TANTALUS.  
and in the same mo-  
ed it into the ed.  
erers, was  
but bled, Sir," said another who appeared the  
surgeon of the family.  
No, Sir," there is no time for that."  
My Lord," continued he,  
e to the Earl, "your castle  
a large force of rebel's  
overhead the  
ment."

"Not of you, fellow," said the Earl.

"Then die," exclaimed Russel; "and thus perish the race of Fitzallan."—With these words the huge broadsword was upraised to descend upon the prostrate body of the generous Earl, when the blow was met half way in its descent by another sword, and in the same moment and by the same hand, a pistol was discharged into the body of Russel. The rebel fell senseless, and till the event proved the contrary, to all appearance breathless.

"My noble defender," said the Earl; "I owe my life to your courage."

"There is no time for words, my Lord," replied he; "let us teach the rebels obedience."—With these words the Earl and Bellasis again rushed on their adversaries, who, seeing their leader prostrate, had begun to give way. Nothing now could resist the courage and ardour of Bellasis. The Earl and himself were both wounded; the mouth of Bellasis was filled with blood, as a sword, entering his mouth, and being forced through his teeth, had made its way even to the opposite side of his neck, fortunately missing the windpipe; he was almost about to sink to the earth fainting with the loss of blood, when the rebels, betaking themselves to flight, left the field of battle to their conquerors.

The Earl assisted to support Bellasis to his house, where his wound was shortly after examined, and pronounced not dangerous; the ball was extracted with little difficulty, and Bellasis was so little affected by the operation that he sunk into a long and profound sleep.

When he awoke on the following morning, the first object which met his eyes was the Earl, who was attentively examining a picture which was usually suspended about his neck, but which he had deposited the preceding night on the chair which stood by his bed; it was the picture of Bellasis's mother.

After inquiring into his repose, and the state of his feelings from his wound, the Earl demanded of him if his name was not

Bellasis. "I must previously inform you," said he, "that my family name is Fitzmaurice, and then you may perhaps guess the cause of my inquiry." Bellasis started with an emotion of surprise,—Fitzmaurice was the maiden name of his mother. He answered in the affirmative, that his name was Bellasis, and that the picture which the Earl held in his hand was that of his mother.

"Then, in my deliverer I behold my nephew," added the Earl. "Your mother was my niece, the daughter of my brother, the late Lord Allen. I need not say that she offended her father by marrying into a Protestant family, and that his indignation was cherished by a female of his family, who, from interested motives, withheld all your father's letters; my brother thus fell under the error that your mother had not only deserted him but wholly forgotten him, and thus on his death-bed erased her name from his will. His titles and family estate descended upon me, there being no heir in the family. I knew not that your mother was yet living or I should have sought her."

Bellasis rejoiced that he had not fallen into the hands of a total stranger, and the Earl appeared so pleased with his society that he insisted upon his continuing at his house. Letters were sent to England to hasten the departure of Mrs. Bellasis, as the Earl was eager to be introduced to his niece, who was now his heiress. An application was at the same time made to the Lord-Lieutenant to extend the patent of nobility of the family of the Fitzmaurice to Bellasis and his heirs, and as the Earl of Fitzallan had at this period a good interest at court, from his influence amongst the Catholics, the Lord-Lieutenant did not oppose his request; he even promised himself to second the application to the minister for this purpose.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## PLEASURE AND GALLANTRY.—AN ALLEGORY.

PLEASURE and gallantry, two powers attendant on man, almost coeval with Time himself, are ever ranging the whole extent of the habitable globe in search of adventures. Pleasure is the elder-born, and the daughter of nature; gallantry is the offspring of refinement, and refinement is the child of civilization. Pleasure was long known and honoured before gallantry existed; she was the sunshine of human life in early time; she cheered drooping man in the golden age, in the happy days of innocence and purity, all her paths were then pleasantness, and all her ways were peace. She was employed in the delightful office of smoothing the brow of care, and of strewing flowers in the footsteps of the human race, who, ever ungrateful for the blessings which it receives, was softened and enervated by degrees by the blandishments of pleasure; this circumstance gave birth to refinement and luxury, and man fell an easy prey to the seducing arts of gallantry.

Like the vicious and fabled deities of classical mythology, these two powers sometimes look different ways, and are sometimes at open variance. In those enjoyments which are founded in wantonness and guilt, pleasure is not always found; pleasure possesses more wisdom than gallantry, consequently more virtue; and though gallantry is often strongly solicited for an introduction to pleasure, yet she remains coy and reserved, often flies from the vicious abode of sin, and leaves guilt and luxury to their sure attendants, remorse, pain and sorrow.

In their travels these alluring deities explore every clime, every town, and every village; they mix in every society, and endeavour to insinuate themselves into the good graces of all descriptions of mankind; the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe, the old or young, the volatile and morose, are alike exposed to their influence, and even wisdom and philosophy, at some unguarded moment, are sometimes unexpectedly found capering and frisking in a corner, even in the very instant of rigid and determined gravity.

These powers fill spheres of very different magnitude. The wide sphere of pleasure has scarcely any limits; the sphere of gallantry is contracted, for this power commonly loses all influence, and ceases to act when the flames it has excited have consumed and destroyed its worshippers.

While gallantry is generally employed in stimulating guilty love, pleasure is more laudably, in her extensive circle, promoting the better cause of inspiring the young and solacing the old, and visiting the wise and the virtuous. The operations of gallantry are chiefly confined to the dissipated young, it seldom seeks old age, though, to its shame be it spoken, old age too often seeks gallantry; but this only happens when folly leads the way, and predisposes old age to turn old fool.

From this opposition of character it is that gallantry is chiefly courted by the idle and voluptuous, and pleasure by all ranks; all are fond of pleasure in different degrees, but there are many that despise vicious gallantry. Hence it is that pleasure is always a pleasant inmate in the residence of elegance and refinement, when accompanied by innocent gaiety and moderation, when gallantry, with the constant attendance of levity and wantonness, is treated with contempt, and considered as an impertinent intruder.

It were a vain attempt to endeavour to recount even a very small part of the adventures of these active agents, the old stupid French romances of the middle ages, and a few thousands of modern novels enriched with glowing sentiment and critical incident, though seemingly written to forward the purposes of gallantry, contain but a very small portion of them, we must content ourselves, therefore, with merely a short history, a brief abstract of the actions of these celebrated powers, just sufficient to shew how much they have been the objects of adoration in all ages.

It seems that these powers were busy among the sons and daughters of Adam at a very early period, and accompanied them in their various migrations when they formed settlements for themselves. In after ages they continued active among the children of Israel, long before the Babylonish captivity; they seduced most of the renowned Jewish kings, particularly Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and of men; maintained their influence until the coming of the Messiah, and the final destruction of the temple, and the lasting and still continued dispersion of the chosen people.

In Egypt, the glorious repository, the cradle of science in its infancy, and the school of its manhood, pleasure and gallantry were famous;

they long shone with the most captivating lustre at the court of the Ptolemies.

Here, entirely forgetful of the simplicity of the early ages, they abandoned themselves to every excess at the imperious command of Anthony and Cleopatra, until pleasure roused herself from this degrading and dangerous lethargy, and left gallantry to revel alone with the effeminate and lascivious Egyptians, and fled from scenes too guilty for description, fled from scenes in which profligate luxury and abandoned libertinism blazed like a short-lived meteor, which was soon extinguished, and sunk for ever in poison, blood, and assassination, and in the lasting ruin of Egyptian glory, which time perhaps cannot cure.

In the virtuous and early days of the Roman republic, we hear little of gallantry, but pleasure shed that temperate lustre which is her greatest glory, for true pleasure can never exist but with simplicity and virtue. She appeared with modest dignity at the farm of Cincinnatus, exulted with refined sensation in the breast of Fabricius, when he nobly rejected the offers of Pyrrhus, and blazed with meridian splendour in the soul of the heroic Regulus; she was the virtuous companion of the Fabii, the Scipios, the Catos, and many more illustrious Romans, who were at once the terror of their enemies, the delight of their friends, the fathers and the glory of their country.

Pleasure and gallantry keep pace with civilization and refinement. In the early ages pleasure was virtuous, and gallantry was confined to reciprocal civility between young lovers. Victory produced refinement and luxury, and these produced vice of every kind; pride and dissipation sunk the human mind, and pleasure and gallantry enlarged their spheres, assumed new powers; pleasure became the companion of the vicious, and gallantry invaded the abodes of innocence, and disturbed the peace of families.

As civilization advanced these fashionable deities advanced; but it is impossible to relate the rapid strides which they took towards universal dominion in the different regions of the world; it seems that their votaries have erected temples throughout the civilized part of the globe to their honour, in which they are worshipped with rites approaching to blindness and idolatry; that pleasure has lost

all her native simplicity, and that gallantry has outlived every pretension to honour or principle, and even glories in the arts of seduction, by which domestic felicity and conjugal fidelity are sacrificed with impunity. The votaries of gallantry, with consummate effrontery, hang camphor-bags on their arms, as a talisman, or charm, to preserve that which can no longer be preserved; for these bags are only worn as an affectation of possessing that honourable distinction called chastity, which has long departed from the fair and fragile temple in which it was once enshrined.

As the career of pleasure and gallantry began with time, with time their career will end. Incalculable is the extent of their travels and adventures, and almost as endless their difference of character and complexion at different times. In a few, once happy, spots they maintained long an honourable steadiness of character; they dwelt for ages in the heart and in the countenance of the gallant Tyrolese, and accompanied by the social virtues, shed their mild influence on the sons of liberty in Helvetia, until an unprincipled and ferocious tyrant, envying sweet freedom a few barren rocks, hurled ruin and desolation on the abodes of peace and innocence.

Pleasure and gallantry, like the elements, are good servants but very bad masters. Pleasure accompanied by wisdom is the solace, the cordial of life; and gallantry, to a certain extent, its embellishment. Gallantry is the handmaid of courtship, and the minister of virtuous intentions; but when allied to fashionable profligacy, this power often becomes ridiculous, often mischievous to the peace and harmony of private families, and violating the sacred and moral laws of society, draws down on its guilty head the powerful arm of justice, and the lasting execration of mankind. It will be at all times, and on all occasions, advantageous to us to recollect, that no attribute or pursuit can yield us real and lasting content but those which are regulated by morality; that pleasure will not smile on actions which give pain to conscience and reflection, and that gallantry, when it deviates from moral duty, loses its name in the appellation of villainy.

CATO LONDINENSIS.

## CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

*(Continued from Page 185.)*

In the enumeration of some of the causes of unhappiness in the married state, for they are almost endless, it will be amusing, and sometimes instructive, to mention a few, as they usually appear in common life.

We sometimes see a whole house set in a flame, merely because a vexatious brat cries at being sent to school. Sometimes we are alarmed to see the clouds spread over a family, and are not relieved till we learn that the lady's dear little pet's frock was not brought home in time; and at the lady's declaring, to comfort us, that the stupid creature should never disappoint a child of her's again. A friend of mine, rather a spruce man, has more than once deprived me of his company in my morning's ride, because his hat or his shoes were not ready at the moment, or because my lady fancied that it would rain. From these, and a thousand such idle causes, we see at a glance, from what trivial circumstances conjugal misery may arise; circumstances of which the authors themselves are often ashamed, but which, if not checked in time, by those valuable qualities, good sense and good nature, increase in their progress, like the motion of a snow-ball, and lay the foundation for continual, if not for lasting vexation. These trifles are of the more consequence because they occur every moment; they spring up incessantly, and have the effect of creating and continuing domestic infelicity. I have the rather entered into these family minutiae, because they almost universally prevail, and might in a great measure be prevented, by a small dose of energy on the part of manhood, and a moderate infusion of condescension on the manners and conduct of the lady. This prescription, properly blended, as it ought to be, would be productive of many blessings to married people; but of these points I shall have to speak more at large hereafter.

Of all the radical causes of conjugal unhappiness, pride in an eminent degree presents itself. Pride is by an excellent writer called the universal passion. This passion pervades all ranks; it is to be found in every situation from the cottage to the throne; it fills every department of public or private life; and when not governed or checked by reason, may, and often does, betray mankind into every possible excess; lights up the flames of lasting discord in the nuptial union, and too often leads the erring mind to despair or insanity.

It is unnecessary to expatiate, and indeed impossible, on all the possible ways by which this passion manifests itself; we must content ourselves with a few examples drawn from the immense field of human life, and leave to the candid and attentive reader the task of adding to the number by his own researches and reflection. Pride begins to operate at a very early time of life. In infancy, the wish and the aim at superiority is very discernible. A child, when more gaudily than discreetly dressed, will soon learn to eye with growing scorn and disdain, the ragged and squalid appearance of the unfortunate offspring of mendicity. Parents are not often remiss in giving their children proper admonitions against pride, but too often the proper example is wanting;—example is more prevalent than precept; neatness and simplicity in the dress of children; the abstaining from all finery and superfluity, except on some extraordinary occasion, would tend much more to check the growth of pride than a thousand admonitions which are every day and hour contradicted by the practice of the family. I dare not, perhaps, enter too minutely into the science of juvenile education, and express my reflections at large on the extensive preparations for a young lady's ball, nor remark on the pretty competition of genteel families, in which moderation and prudence are, or seems to be, considered as impertinent intruders, but I cannot forbear to remark that, not only sufficient care is not taken to guard the young female bosom from its growing enemy, pride; but that by a thousand absurdities and silly indulgencies, this dangerous passion is fostered and recruited by the starched wisdom of aunts, mothers, and grandmothers. This error is of great consequence in youth, because it is to be feared that pride grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength; it expands as life advances, and maintains its fixed empire in the breast of the wife! It too often calls for, or rather demands from the indulgent husband, gratifications that are impolitic, dangerous, or expensive, and often impossible. It is the sure foundation of disquiet in some shape; it is true, indeed, if the gentleman is as proud as his lady, they may swell, and do too often, in concert, and harmonize in the glorious cause; but, as whatever is wrong in the beginning, is seldom right in the consequences which flow from it, this cir-

circumstance only doubles the mischief, and the error becomes incurable.

These are some of the radical causes of conjugal unhappiness, and a few of the endless consequences to which they lead; some more of the latter remain to be mentioned.

Of the errors of courtship, most, if not all, proceed from mistaken habits of life, bad education, erroneous principles infused into young people by their nearest friends and relatives; and above all these considerations, that general depravity occasioned by the neglect of religion, and the almost universal departure from the simple and unadorned modes of life which once adorned old England. The mind is now in masquerade!—there is little left that is genuine!—the venerable fabric of matrimony is now, and indeed has long been, a foundation for stratagems and plots against the goods and chattels of our fellow creatures; the matrimonial contract is made between two bags of money, or two large estates. The dissimilarity of age, temper, mental, or personal excellence, is over-looked in the contemplation of pecuniary advantage, distant expectations, or supposed patronage for the advancement of the family interest. It may seem a severe, though I believe that it is a just remark, that the vilest rake or libertine, if rich, or possessed of a good estate, need not look in vain for a wife. He will be soothed and flattered, courted and caressed both by old and young, whilst modest merit must pine in a corner, if poor, the victim of his hopeless passion, and never be “blest with the love that meets return.” When such is the basis of the nuptial contract; when the seeds of future family misery are thus wantonly sown, who can wonder that the harvest is discord, confusion, and horror. I lately heard a lady, a sensible woman too, when her family pride was not concerned, admonish her charming niece and ward in this manner:—“My dear Lucinda, you must not let your lover see you in these pets; you must not indeed. I know men better than you do, child; it will never do. If the Baronet saw that enchanting face so deformed by passion as it now is, he would be off in a moment. Positively you lose your temper for every trifle; the colour of a ribbon, the cut of a scarf, or the heel of a shoe a hair’s breadth too high or too low, throws you into fits. You must not let the Baronet see your real character yet; I do not wish you to *dissemble*, but we should be *prudent*, Lucinda. You know the vast consequence of this match to our family, the Baronet is rich; I am told that he is a little prince in the

north, and has great influence with the people in power. My dearest Lucinda would not surely lose such an opportunity for the want of a little caution? It is true, I have heard that the Baronet is wild, addicted to play, and is a little too often at Newmarket and Ascot, with some more trifling foibles; but these are the vices of a *Gentleman*; the Baronet’s fortune is ample, and a good wife will easily work a reformation in a pliable young man of a good disposition.”

I did not seem to notice this discourse, and to say the truth, the young lady, as it appeared to me, was not more attentive, or indeed so much so as I was. She sat, however, with a seeming profound observance to her aged monitor, nodded her head occasionally at particular passages, and seemed all docility and obedience. But I thought that I perceived something latent in Lucinda’s mind, depicted in her lovely countenance, which no address could entirely cover. It seemed to me that the good old lady and her ward pulled different ways; one so over-eager in her fond views of family aggrandizement, and the other nourishing in her bosom a passion which she thought proper to keep to herself. Lucinda is an uncommonly fine girl, of some fortune, and much accomplished. Her family, however, is in the condition of too many, very much embarrassed in its pecuniary resources; living in contracted splendour, and extending its views to a future combination of circumstances by the marriage of Lucinda with the Baronet, by which it promises to itself advantages which often glare with flattering delusion in prospect, but which, not unusually, fade away like the unsubstantial vision. This scene naturally led me into many reflections on modern and fashionable matrimony. Here is a fine young woman trained into deception by the look and admonitions of gravity and wisdom. The courtship is to begin in deceit; Lucinda is to hide her real character from the Baronet, from a sentiment of fear, and become a hypocrite under the mask of prudence! I cannot but think, with all deference to the modish disciples of the Chesterfield school, that it is far the best way, far more honourable and most conducive to the future happiness of the nuptial union, for the real character to shine out, fully and fairly; that the parties may not have it in their power, after the marriage knot is tied, to say that they were deceived by false colours; that they may have a full and exact view of the ground which they are to walk over; and this mode,

I humbly think, the only one which can be pursued with honour, or which can lead to conjugal felicity.

But my suspicions of my young friend's lurking passion were soon realized. I was induced, from motives of friendship, to make some inquiries, which terminated in the following information:—I was informed that an amiable young man, with a fine person, but small fortune, had made proposals to Lucinda's friends, which had been accepted; that his manners, though not *dashing*, had recommended him strongly to Lucinda; and in short, that the amour was proceeding with the approbation of all the parties. But while the stream flowed thus smoothly, an incident occurred on a sudden which gave a new appearance to the scene. While Lucinda, her lover, and their friends were assembled at an evening party, a violent trampling of horses, and rattling of wheels invaded the ears of the company. In a moment a servant announced the Baronet, who soon made his appearance, attired in the costume of the whip club. The Baronet was neither deficient in figure or understanding, but the bounty of nature was destroyed by the folly and caprice of custom and fashion. He differed in nothing from the frivolous crowd who encumber the streets when forming the *promenade*, or Hyde Park when assembled at the *drive*. I have often wondered, in my old-fashioned way, how it is possible for a crowd of fine young men to lounge about in idle groups, or assemble at our public places for, seemingly, no rational purpose, and this every day in the year, while the moral and intelligent powers lie neglected, like a barren uncultivated waste. Every mind must degenerate in a state of idleness; and engender

those habits by degrees which lead to every thing vain, frivolous, and insignificant. The entrance of the Baronet was certainly striking, it superceded every thing. Lucinda and her lover were the only persons who remained indifferent. Lucinda was not in the least alarmed by the appearance, the rattling discourse, the lisp, or the boisterous and assuming vivacity of this dashing whip, but her sage monitor was;—she soon made herself acquainted with all the particulars respecting the Baronet's family and fortune, and saw with growing satisfaction the Baronet's repeated *stare* at her lovely and accomplished ward. The Baronet took no care to conceal the deep and sudden impression which this charming girl had made on his heart; he seemed not to know or notice any engagement which might be going on between the lady and this gentleman, who sat near her, and who appeared to make her the object of great solicitude and attention. It is sufficient to observe, that this dashing intruder soon found his account in paying his assiduities to the old lady, who took upon herself the task of bringing up the young one, and indeed, of managing her brother's family, which she thought herself justly entitled to do, as she had some property, which, she always declared she would settle on her niece at her demise. I have presented this family sketch to the reader for the express purpose of pointing out, by a picture of what often occurs in common life, the glaring absurdity of expecting happiness in the married state, where all the means that are employed, seem as if intended to lay the foundation of lasting misery.

(To be continued.)

## THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY.

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

(Continued from Page 187.)

We now proceed from the flower and fruit-gardens, to the humbler walks of the kitchen-garden, and the beds of medicinal plants, which, though not so elegant, nor affording such opportunities of classic illustration as the many-coloured parterre, are not the less useful; for, in fact, it is in the cultivation of the kitchen-garden, and in the attention paid to a few simple plants, that the active benevolence of a female mind may, at the smallest expence, be of infinite use to her poorer neighbours, whose scanty meals may

be increased by the wasting superfluities of the culinary plants, and many of whose severest illnesses may be checked by the judicious administration of those simples, whose culture may even be considered as ornamental. If British female benevolence required a stimulus, we could expatiate much farther; but as a guide is alone wanted, we shall proceed to illustrate some of the most interesting specimens in this department of our subject. The first which presents itself to our attention as a culinary specimen, is alike orna-



mental on the social board as in the kitchen-garden; this is the

#### CELERY;

Which, however, under the general botanic name of *apium*, comprises the parsley and smallage. This whole genus derives its Latin name of *apium* from the fondness which bees were anciently supposed to have for it; but though the word *apes* bears a great affinity to its generic name, yet there is another nearly similar in sound which also claims the right of nomenclature. *Aper*, say the botanical etymologists, signifies the head, and as parsley was anciently used for crowns and garlands, from that word this name must have been derived. We shall not presume to decide on this point, nor is it indeed of any cogent importance; it is sufficient here to record the modern classification, which is **PENTANDRIA DIGYNIA**, and the natural order of *umbelliferae*. The genus contains two species; one is the *apium graveolens*, or smallage, which includes the several varieties of upright celery, or *apium dulce*, *apium rapaceum*, or turnip-rooted celery, and *apium Lusitanicum*, or Portuguese celery; the other species is the *apium petroselinum*, or parsley. The first species must in a great measure be considered as the child of culture; its stem is part of its distinctions, and is smooth, shining, and deeply furrowed; the leaves are alternate, radical, and pointed. The smallage of England in its natural state has its fresh roots, fetid, acrid, and they are generally supposed to be noxious; but on being exposed to a culinary heat, or allowed to dry by the effects of the atmosphere, they lose a great portion of this unpleasant flavour, and become sweetish. Many of our practical botanists have cultivated smallage even for forty years to try if it could be made equal to celery in size and flavour; but their attempts have yet been unavailing, for the utmost they have been able to do was to increase its size and whiteness. Yet in warmer climates it is believed that this radical change has actually taken place, but that great care is necessary to prevent its deterioration, and we are told that even in more southern climates the celery, if left to itself, will soon degenerate into the acrid smallage. It is needless to expatiate further on its nature in its improved state under the Italian name of *celeri*; but we may observe that the medical world consider it as extremely wholesome as an article of food, and as having a tendency to assist digestion, and to improve the tone of the stomach. It is believed, indeed, that it has other and more

powerful qualities, which render it extremely useful to country quacks, who not only administer its expressed juice often to the extent of six ounces, as a specific in intermittents, if taken during the cold fit, but also use it generally as a powerful antiscorbutic.

The other species, or the common parsley, is so generally cultivated for culinary purposes as to render a scientific definition needless, it must be noticed, however, as a triennial plant, and though perhaps not indigenous here, it is found in other countries, particularly mountainous ones, and often by the side of sheltered brooks. This is one single species, the broad-leaved garden parsley is the general one, and all other sorts are merely accidental varieties. Though its culinary uses are generally known, yet as its effects are known to be powerful, it will not be improper to correct its culinary use by a knowledge of its medicinal properties. With respect to its roots, they are aperient and diuretic; and its seeds, when distilled, are gratefully aromatic, accompanied with a pleasing bitter, which may render them an elegant tonic where powerful medicines are not necessary. In fact, the most timid mother may administer them without dread or danger, and in slight cases with a certainty of success, as they are both carminative and resolvent, and have long been considered, in Germany especially, as efficacious in infantine disorders resulting from worms. Accidents, however, are said to have happened by the improper use of this plant, or perhaps rather from the use of some particular varieties of it, which are esteemed hurtful to the eyes, and as liable to aggravate epileptic symptoms; this risk, however, may be avoided by the simple care of selecting the curled parsley for use and culture. We must not omit to mention, that there is a new species, of rather modern cultivation, which has been introduced from Holland, where its roots are much used in soups; it is called the large-rooted parsley, and forms an elegant addition to the culinary comforts of the hospitable and social board. We shall dismiss this part of the subject with a hint that may not be ill-timed nor useless to agriculturists. In many places the common parsley is an interesting object of field culture, as extremely useful to sheep, whom it will save from the rot if fed in those fields twice or thrice a week, for a couple of hours each time; hares and rabbits are, however, so fond of it that its preservation requires much care and attention.

To pass from culinary cultivation to that which is more strictly medicinal, though at



the same time highly ornamental, we shall proceed to sketch the various properties of the

### CAMOMILE,

Or *Anthemis* of the ancient botanists; so called from the Greek *ANTHOS*, a verb signifying to flower abundantly, a term well applied, considering its general luxuriance. Botanists class this humble floweret amongst the *SYNGENESIA POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA*, and place it in the natural order of *Compositæ Dioscoridæ*. It has nineteen varieties, amongst which the most remarkable are the Sea Camomile; the Alpine Camomile; *Anthemis Arvensis*, or Corn Camomile found in ploughed fields; *Anthemis Pyrethorum*, or Pellitory of Spain, American, Arabian, &c. &c.; and last of all, by a strange confusion of terms, the *Anthemis nobilis*, or common Camomile. In the generic character of all these varieties we find the calyx to be common hemispherical, the corolla compound radiate, and by a curious singularity, there is no perianth; in essential character it is only necessary to say, that it always has the floscules of the ray more than five. There is another generic distinction, however, which must not be slightly passed over; the *Anthemis* has a peculiarity in its sexes, having one species of flowers hermaphrodite, the other female. The two kinds are easily distinguished, for the hermaphrodite has the corolla funnel-shaped, five toothed, and erect; whilst the female has the corolla ligulate, lanceolate, and sometimes only three toothed.

In these humbler walks of the botanic garden, it is scarcely possible to enliven poetry to our assistance, for however the elegancies of nature may be embellished by the poet's fancy, yet the useful either shrinks from ornament or requires not its factitious aid. There is one poet, however, whose fancy was so tempered by his judgment, that even in his wildest flights he has either united moral reflection with romantic ideas, or drawn it, by simile, from the simplest of nature's productions. We have called this a humble floweret, but it may with more justice be called a servile one, as it has thus afforded this poet an elegant and expressive simile in his Henry IV. where he observes:—"that the more it is trodden the faster it grows." Even these characters in society have their uses, or at least are made use of, though they are not perhaps so harmless as this plant whose uses we shall now investigate.

It is unnecessary to observe, that the leaves and flowers of common Camomile have a

strong though not ungrateful smell, and a very bitter nauseous taste; but it is not perhaps generally attended to, that the flowers are much more bitter and aromatic than the leaves. Every Lady Bountiful who makes the amusements of her garden subservient to the comfort of her poorer neighbours (an amusement, by-the-bye, which may perhaps make time pass on as sweetly at the old manor-house as one card looe does at the watering-places), every Lady Bountiful knows that the smell, as well as the taste, of Camomile flowers, is improved by careful drying, and does not suffer any diminution by keeping; and that an infusion of the flowers is not only a stomachic, but also an antispasmodic. In large quantities they excite nausea; but it is asserted that the powdered flowers, in large doses, have cured agues even where the bark has failed. The leaves as well as the flowers possess very powerful antiseptic qualities, and have been very beneficial as fomentations; but it is not sufficiently attended to that the single flowers are by much the best, as the white florets of the ray, which are multiplied in the double ones, are almost tasteless. The Pellitory of Spain is a native of the Levant and of the southern parts of Europe, but has been cultivated in England ever since 1570; and it is worthy of a memorandum that its root, on being chewed, excites a glowing heat, and produces a discharge of saliva which is singularly beneficial in the tooth-ache, or in rheumatic affections of the face. There is another variety also of the Camomile, which may with propriety be used as a cosmetic; this is the *Valentina*, or purple-stalked Camomile. It has even in ancient times been recommended by Dioscorides as good for the jaundice, and as serving to restore the skin to its true colour. It is sometimes with us called the ox eye, and has been ordered by physicians; but by a strange obstinacy, the ox eye daisy has been given in its stead. Another variety of this plant shews us that weeds apparently noxious are, notwithstanding, often placed by a beneficent Providence for the wisest purposes. The stinking Camomile, or May-weed, is an annual plant, and considered as a nuisance, the whole of it being extremely fetid, and so acrid as to blister the skin; yet a German naturalist describes it as grateful to toads, and asserts that it is destructive of fleas and bugs, and may be given with efficacy to sheep when infected with the asthma. It is also a kind of medical secret, but an useful one, amongst country quacks, that a bath or fomentation of it is beneficial in hysteric suffocations, and in acrophulous cases. The

modern system of gardening, which adopts the lawn and shrubbery instead of the many coloured parterre, has rendered this plant less an object of general cultivation; yet it may still be applied with propriety to cover banks, as well as to form edges to walks; indeed even in open spots it affords some ornament, particularly the ox eye, which presents a very pleasing variety in the autumnal months, con-

tinuing in flower until November, some of its blossoms being white, some sulphur-coloured, and others of a deeper yellow. Its mode of cultivation is too simple to require notice here; we shall therefore proceed in our rambles to the green house, which, with the hot-house, shall engage our footsteps in our next Number.

## HERALDRY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCESTRY AND GENTILITY.

THE intimate connection between genealogy and heraldry was out of excuse for entering upon the former subject; we now naturally pass to a cursory view of the latter, not in its progress alone but also in its corresponding influence on the manners and on the opinions of society.

This subject is indeed a very extended one, branches out into a variety of particulars, and is of more use than all the world is disposed to allow. At its first adoption its principles were few, and its practice confined; but in its modern acceptation it may be considered not only as the mere science of armory, but also as closely connected and interwoven with genealogy and descent; thus verifying consanguinity, and affording additional evidence to the claimants of hereditary title or of intailed landed property. We have daily experience, indeed, of the advantages resulting from a strict preservation of those *gentilial* marks of distinction in particular families; so much so that an acquaintance with them becomes on many occasions absolutely necessary not only for the illustration which they afford to family history, but also for the elucidation of national occurrences. It has of late however been the fashion, with some *soi disant* philosophers, who for want of calm consideration have viewed the subject of heraldry and of armorial blazonry through a prejudiced medium, not only to speak, but also to write of them in a style of contemptuous ridicule, treating them merely as the visionary whims of knight-errantry, and as insignificant baubles, the play things of pomp and vanity. In opposition to these novel sentiments we may surely state the high estimation with which they have been received in all past ages, the influence which they have always had in stimulating to deeds of glory for the public welfare, the earnest assiduity with which they have been sought after in preference to pecuniary rewards, and the legal proofs which

armorial quarterings and impalements have so frequently furnished in our courts of justice, verifying lineal and tracing collateral descents, and in the absence of more perishable evidences proving certain passports to hereditary honours, or establishing the rights of the orphan.

In England, the succession and connections of families have long been subjects of general interest, and in the days of popery they were carefully registered in the different monasteries, the members of which were not only versed in *genealogy* but in *armory*, for the knowledge of *arms* was closely connected with the study of the former, and when the mode was introduced of quartering in the family escutcheon, the armorial bearings of every heiress with whom an intermarriage had taken place, they became even more necessary to each other.

In the romantic ages, indeed, the whole learning of the gentry, with the exception of the terms and practice of hunting and hawking, seems to have been confined to genealogical information, and to a knowledge of the armorial symbols and lineal variations peculiar to each family with whom they could claim affinity; nay even the fair sex were well versed in the science of marshalling hereditary achievements, a science which claimed a share of their time from the more domestic pursuits of cookery and devotion; prompting them not only to superintend the economy of the kitchen, or to kneel at the consecrated altar, but also to become the applauding spectators of the listed field.

In reverting to the origin of heraldry, and turning over the leaves of the various heraldic writers, we find them differ so much in their opinions as to the first use of the practice, that there is scarce an interval of time, from the establishment of the Egyptian monarchy under Sesostris, until the thirteenth century of the Christian era, that is not considered

by some of them, as the period of its commencement.

Diodorus Siculus has been described by some as an heraldic writer, when he traces the symbolical distinctions assumed by Anubis and Macedo, the sons of Osyris; the children of Israel are also considered as using the art by the insignia of their tribes, as detailed to their great progenitor in a heavenly vision; and the heroes of the earliest ages in Pagan history are looked upon as decked out in all the pomp of chivalry, and distinguished by armorial bearings: as a proof of which they tell us that the Assyrians bore for their arms a dove argent, in allusion to the name of the far-famed Semiramis: may some of the commentators go so far as to advert to this armorial custom as illustrative of a passage in *Jeremiah*, where the prophet prays to be preserved from the auger of the dove, as if thus alluding figuratively to the power of Babylon. In Grecian story too, have been discovered traces of heraldry, in the devices on the shields of the heroes at the siege of Thebes, as described by Euripides; and in the symbols, which Valerius Flaccus mentions as being depicted on the bucklers of the daring Argonauts. In tracing its origin among the Romans, several of the learned have considered the orders promulgated to the soldiery by Augustus, for distinguishing the legions by the colour of their cloathing, and by the different figures on their standards, as a system of armory. These orders, however, prove nothing with respect to the science, they are indeed evidently nothing more than military devices peculiar to the legions, but having no individual reference whatever. Not so however with the *jus imaginum*, or right of preserving ancestral statues which some assert were among the Romans of the same nature and import as the use of heraldry in later ages: and indeed there appears some plausibility in the position, that the right claimed by the nobility and patrician families of Rome, to the exhibition on all public and solemn occasions of ancestral images, as hereditary testimonies of a noble descent and of family honours, for several centuries previous to the subversion of that mighty empire, actually gave rise to the institution of hereditary blazonry. If it was not absolutely so, yet still the practice seems closely connected with the Gothic customs; for as the Romans placed the statues of their ancestors in the vestibules and before the gates of their palaces, so our ancient nobility and gentry used to place their banners, helmets, and shields, in their gloomy halls, and had their coats of arms

cut in stone over their gateways or emblazoned in the windows of their religious edifices, not only as monuments of their nobility and ancient descent, but also as incentives to their descendants to emulate the glory of their forefathers.

Of the advocates for the modern origin of armories, some tell us that they were first invented by the Germans in the tenth century, and that they were coeval with, or proceeding from, the tilts and tournaments of that age. By others the crusades and other expeditions against the infidels, as well as to the Holy Land, have more generally been considered as the origin of heraldry; this indeed is controverted by some proofs that Frederic Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, at an earlier period assigned arms to particular families in the empire; whilst the more moderate and less opinionative are content with acknowledging the primary institution of hereditary armory may be referred to the tournaments held towards the close of the tenth century, that its growth may be attributed to the crusades, and that its final perfection arose from family pride, and from the repeated celebration of jousts and tournaments even to the sixteenth century, when the use of ancient chivalric armour became almost superseded by the general adoption of fire arms. We must premise, however, that in the origin of blazonry and heraldry, these armorial distinctions were merely personal, and not hereditary; nor did they become generally so until after the time of the crusades, when the cross, the crescent, and the scallop shell were added to the bearings, and when the party-coloured sash and sword belt gave rise, by its different modes of being worn, to the band and fesse, when the other honourable ordinaries were also adopted. As to the particular use of heraldry in England, some of our antiquarians have represented Edward the Confessor, and even Alfred, as bearing devices on shields; that may have been the case as personal distinctions, but there are no certain proofs of the facts, as there is no appearance of armorial bearings on the tomb of the latter, nor on any ancient monument of those ages. Most of the tombs and sepulchral monuments of an older date than the eleventh century are indeed destroyed; but on the few which remain, we can find no traces of heraldry, nor are there any marks of armory in churches until long after.

Having thus investigated the origin of our subject, we shall proceed in our next Number to consider its elements; in the mean time, we shall close this with a short analysis of a

word much used, though unfortunately but little understood, we mean the word *gentleman*. In former times, gentlemen were divided into three distinct orders; the first were *gentlemen of ancestry*, they whose ancestors had borne arms for four generations at least; the second were *gentlemen of blood*, whose ancestors had borne arms for three generations; and the third were *gentlemen of coat armour*, though not of blood, those who had the first grant of arms, or were the first or second in descent from the first grantee. A distinction was also made in favour of some who were gentlemen in rank, though not of coat armour; and it was expressly stipulated that when a yeoman's son was advanced to spiritual dignity, he was then equal to a gentleman of coat armour; but if a doctor of the civil law, he was then to be considered as equal to a gentleman of blood. At that time there were also certain privileges supposed to belong to the order of gentlemen, independent of their mere rank and superiority: in all civil cases, the word of a gentleman was taken before that of a churl, or inferior person; if a churl detracted from the honour of a gentleman, he had a remedy in law, but if one gentleman defamed another, the combat was permitted; and it was further regulated that a clown might not challenge a gentleman, because their conditions were unequal. With these stipulations in favour of the gentleman, he had also many superior duties expected from him; of these duties we

shall give an abstract for the benefit both of *gentlemen and ladies* of the present day; particularly to enable the latter to distinguish between the real gentleman and his counterfeit. The perfect gentleman *then* was expected to love, honour, and fear God; to walk after his commandments, and to his power defend and maintain the Christian religion; to be loyal and serviceable to his prince and country; to use military exercises; to frequent the wars, and to prefer honour before worldly wealth; to be charitable to the distressed, and to support widows and orphans; to reverence magistrates, and those placed in authority. These were his public duties. In his private deportment, he was to cherish and encourage truth, virtue, and honesty, and to avoid riot, intemperance, sloth, and all dishonest recreations and company; to be of a courteous, gentle, and affable deportment to all men, and to detest pride and haughtiness; to be of an open and liberal heart, delighting in hospitality according to the means with which God had blessed him; to be true and just in his word and dealing, and in all respects to give no cause of offence.

In this long list, we see not a word of *four-in-hand*, or of the *liberties of the Bench*! but such was the gentleman of ancient times; how far our modern fine gentlemen have improved on the original plan, is a point on which the *ladies* must decide!

(To be continued.)

## ON THE ABUSE OF TIME.

"Time wasted is existence—us'd is life;  
"And bare existence man to live ordain'd,  
"Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight."—YOUNG.

Of the vicissitudes, embarrassments, and misfortunes to which human life is perpetually exposed, there is not a more prolific source than a violent attachment to fashionable follies; and, undoubtedly, the most serious, melancholy, and laborious of all employments is having no employment at all nor any internal energy to sustain the weight of listlessness or obviate the everlasting yawn of dulness, pining for amusement, a yawn plainly indicative of the pains and penalties of idleness, and the dismal moments of vacuity, with which existence, under such circumstances, is so miserably clogged as to become a burthen rather than a blessing.

Mr. and Mrs. Brereton had long figured in

the fashionable circles of the gay; but thoughtless extravagance soon dissipating their means of indulgence, which were perfectly inadequate to their unbounded profusion, economy and a fear of their creditors had suggested the necessity of a cheap retirement in the south-western parts of England.

But, alas! content became not the companion of their solitude; he was for ever brooding over the past joyous hours of imaginary gaiety, with unceasing anxiety for their quick return, and she was for ever meditating on the fancied conquests which her charms had made, but which now fading they could make no more.

No longer sustained by the unabating routine of their former amusements, which had

distracted only and not improved their vacant minds, the love of society was constantly raging, and unfit for seclusion, they panted to return to that world which they had abandoned.

Their monotonous days passed on, undisturbed by any incidents, save what their querulous complaints at the want of former prudence and the disagreeables of retirement could at times present to diversify the sameness of their vegetative existence.

"Shall we never again return to the bosom of the charming world? must we for ever remain buried in this hateful spot? must the ball, the masquerade, the fascinating card-table, no more delight?" would Mrs. Brereton, as she yawned with *ennui*, continually exclaim, whilst her equally languid husband, incapable either of mental or bodily exertion, with responsive sighs, would echo the chorus, "I am sick, I am fatigued of the cursed country and its enchanting prospects; petrify me, but I am nearly annihilated by the stupid bore of murmuring surges, rising suns and full orb'd moons, with the pleasing accompaniments of cawing rooks, meandering streams, flowery lawns, and the dull *et cætera* of a rural life. If I walk out in the villainous country, either a thorn pricks me in the foot, my skin is lacerated by brambles, or a serpent winds around my ancles. Oh! give me the smooth and level streets of London, where there are no hills to fatigue, no thorns to prick, no brambles to lacerate, and no serpents to sport their folds around me!" And then concluding with a preternatural extension of countenance, almost productive of a lapsed jaw, his heavy eye-lids would sink under the pressure of inanity, and nasal tones alone would prove his existence.

Thus joyless, despondent, and dissatisfied did they waste their precious time, which ever moves languidly to those who make no proper use of it, and thus it will ever move to the trifling insects of mortality, who, like childish fickleness that delights in destroying its toys that it may be indulged with new ones, flutter

their gay mornings in the sunshine of the world, without a single thought on the cultivation of their reason or the possibility that before long, their wings may be moistened and rendered useless by the adverse dew of evening sorrows: down they sink to the humble ground, and too late, they make the discovery that the gaieties of jollity have left only the anguish of ill-spent hours, and that the varieties of fashionable life have neither stored their minds with intellectual pleasures nor rendered them capable of coping with the miseries of seclusion. Bearing with them then to their solitude, no resources that can supply amusement, afford patience, or teach resignation, the catastrophe terminates, as might be expected from such frivolity, either in absolute despair and self destruction, or, what is worse perhaps to such short-sighted beings, in horrible obscurity, where neither friend nor enemy endeavours to molest them.

How important then are the duties annexed to life, but alas! how short is the duration for their performance! ought not a recollection of these to prescribe the proper stimulative to such an employment of existence, that may be hereafter remembered with satisfaction! Sickness may impede our progress to prosperity; disease may chill the ardour of our pursuits, accidents may endanger our lives, or the cold hand of death may suddenly bear us to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns," when we least expect or are prepared for the fatal visitation: how necessary then is the endeavour

"To catch the light wing'd moments in their flight,  
"And stamp importance on the passing hour!"—COLES.

But alas! how little is this thought of! although the advantages to be obtained are so innumerable, yet our invention is perpetually on the rack,

"To lash the lingering moments into speed,  
"And whirl us, happy riddance, from ourselves!"—YOUNG.

## THE REASONABLE WOMAN.

THE following story is told by a French nobleman, in a very scarce book which appeared in 1750. It is thought essential to specify this date, as it is probable that the breed of such sensible women as our heroine, is nearly extinct in modern France, so that

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without attending to that date, the story would appear incredible.

Madame d'Orville possessed great knowledge of the human heart. I had not been half an hour in her company, when she judged I was uneasy in mind. She however feign-

ed not to perceive it, and thinking she would give me pleasure by endeavouring to dissipate my melancholy, she proposed a little excursion on the *Seine* to a village a few leagues from Paris, near which her husband had a neat country-house. "We shall set off to-morrow morning," said she, "with some of my female friends." She pressed me so much, that I was obliged to promise to be of the party.

Next day I went to Madame d'Orville's at the appointed hour. I found the company assembled and only waiting for me.

We were six persons, Madame d'Orville, her husband, three women whom I did not know, and myself. We proceeded in a carriage to the water side and going on board a handsome barge, glided gently down the river.

The three ladies were the wives of the principal merchants who resided in the neighbourhood of M. d'Orville. One only was tolerably pretty, the other two were old, not to say aged, and with this defect they ridiculously attempted to sport youthful airs and graces, and to pique themselves on the brilliancy of their wit.

The handsome lady appeared contented with her good sense. Her manners were simple, without vulgarity. She did not try to please, but nevertheless she pleased. She was gentle, spoke little, and when she did speak, good sense and reason always influenced her discourse. The others on the contrary chattered incessantly; burst into fits of laughter, on every occasion, and without any occasion. They affected giddy airs, and also to be prim, were outrageously civil, and indifferently polite. In short they were a brace of as arrant gossiping trots as ever were seen.

Unfortunately I found myself placed between them, and consequently obliged to entertain them. I believe they thought me stupid enough, for I did not say much to them during our little navigation, which luckily ended sooner than I expected.

The country house of M. d'Orville was beautifully situated. We remained there five days, were magnificently regaled, and he did all he could to amuse us. Weary of the conversation of those two women, I passed my time in angling, or walking in the park; and at last discovered a charming little grove, where I delighted to stroll, but being already tired of the country I hankered to return to Paris. Madame d'Orville who observed all my proceedings, soon perceived that I sought solitude. She guessed that the company of the two old women was displeasing to me, and she guessed rightly; but, carrying her suspicions still farther she imagined I was in

love with some cruel or inconstant beauty, and in order to cure me, she could hit on no better remedy than to set me to engage her pretty city-friend, whose simple and natural manners were very pleasing. But a comical adventure put a stop to that project.

This Bourgeoise had a husband, who, contrary to the custom of Parisians, was uncommonly jealous; he was not a Parisian, being a native of Lyon, and of Italian extraction. This man had permitted his wife to make one of our party, and could not attend her himself, on account of some pressing business. He took it into his head to repent that he had given her that permission, and to come and fetch her home. He arrived on the third day, about ten in the morning, just as I was offering my arm to his wife, who was inclined to take a walk.

At this sight he was beside himself, and not being able to dissemble his jealousy, he gave such an indecent loose to his tongue, that I was almost tempted to give him a sound horse-whipping; but as I am naturally an enemy to violence, I spoke gently to him, and represented that he was to blame thus to quarrel with his wife, who was in good company, and to whose proper conduct he might safely trust his honour.

Talking reason to such a brute, was only losing time; he abruptly replied, that he did not like his wife to walk with fops; I answered that I did not deserve that epithet, and continued to talk calmly to him: but the noise he made brought M. and Mad. d'Orville, who having learned the occasion of the disturbance, scolded him like people who had known him of old, and obliged him to apologize for his behaviour to his wife and me.

He soon forgot all his grievances, especially when he sat down to his bottle, which he was fond of, and in which he was indulged.

After dinner we took the walk which he had interrupted in the morning. Mad. d'Orville had the address to divert the attention of her other friends, and to lead them another way, whilst I gently and insensibly led Mad. Bernardi, (which was the name of the pretty lady) into the grove. There I began to pity her for being tied to such a perverse and ridiculous husband. I told her he richly deserved she should punish him for his injurious suspicions, and at the same time I offered her my services to revenge herself for the affront.

Mad. Bernardi was beautiful, and just turned of twenty-four. The opportunity was favourable: the country air inspired voluptuousness; and I suppose she felt as much indignation as I against her husband.

With this idea, I had reason to be surprised at her answer.

"It is," said she, "about two years since I was married to that man, who is rich and avaricious. My parents (who have made their fortune in trade) only consulted their own interest and vanity in the match; (for M. Bernardi had just purchased a place which gave him the privileges of nobility.) He has always behaved very ill to me; he loves me, notwithstanding which, he does not scruple sometimes to prefer the vilest women to me. He is jealous into the bargain. You are amiable; all this is more than enough to give a relish to the project of revenge which you propose; and perhaps I might consent, if I did not know that that vengeance would fall more on me than on my husband. To do one's self a mischief is no revenge. I own that in the eye of the world the gallantries of a wife render the husband ridiculous; but you will also allow that they likewise dishonour the wife; now there is no proportion between the dishonour and the ridicule. You will tell me that dishonour cannot take place if the intrigue be not discovered. You will boast of your discretion, your probity. All that is admirable. But do you not perceive that of two things, one must necessarily happen, either that I should enter into a settled intercourse with you, or that the services which you offer me

do not extend beyond the present moment? In the first case, the disgrace and the eclat are infallible: in the second, I might risk conceiving an attachment for you to no purpose, for supposing you were to take a liking to me, which is by no means certain, I could not continue to live on the same footing with you, without loss of reputation, and without drawing many evils on myself which I easily foresee. The best vengeance a woman can take on a husband, of whom she has reason to complain, is to have been authorized by his example to be false to him, and not to have been so. No other vengeance is equal to that, and the pleasure of committing a crime, were it daily repeated, is of no value in comparison to the satisfaction which one incessantly must feel, from always leading an irreproachable conduct."

I had nothing to reply to such just reasons; and I acknowledged that it were to be wished all women might think so judiciously.

I should have been ashamed to have combated such legitimate and reasonable sentiments; and I felt nothing but esteem and respect for the lady who possessed them.

At last, having tasted all the innocent pleasures of the country we returned to Paris in the manner we came, and spent the evening at the house of M. d'Orville.

## SINGULARITIES OF GREECE.

FROM BARTHOLDY'S TRAVELS IN GREECE.

"We no longer find any carriage-roads in Greece; those which are mentioned by the authors are generally in such a state, in the present day, that it is difficult to imagine how a carriage can have ever rolled over them. We often meet also with such awkward passes that a prudent traveller will get off his horse, which is particularly the case near Delphos, between Sicyon, Nemea, and Argos; and on the sacred road from Athens to Eleusis. At the same time, all these quarters exhibit occasional traces of the old roads. To travel on foot is not advisable, because the inhabitants, and particularly the Turks, would take such a traveller either for a beggar or for a person wholly out of his senses; so that the only alternative is to go on horseback. It is common for inexperienced travellers to take as a guard the janissaries of their respective consuls or ministers; but these janissaries are much despised by the Turks at large, on account of

their frequent intercourse with Christians; and they have seldom much courage, but a great portion of selfishness; it is a far better way to be accompanied by a Tartar. The posts in Greece are very long, generally from twenty to thirty miles; but if a traveller understand the way of stimulating his guide's pace he gets on rapidly. The accommodations for travelling in Greece are very bad. Provisions are by no means abundant: mutton and poultry are the most frequent articles of diet; oil is served up instead of butter; rice also is common. In the season are likewise to be found eggs, honey, dried figs, and the various fruits belonging to warm climates, such as raisins, pomegranates, oranges, and apples; seldom cherries, plums, or pears; and never gooseberries nor strawberries. The Greek and Turkish cookery has great varieties, but is too much loaded with spices and fat. We seldom see a solid joint of meat on their tables; but

every thing is hashed in small pieces, and boiled to rags, which suits very well with their mode of eating without either knife or fork. If the natives happen to use these instruments at any time for the sake of pleasing Europeans they are observed to forget themselves every moment, and to substitute their fingers. As to tables, none are found in the Levant, unless it should accidentally happen that one had been imported. People even write on their knees. Neither have they any chairs, but they sit on couches placed all round the room. When the dinner hour arrives, a servant brings in a stool, which he places with the feet upwards; and a round tin plate, put on the top of the stool, makes the table. It stands about a foot from the ground; and in the way in which they sit, the guests are just within reach of the dishes. Cushions are placed around, and every one sits down, and crosses his legs. The servant then brings in a long narrow table-cloth, which he lays round the table, and of which each guest appropriates the part that is opposite to him. Next comes bread cut in small pieces, somewhat in the way in which we cut it for children; each person takes twenty or thirty slices, and places them before him. The dishes are next brought in, one by one, generally without a spoon, even when there is sauce, in which the custom is to dip the bread; and every person puts his hand in the dish, and takes out whatever piece he likes. The most amusing sight is in the case of poultry; which, although always over-boiled, it is no easy matter to disjoint with the fingers. A Turk thinks nothing of dipping his fingers into a plate of honey, so that this is not the country for a delicate eater or an epicure to visit; and the wines in particular would not suit him, since they have an unpleasant taste like rosin; however, at Smyrna and Constantinople, much good living is to be seen.

"In regard to lodging, the accommodation throughout the Levant is as poor as the diet. Between Smyrna and Ephesus, we were forced to pass the night in an inn so badly sheltered from the weather that we had much difficulty in avoiding the rain. The adjoining apartment was a stable without a door, and the camels put their heads very familiarly into our room. At Manromati, the ancient Mes-sina, which is now a wretched village, we were lodged in an old deserted tower, where the posts were so rotten as to be likely to tumble over our heads. Insects also cause a great annoyance to travellers; the sofas swarm with them, and the bugs are also very troublesome. At Athens, my fellow-traveller swang up his bed like a hammock; and I had recourse to the expedient of changing every night the situation of mine; gauze curtains should always be carried on a journey in this country. On board of ship, the annoyance from the insects is shocking.

"I never found it necessary to put on the Turkish dress, which is requisite only for those who travel in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and Judea, where European clothing is a novelty. The accommodations, however, will increase with the number of travellers. The English have hitherto been the principal visitors, and the title of *milord* has consequently become generally applied to all gentlemen who do not happen to be physicians or merchants. I often heard of Dutch and Swedish lords, and I passed for a Prussian lord. At Patros, I saw one Achmet, who had a smattering of several European languages, and was accordingly styled a Turkish lord. Next to the English, the Russians are the chief visitors of Greece; united to the Greeks in religious belief, and feared by the Turks for their victories, they traverse the Turkish possession like landholders visiting tenants whose lease is drawing to a close."

#### THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.

It always gives us pleasure to be the means of introducing to the public any literary work which we conceive calculated to do good, and to advance the interests of religion and morals, the only solid basis of national welfare. A life of the late Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, has been just published by a layman of Merton College, Oxford; and from the reasons above mentioned, if we have any authority with our readers (and with the sober

and serious part of them we flatter ourselves that we have) we now avail ourselves of it, most seriously and heartily to recommend this book; and, at the same time, at once to justify and enforce this recommendation, we have made the following extract. After having given an account of his death and will, the layman thus draws his character:—

"Such was the life, and such the termination of it, of this truly good man; a life, the



whole course of which may teach us, that there is no necessary contrariety between the innocent enjoyments of this world, and the due discharge of those duties which must at once earn and prepare us for the next. The world is most assuredly a stage of duty—a course of peril and temptation, which in the different shapes of prosperous and adverse fortune, of health and sickness, of wealth and poverty, are presented to the human passions. The main object of the tragic drama, says a learned heathen, is to purge and purify the passions—to confirm what are good, by stirring them up and exercising them; and to purge off what is bad, by exciting in us a horror of them as we see them in others. It is in the same manner in the great drama of life as presented to the Christian Actor. The incidents are distributed by the Almighty wisdom, which, having made us, knows the constitution of our nature, the force of our free will, the strength of passions, the weakness of reason, and the power of grace. Nothing happens to us, therefore, without a due and sufficient cause in the wisdom and goodness of God; if we fall, it is not because our knees are made too weak to stand. We have adversities to strengthen, to heal, and to correct us; we have prosperities to comfort and assist us. If it be an irreligious and impious contumacy to exhibit impatience and peevishness under calamities, either sent or permitted for such wise ends; is it not ingratitude, superadded to an equal degree of contumacy, to fly in the face of the bounties of Providence; and by an unwise rigour, and unnecessary reserve, decline to partake of the good which he has spread before us. It is a wrong notion of the goodness of Providence to believe that he distributes either prosperity or adversity without an equal purpose. It is the decided doctrine and perpetual language of Scripture and of its Divine Author, that nothing happens to man which is not positively WILLED and immediately DIRECTED by the Almighty Father. It is in this respect in the moral as in the natural world—the same Providence governs the sunshine and the tempest. There is, indeed, one difference, which should be constantly before our eyes,—the system of Nature revolves by laws, which, being once established, are perpetual. The moral world, the events and issues of human actions, are not so connected in cause and effect, not so straightened in natural necessity.—(I mean by any previously divine established necessity, for God forbid that, with respect to HIMSELF, I should use necessity in any other sense) but that they must be considered as entirely in the hands

and under the will of the Supreme Being, who, accordingly as he sees best, permits, confirms, controuls, or diverts them from what the philosophy and observation of men denominate their natural order and connected train.

“With respect to the character of Dr. Porteus, a very few words may be necessary. His person was tall and commanding, and when robed and in the pulpit, inspired a kind of awe, which was only dispelled as it was converted into Christian affection by the evidence of his goodness. Perhaps no preacher obtained a more immediate command over the reason and feelings of his congregation. This can only be attributed to his ardent sincerity and benevolence. These principles of his heart, like the vital stream in his body, gave their quality and character to the tone of his voice, and to the features of his countenance. He had scarcely uttered a dozen sentences of his discourse before his hearers saw that his heart and feelings and conviction were in his subject, and that he laboured only to awaken them to their good. In a subject so congenial to the human heart as is piety, nothing more is necessary to command and to hold attention.

“With respect to his abilities it might seem needless to say any thing. With some men, however, his abilities have been under-rated, because, with respect to the blandishments of style, he gave not into the fopperies of the age; he fixed his attention in things, and not on words; and, having more at heart the cause of his Divine Master than his own reputation, he spoke, preached and wrote, so as to be rather useful, and therefore intelligible, than to acquire any personal admiration. It is unjust, however, to say, that, considered with reference to its subject and purpose (and these are principles on which all composition should be judged) his style was defective in its due portion of ornament and elegancies. Some of his published Discourses will not suffer in comparison with any modern eloquence; their words are precise, without any seeming labour in searching them out; their sentences musical, without formality or affectation; their general language condensed and pointed, without obscurity or conceit; and what an ancient Critic at least would deem worthy of no small praise, they admirably and peculiarly express and convey whatever may be the feelings of the Preacher, and the tone of the subject. They rise in triumph, or they fall in compassion; they flow in benevolence; they are abrupt and impassioned in exhortation; when their purpose is to reason, they are simple and intelligible, but precise in their meaning, and

grammatical in their verbal texture; but when the work of reason has been done, and their object is to make the appeal to the heart, the Divine Muse of Christian Charity itself could not wish a softer, sweeter, simpler Lyre. Let those who require a proof of this, read his published Discourses on the genius of Christianity, and the various ways of doing good to our fellows.

"Amidst his most serious occupations, Bishop Porteus was not insensible to all the pleasures and charms of society; on the contrary, no man enjoyed them more. In his hours of relaxation, he was convivial and facetious; where the nature of his society admitted it, innocently trifling; and with respect to conversation and imagination, even boyishly playful. He delighted above measure in a pun, and the more miserable it was, the more he enjoyed it. His ParLOUR had a merriment, and even a noise, which would have rendered it acceptable to a herd of boys from a Boarding-school; it was the constant scene of happiness, and of that mirth of countenance which is lighted up from the heart.

"Nothing could surpass his generosity to those about him, and to whom any sufficient consideration gave the slightest claim upon him. It was one of his maxims, and should never be forgotten, that it was a duty of Christian prudence not to be too scrupulous in examining the claims of the distressed; 'I

would give,' said he, 'occasionally even to the street beggar, that I might keep up in myself the habit of benevolence. It might do him no good, but it would awaken exercise, and thereby confirm the principle and feeling of charity in myself.'

"To sum up all, his whole life seemed a kind of transcript and realization of the Gospel of his blessed Master; and he laboured in nothing so much, as to fill up in himself that picture of Christian perfection which the constant study of the Scriptures had drawn on his imagination. Hence it was, that he was a bright example of what Religion can effect in the human character. In him was seen how happy, how tranquil, in what sweet security, in what undisturbed peace, could pass the life of the true Christian; and that cheerfulness was not only not forbidden, but was the necessary, the natural result of true and rational piety. In him was seen, that however any mistaken notions or wilful perversions may have represented the spirit of a Christian life, and the measure of duty and sacrifice required by its Author, that his Christianity, properly understood, requires nothing but what reason, if equally instructed, and without the motives of Christian obedience, would of itself require for human good, that its 'yoke is easy, and its burthen is light; its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.'

## CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ELECTRIC EEL.

BY MONSIEUR HUMBOLDT.

THE rivers and lakes of the low provinces of Venezuela and the Caraccas, abound with the *gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel; called *tem-lador* by the Spanish colonists, and *anguille tremblante* by the French settlers of Guyana, which possesses the singular faculty of stunning its prey by an electric discharge. It is, however, met with most frequently in the small stagnant pools that are dispersed at intervals over the immense plains which extend from the Orinoco and Apure. The old road near Urusien has been actually abandoned, on account of the danger experienced in crossing a ford, where the mules were, from the effects of concealed shocks, often paralyzed and drowned. Even the angler sometimes receives a stroke, conveyed along his wetted rod and fishing line.

The electric eel is of considerable size, being

about six feet in length. The structure of its nervous system has been accurately described; but the comparison of its cellular furniture with the composition of the electric battery, is entirely fanciful, and seems no wise calculated for assisting us in the explication of the phenomena. The brilliant science of electricity, it must be confessed, is still in its infancy. Philosophers have assumed the existence of an electric fluid without proof, and talk of the galvanic current as familiarly as if they were describing the operation of a real and tangible substance. Were such expressions merely figurative, and forced upon us by the poverty of language, they would be liable to no material objection. But if they only serve to fill the imagination, and supply the want of solid argument, it is high time to reject them. We may safely affirm, that the supposition of an

electric fluid has not contributed in any degree to explain the appearances. All that we know of electric agency consists in a system of attractions and repulsions, of which the chief relations have been clearly disclosed. When a substance receives or conveys an electric shock, all its particles, during a certain minute portion of time, suffer a mutual and violent distension. The degree of effect which is produced, must hence depend on the intensity of action combined with its duration. The convulsive agitation excited in the animal frame by an electric discharge, is caused by the general, though momentary, repulsion which it communicates to the train of nerves. The *gymnotus electricus* appears to have the power of reversing this process.—By an effort of volition, perhaps, it can suddenly give its nervous system the internal derangement appropriate to the electric agency, and thus dart its influence among the bodies in its vicinity. The sensation which the *gymnotus* occasions is highly painful, and leaves a numbness in the parts affected. It indeed resembles more the effect of a blow on the head, than the shock of a common electric discharge. Analogous to the galvanic excitement, it may however depend less on the absolute intensity of action, than on the length of its duration. In both cases, the diffuse shock received is more akin to the impression made by the residuum of an immense battery, than to the sharp twitch occasioned by the explosion of a small charged jar.

The Indians entertain such a dread of the *gymnotus*, and shew so much reluctance to approach it when alive and active, that Humboldt found extreme difficulty in procuring a few of those eels to serve as the subjects of his experiments. For this express purpose he stopt some days on his journey across the Llanos to the river Apure, at the small town of Calabozo, in the neighbourhood of which he was informed they are very numerous. But, though his landlord took the utmost pains to gratify his wish, he was, after repeated attempts, constantly unsuccessful. Tired at last of disappointment, he resolved to proceed himself to

the principal spot which the *gymnoti* frequent. He was conducted to the Cagno de Bera, a piece of shallow water, stagnant and muddy, but of the heat of 79 degrees, and surrounded by a rich vegetation of the *clusia rosea*, the *hymenæa courburil*, the great Indian fig trees, and the sensitive plants with odoriferous flowers. Here the travellers soon witnessed a spectacle of the most novel and extraordinary kind:—About thirty horses and mules were quickly collected from the adjacent savannahs, where they run half wild, being only valued at seven shillings a-head when their owner happens to be known. These the Indians hem on all sides, and drive into the marsh; then pressing to the edge of the water, or climbing along the extended branches of the trees, armed with long bamboos or harpoons, they, with loud cries, push the animals forward, and prevent their retreat. The *gymnoti* roused from their slumbers by this noise and tumult, mount near the surface, and swimming like so many livid water serpents, briskly pursue the intruders, and gliding under their bellies, discharge through them the most violent and repeated shocks. The horses, convulsed and terrified, their mane erect, and their eyes staring with pain and anguish, make unavailing struggles to escape. In less than five minutes, two of them sunk under the water and were drowned. Victory seemed to declare for the electric eels. But their activity now began to relax. Fatigued by such expence of nervous energy, they shot their electric discharges with less frequency and effect. The surviving horses gradually recovered from the shocks, and became more composed and vigorous. In about a quarter of an hour the *gymnoti* finally retired from the contest, and in such a state of languor and complete exhaustion, that they were easily dragged on shore by help of small harpoons fastened to cords. This very singular plan of obtaining the electric eel is, in allusion to the mode of catching fish by means of the infusion of Narcotic plants termed *embarbascar conocaballos*, or poisoning with horses.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIANS.

FROM DR. CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, LATELY PUBLISHED.

“ SOME of the Russian nobles are much richer than the richest of our English Peers; and a vast number, as may be supposed, are very poor. To this poverty, and to these riches, are equally joined the most abject meannesses, and the most detestable profligacy. In sensuality, they are without limits of law, conscience, or honour. In their amusement, always children, in their resentment, women. The toys of infants, the baubles of French fops,

constitute the highest object of their wishes. Novelty delights the human race; but no part of it seeks for novelty so eagerly as the Russian nobles. Novelty in their debaucheries; novelty in their gluttony; novelty in their cruelty; novelty in whatever they pursue. This is not the case with the lower class, who preserve their habits unaltered from one generation to another. But there are characteristics in which the Russian Prince and the Russian peasant are the same: they are all equally barbarous. Visit a Russian, of whatever rank, at his country seat, and you will find him lounging about, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, half naked, eating raw turnips, and drinking *quass*. The raw turnip is handed about in slices, in the first houses, upon a silver salver, with brandy, as a whet before dinner. Their hair is universally in a state not to be described; and their bodies are rarely divested of vermin when they frequent the bath. Upon those occasions, their shirts and peluses are held over a hot stove, and the heat occasions the vermin to fall off. It is a fact too notorious to admit dispute, that from the Emperor to the meanest slave, throughout the vast empire of all the Russias, including all its princes, nobles, priests and peasants, there exists not a single individual in a thousand, whose body is destitute of vermin. An English gentleman of Moscow, residing as a banker in the city, assured me, that passing on horseback through the streets, he has often seen women of the highest quality, sitting in the windows of their palaces, div stung each other of vermin; another trait in addition to what I have said before, of their resemblance to the Neapolitans.

"The true manners of the people are not seen in Petersburg, nor even in Moscow, by entering the houses of nobility only. Some of them, and generally those to whom letters of recommendation are obtained, have travelled, and introduce refinements, which their friends and companions readily imitate. The real Russian rises at an early hour, and breakfasts on a dram with black bread. His dinner at noon, consists of the coarsest and most greasy viands, the scorbutic effects of which are counteracted by salted cucumbers, sour cabbage, the juice of his *raccinum*, and his *nectar*, *quass*. Sleep, which renders him unmindful of his abject servitude, and barbarous life, he particularly indulges; sleeping always after eating, and going early to his bed. The principal articles of diet are the same every where; grease and brandy. A stranger, dining with the most accomplished princes, may in vain expect to see his knife and fork

changed. If he sends them away, they are returned without even being wiped. If he looks behind him, he will see a servant spit in the plate he is to receive, and wipe it with a dirty napkin, to remove the dust. If he ventures (which he should avoid, if he is hungry) to inspect the soup in his plate with too inquisitive an eye, he would doubtless discover living victims in distress, which a Russian, if he saw, would swallow with indifference. It is not known to all, that Potemkin used to take vermin from his head, and kill them on the bottom of his plate at table; and beauteous princesses of Moscow do not scruple to follow his example. But vermin unknown to an Englishman, and which it is not permitted even to name, attack the stranger who incautiously approaches too near the persons of their nobility, and visit him from their sofas and chairs. If at table he regards his neighbour, he sees him picking his teeth with his fork, and then plunging it into a plate of meat which is brought round to all. The horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable; and there is not a bed in the whole empire, which an English traveller, aware of its condition, would venture to approach. There is, in fact, no degree of meanness to which a Russian nobleman will not condescend. To enumerate the things of which we were eye-witnesses would only weary and disgust the reader. I will end with one.

"A hat had been stolen from our apartments. The servants positively asserted, that some young noblemen, who had been more lavish of their friendship and company than we desired, had gained access to the chambers in our absence, and had carried off the hat, with some other moveables, even of less value. The fact was inconceivable, and we gave up credit to it. A few days after, being upon an excursion to the convent of the new Jerusalem, forty-five versets north of Moscow, a party of the nobles, to whom our intention was made known the preceding evening at the *club de noblesse*, overtook us on horseback. One of them, mounted on an English racer, and habited like a Newmarket jockey, rode up to the side of the carriage; but his horse being somewhat unruly, he lost his seat, and a gust of wind carried off his cap. My companion immediately descended, and ran to recover it for its owner; but what was his astonishment, to perceive his own name, and the name of his hatter, on the lining! It was no other than the identical hat which one of the party had stolen from our lodging, now become a cap, and which, under its altered

shape, might not have been recognized, but for the accident here mentioned."

Of the Russian peasantry he says:—"We observed a striking difference between the peasants of the Crown and those of individuals. The former are almost all in comparatively easy circumstances. Their *abrock*, or rent, is fixed at five roubles a-year, all charges included; and as they are sure that it will never be raised, they are more industrious. The peasants belonging to the nobles have their *abrock* regulated by their means of getting money: at an average throughout the empire, of eight or ten roubles. It then becomes not a rent for land, but a downright tax on industry. Each male peasant is obliged by law to labour three days in each week for his proprietor. This law takes effect on his arriving at the age of fifteen. If the proprietor refuses to employ him the other three days, he may; as, for example, in a manufacture: but he then finds him in food and clothing. Mutual advantages, however, generally relaxes this law; and excepting such as are selected for domestic servants, or, as above, are employed in manufactures, the slave pays a certain *abrock*, or rent, to be allowed to work all the week on his own account. The master is bound to furnish him with a house and a certain portion of land. The allotment of land is generally settled by the *Starosta* (elder of the village), and a meeting of the peasants themselves. In the same manner, when a master wants an increase of rent, he sends to the *Starosta*, who convenes the peasants; and, by that assembly it is decided what proportion each individual must pay. If a slave exercises any trade which brings him in more money than agricultural labour, he pays a higher *abrock*. If, by journeys to Petersburg, or other cities, he can still earn more, his master permits his absence, but his *abrock* is raised. The smallest earnings are subject to this oppression. The peasants employed as drivers at the post-house, pay an *abrock* out of the *drink money* they receive, for being per-

mitted to drive; as, otherwise, the master might employ them in other less profitable labour on his own account. The aged and infirm are provided with food, and lodging, at their owner's expence. Such as prefer casual charity to the miserable pittance they receive from their master, are frequently furnished with passports, and allowed to seek their fortune; but they sometimes pay an *abrock* even for this permission to beg. The number of beggars in Petersburg is very small; as, when one is found he is immediately sent back to his owner. In Moscow, and other towns, they are numerous; though I think less so than in London. They beg with great modesty, in a low and humble tone of voice, frequently crossing themselves, and are much less clamorous and importunate than a London beggar.

"The master has the power of correcting his slaves, by blows or confinement; but if he is guilty of any great cruelty, he is amenable to the laws; which are, we are told, executed with great impartiality. In one of the towers of the Khitnigorod, at Moscow, there was a Countess Soltikof confined for many years with almost unrelenting severity, which she merited for cruelty to her slaves. Instances of barbarity are, however, by no means rare. At Kostroma, the sister of Mr. Kotcheto, the Governor, gave me an instance of a nobleman who had nailed (if I understood him right) his servant to a cross. The master was sent to a monastery, and the business was hushed up. Domestic servants, and those employed in manufactories, as they are more exposed to cruelty, so they sometimes revenge themselves in a terrible manner. A Mr. Hertof, brother to Mrs. Schepetof, who had a great distillery, disappeared suddenly, and was pretty easily guessed to have been thrown into a boiling copper by his slaves. We heard another instance, though not from equally good authority, of a lady, now at Moscow, who had been poisoned three several times by her servants."

## AN ESSAY ON DREAMS.

WHEN, fatigued with the labours of the day, we retire to our chambers for repose, and sleep has shed its gentle influence over our wearied limbs, we often find that our souls, as if disdaining the rest required by their mortal companions, have been occupied in the contemplation of various visionary scenes. These visions, or dreams, are often of the wildest and most extravagant nature, though sometimes a

resemblance may be traced between them, and some particular circumstance or thought which has peculiarly impressed our minds. Dreams were supposed by the ancients to be prophetic, and to be caused by a multitude of invisible beings employed for that purpose: but these superstitious ideas are now exploded; and, in the present age, they are considered to arise solely from certain operations

of the mind during our sleep, which we shall now endeavour to explain.

When awake, the mind is continually receiving new ideas of things, not only by impressions made on the senses by outward objects, but likewise from conversation, reading, and reflection. These ideas which are thus collected in our minds become associated or linked one with another; so that the idea of one thing will recal the idea of another, which may recal another idea, and thus the association may continue without end. The associations are sometimes natural, but others are very unnatural and ridiculous, and difficult to be accounted for, having been produced by some peculiar circumstance.

From this universal principle of association it follows, that our ideas should be in continual motion, which we shall find to be the case. For though we can, by an exertion of the will, retain a train of ideas in the mind to reflect on them, yet we know that if the attention is at all disengaged, these ideas will vanish and be succeeded by others, which, perhaps, have but little relation to the subject of our meditations.—But if, as is sometimes the case in indolent moments, we permit the floating ideas in our minds, excited by some trifling incident, to rise one after the other, without correcting the wrong associations, we imagine the most vain and unlikely adventures: this is what is termed, being in a reverie. The story of Alnachassar and his basket of crockery is well known, and affords an happy illustration of what we have been endeavouring to explain. We will observe further, that these operations of the mind, as is evident from the above, are so far independent of the will or judgment, that though we can correct them, and render them in some measure subservient to our wishes, yet we cannot suspend them; and even sometimes, when the mind has been peculiarly affected, they will act contrary to the will, and cause various ideas to rise in the mind against our inclinations.

The change that is produced by sleep is this:—The senses become torpid, and the influence of the will or judgment over the mind and body is removed. That the will or judgment is not exerted in our sleep, may be concluded from the methods which we take to compose ourselves to that state, which consist chiefly in disengaging its attention from our thoughts. The various operations of the body, however, which do not depend on the will, as the respiration and the circulation of the blood, continue to act; and hence we con-

clude, that these operations of the mind, which are likewise independent of the will, as the association of our ideas and others proceeding from it, are not suspended during sleep. It is these operations of the mind, uncorrected by the judgment, that occasions those visions or dreams, which sometimes amuse, and at other times torment our slumbers.

The idea of our dreams supposes them to be nearly, if not wholly, the same thing as reveries. This is no new opinion, for it may be found in the writings of Mr. Locke, Mr. Stewart, and other great philosophers.—They are both occasioned by the same principle of association: the influence of the will or judgment being in one case removed by indolence, and in the other by sleep; the imagination conceives those extravagant features by which they are both distinguished. It cannot be denied that there is a great resemblance between the pictures formed by the imagination in reveries and those formed in dreams, though the latter are often more extravagant, which may be caused either by the influence of the will being more effectually removed, or from their not being so well remembered, by which they are often rendered very incoherent.

Allowing, therefore, that our dreams are occasioned by the unrestrained or uncorrected association of our ideas when asleep, they should, in general, bear a relation to circumstances which have lately happened, or to some other idea which has forcibly affected our minds. This will, in general, be found to be true, except when they are influenced by particular conditions of the body or other circumstances, which we shall endeavour to explain in the sequel. Thus, a profitable speculation would be sufficient to cause the slumbers of the merchant to be occupied in gaining immense wealth; and the slightest attention paid by a gentleman to a lady, might cause her to dream that he was in love with her, more especially if her wishes sided with her imagination. On the other hand, any trifling misfortune or melancholy idea will sometimes render our dreams very painful and afflicting to the mind.

We cannot, however, in general, assign even such slight causes, as we have mentioned in the above instances, for our dreams. They are often, I believe, of such a wild and extravagant nature, that it would seem that no occurrence which had happened, or any idea in our minds, could have excited them. Yet we consider that even when awake, and the will or judgment is alive to correct any wrong associations, which one would have thought

were calculated to excite very opposite ideas; and further, that if we do not check the imagination, what extravagancies it will conceive, we shall not wonder at the inconsistencies of our dreams, or imagine that they could not have been formed by this principle of association. Those whose minds are constantly and properly occupied, are unconscious of the many idle and extravagant ideas which enter the minds of the indolent, who in general are little better than asleep. Those, neglecting to exert their judgments, are continually imagining the most extravagant schemes, which, indeed, appear more extravagant when we consider their inability to exert themselves in any undertaking. Children seldom or never dream, which arises from their having so few ideas. Likewise savages and ignorant labouring men, for want of ideas, are seldom troubled with dreams. The greatest dreamers are those who possess lively imaginations, more especially when of a nervous disposition. Persons of this cast of mind are too apt to dwell upon every passing idea in their minds, and often render themselves a prey to their imaginations.

From those causes which we have assigned to dreams, it would appear that we should dream of something or other every night, which is actually the case, though we do not always remember what. For they who are in the habit of attending to their dreams, and of relating them to their friends, seldom or never pass a night without them; whilst others, who pay no attention to them, but immediately that they rise, employ their minds in some of the duties of the day, seldom recollect them, and hence falsely suppose that they have not dreamt. We would advise those, whose dreams are frequent and troublesome, to follow this method, as the readiest way of being rid of them altogether.—Happy dreamers will, perhaps, be unwilling to part with their dreams, yet we think that the disappointments which they often experience cannot be very pleasing.

Those persons who sleep very sound, are seldom much troubled with their dreams, which make but a slight impression on them; in fact, it is seldom that we can recollect what has passed in our minds after a sound sleep. Our dreams are more frequent, and the impressions which they make on our minds more vivid when our sleep is imperfect: because the mind is then partly affected by bodily sensations, which cause various ideas to arise in the mind, either of a pleasant or opposite nature, as our bodily sensations are agreeable

or painful. Hence they who never rise when they first awake in the morning, but continue dozing in their beds, are in general much troubled with dreams at those times, and often of an unpleasant nature, arising from the disturbed state in which they are, which should teach them that it is their duty to rise when nature calls them.

We know that the dispositions of our minds, and the state of our health, has much influence over our thoughts, even when awake, and the judgment is alive to correct any wrong associations which might arise from these circumstances. Much greater influence must they, therefore, have upon our thoughts, when we are asleep, and the will or judgment is not exerted.

It cannot be denied, with respect to the influence which the dispositions of our minds has upon our dreams, that generally the dreams of those of a gay and lively disposition, are very flattering, though very extravagant and fanciful; those of a more philosophic and quiet tone of mind are seldom troubled by their dreams, which are very slight, and are not distinguished by any very extravagant features; whilst the slumbers of the nervous and melancholy are too often tormented by dreams of misery and woe.

In sickness, or when any of the operations of our bodies are deranged or suspended, we are much troubled with dreams of an unpleasant nature, as our bodily sensations which influence them are painful. For example, we know, that when the nervous system is deranged, or the circulation of the blood is impeded, our dreams are frequent and disagreeable; and when the feelings become much irritated, they will become more vivid till they arrive at what is termed a delirium, which often accompanies fevers. Any stoppage in the respiration arising from sickness, or from want of air, causes the most alarming dreams, which impress our minds so vividly, that we sometimes awake in great horror, with the idea of suffocation, or other similar sensation.

If the stomach be loaded by excess, we feel in our sleep those disagreeable sensations which are termed the night-mare. This, however, is often produced by much slighter causes. Any acceleration of the blood, either from much exercise, or a little excess in drinking, is generally accompanied by dreams, which are either pleasant or painful, as they may be influenced by other circumstances.

We observed, in the beginning, that the ancients imagined their dreams were prophet-

ical. But this opinion is not confined to them, for we believe that there are many even in the present day, if their opinions might be deduced from their conduct, who indulge themselves in this childish superstition. We cannot, indeed, deny, that there are some well-attested relations of dreams that have been remarkably fulfilled; yet certainly such might have happened accidentally, and we conceive, that a few solitary instances are not sufficient to establish the truth of an opinion, against which so many forcible arguments might be advanced.

It is something very peculiar in our dreams and reveries, that we conceive ourselves to be actually engaged in scenes, which are merely conceptions of our imaginations. This arises from our being unconscious of surrounding objects, which would remind us of our real state, and would check the wild career of our thoughts. Thus it was with Alnathassar, who conceiving himself to be actually possessed of what he merely imagined himself to be, he destroyed by an unlucky motion, in consequence of this prepossession, the only means he had of obtaining the objects of his wishes.

Hence, it is not unlikely, that we might dream of being actually possessed of the object of any strong desire of our minds, or of being actually in any situation which we either feared or desired; and as it is not impossible that our hopes or fears might be fulfilled, our dreams might thus sometimes predict what would really happen. But a circumstance of this kind must be considered as merely accidental, and it cannot be justly inferred from it, that our dreams are prophetic.

We will observe further, how few, if any, of our dreams are fulfilled in comparison to those which are not fulfilled. How can this be accounted for? Was there any thing peculiar in the manner of those dreams which were fulfilled, that distinguished them from the others? And if not, why were not the others accomplished? From the above we think it may be concluded, that if any of our dreams were intended to be prophetic, there would have been something very peculiar in their manner, by which they might be distinguished from our common dreams. If it was left to us to attend even only to those dreams which had an apparent consistency in

them, what doubt we should often be in! For when we considered the uncertainty and mystery in many of the events of time, we should be unwilling to neglect any of our dreams, however strange; and the whole of our time which was given us for more settled purposes, would be wasted in attending to the eccentric visions of our slumbers. We cannot deny, that our dreams might in some cases be of moral service to us, by discovering many latent principles of our hearts, whether good or bad, which are often unknown to us, either from want of reflection or from not having been called into action. Now when immersed in sleep, and the mind is left to its own workings, it is not unlikely, that some of these latent principles may arise, and that we may dream of actions arising from their influence. Whence, if any one should dream in his sleep of having performed some action displaying an excellent disposition which he conceived he did not possess; or of having committed a crime, at the thought of which, when awake, he would have shrunk with horror, it might, perhaps be well, if he cannot recal any circumstance or thought which could have excited such dreams, not wholly to neglect them; but in one case to nourish an excellent principle which may have been obscured by education or custom; and in the other case, to guard against a vicious propensity, which may at some period, when peculiarly excited, hurry him into crimes of which he was not aware that he was inclined to.

Some have held, that various diseases of the body are often preceded by peculiar dreams, and that the nature of a disease may be known by the dreams of the patient. The mind and body are so intimately connected, that we do not doubt that an accurate observer might in some cases be able to discover the nature of a disease by this method; yet, as it is very evident that they are affected by many circumstances, much reliance cannot be placed on such conjectures. To conclude, we would observe, that though we cannot deny that some advantage might be obtained from a rational observation of our dreams, we would not advise it, as we think the generality of mankind are so superstitious, that more evil than good would arise were they generally to be attended to.







The COFFIN of her ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS ANIELLA.

Length 5 ft. 6 in. Breadth 1 ft. 6 in. Height 1 ft. 6 in.

## DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

THE sufferings of this amiable Princess have at length reached their termination, and she has been called to receive the recompence of her piety and patience "in another and a better world." It will afford some consolation to our readers to hear, that her last moments were entirely free from pain; she departed without the least struggle or convulsion: those who were in attendance upon her did not think her last moment was arrived—she died as one dropping gently and calmly to sleep. The great affliction of knowing that her beloved father was ill, had been spared her; she breathed her last in complete ignorance of it.

However we may regret the early death of this truly amiable Princess, every reflecting and feeling mind must derive consolation from the consideration that she has at length been released from sufferings to which no human aid could afford relief, and which, from her patient endurance of them, the better prepared her for that heavenly abode which her virtuous spirit doubtless now enjoys.

Her Royal Highness was the youngest child of their Majesties. She was born on the 7th of August, 1783, and was from early youth of a very tender and delicate constitution, being frequently attacked with severe indisposition. In her person she was tall and slender, and her air was most graceful and prepossessing. Illness had impressed its mark on her countenance, and scattered lilies over her cheeks. In her manners she was so mild, elegant, and amiable, as to win every heart.

The frequency of her indispositions prevented her from studying as deeply as her elder sisters, yet she cultivated the fine arts with great success. In music and painting she was a proficient. She met with few rivals on the piano-forte, and displayed a classical taste both in her selection and execution of pictures. A model of filial piety, her love for her father was revealed in all her actions, and was so tenderly expressed a few days before her death, as to occasion the unfortunate illness under which he still continues to labour. Dignified, though condescending; benevolent without ostentation; lively, though a prey to sickness, which usually quenches the spirits as well as the health of youth, she was beloved by all those who lived within the sphere of bearing of her virtues.—Some symptoms of the illness which on the 2d of November terminated her existence having revealed them-

selves early, her Royal Highness tried the effects of sea-bathing, and derived much benefit from that practice. Her favourite amusement was that of riding, in which she was conspicuous for her elegance and skill. Exercise, however, and all the resources of the medical art, could but delay the fatal hour. Her disorder began to gain ground in an alarming manner upwards of two years ago, and when the first Jubilee of his Majesty was celebrated, she was lying on the bed of sickness, with but little hopes of recovery. Towards the middle of last summer, however, she regained strength enough to sit up in her apartments, and to take a short walk into the garden. About a month previous to her death, her Royal Highness was attacked with St. Anthony's fire, which brought on a relapse, which has afforded her an opportunity of displaying the noblest Christian faith and fortitude, during weeks of prolonged agony, uncheered by any ray of hope. During the last few days her strength had been rapidly waning away, and she closed her eyes, as we have already stated, as in a kindly sleep. Her death took place at three o'clock; the scene that followed was truly distressing. Her Majesty entered Augusta Lodge to pay the accustomed visit, but found the Princess Mary and all the house overwhelmed in tears. The shock was too much for the Queen,—it was half an hour before she sufficiently recovered herself to be enabled to return to the Castle.

Tuesday Nov. 14th being the day appointed for consigning the remains of her Royal Highness to the Vault of the Chapel Royal at St. George's, the various persons who were to form the procession assembled at an early hour in the town of Windsor, which exhibited on the melancholy occasion the most gloomy appearance. All the shops were closed, and scarce an inhabitant could be observed who was not dressed in deep mourning; and, in many instances, the addition of crape hat-bands afforded a striking proof of the sincere regret with which the death of a Princess so amiable and so universally beloved was regarded.

At three o'clock, the court-yard and gates of the Castle were closed, and none but persons of decent appearance were admitted. Shortly after five, the Royal Stafford Militia marched from their barracks for the purpose of flanking the procession, which they performed by forming a triple line, from the south door of the Royal Chapel to Augusta Lodge, each seventh

man bearing a flambeau. The interim between five and eight o'clock was filled by the various persons who were to take post in the procession within the Chapel, arriving in their carriages, and proceeding to their respective stations, while those who were to accompany the body assembled at Augusta Lodge, and at eight precisely, the whole were in motion, and proceeded in a slow manner in the following order:—

Servants of the Royal Family in full State liveries.

Four Trumpeters.

A detachment of Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

A plain Hearse, containing the Body of her Royal Highness, drawn by eight black horses.

A detachment of Horse Guards.

Two of his Majesty's carriages, the first containing the Prince of Wales and

Duke of Cambridge,

The latter the Chief Mourner and Pall Supporter.

The Carriages of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge.

A temporary saloon was erected at the South door of the Chapel, which was lined with black cloth, and on the arrival of the procession at this entrance, the servants, horse guards, and trumpeters filed off. The hearse then approached, and the coffin was taken from it by eight yeomen in their state uniform, who carried it on their shoulders, supported on a bier, covered with black cloth, and thickly studded with silver nails, after which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the other persons who followed in the melancholy train entered the aisle of the chapel, which was illuminated by flambeaux borne by a large detachment of the Blues, from whence, after a short time devoted to arrangement, the whole moved forward towards the body of the Chapel (the floor, altar, and pulpit of which was covered with black cloth).

The Countess of Chesterfield was Chief Mourner, her train borne by Lady Halford; her Supporters were the Countess of Ilchester and Countess of Macclesfield.

The Prince of Wales and the Royal Dukes were dressed in suits of plain mourning.

The Ladies were dressed in black, with long white veils.

In addition to those mentioned there followed—Marquis Wellesley, Earl Courtown, Earl Mansfield, Mr. Dundas, Earl Westmoreland, Mr. Yorke, Earl Harrowby, Mr. Ryder, Earl Liverpool, Dr. Marsham, Earl Harcourt, Lord St. Helens, Lord Rivers, Mr. Northy, Earl Aylesford, Earl Bathurst, Earl Camden,

Colonel Desbrow, Lord G. Thynne, Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Eldon, Lord Mulgrave, Dr. Goodall, Rev. Mr. Digby, Mr. Perceval, Mr. Lay, Lord Boston, Lord Arden, Duke of Montrose, Lord J. Thynne—dressed in plain suits of mourning, with silk scarfs tied with white bows on the left shoulders.

The body having been placed upon the tressels prepared for its reception, the chief mourner took her seat at the head, and the pallbearers knelt on each side. The Coronet and Cushion being laid upon the coffin, and the escutcheons exposed to view. The Pages then ranged themselves in front of the altar, while the other persons who took part in the procession occupied the places which had been previously appointed for their reception. Their Royal Highnesses taking their seats in the stalls on each side of the west door at which the procession entered, the Knights of the Garter in their respective stalls, the Physicians, Lords of the Bedchamber, Ministers, Canons, and Lay Clerks, in the other vacant places, and the Ladies on the lower seats next the corpse.

These dispositions having been made under the direction of a Page, the Dean of Windsor, from the suffrage hall, read that part of the burial service, before the interment, with infinite pathos, after which the Choir chanted an appropriate hymn, during the whole of which the deepest marks of sorrow were depicted on the countenance of every person present, and amongst the Royal Brothers the same sentiments of poignant grief seemed to pervade all their bosoms.

The first part of the service being terminated, the procession moved from the Chapel in the same order in which it entered, and with the same degree of awful solemnity, the Choir again chaunting a solemn dirge, and taking its course to the right from the western door, proceeding through the north aisle to a passage behind the altar at the eastern extremity of the Chapel, in which was situated the temporary vault for the reception of the earthly remains of Her Royal Highness, previous to its final removal to Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel, which is in a forward state of preparation. The Corpse having arrived at the verge of the vault, which was lined with black cloth, the Yeomen lowered it into the hollow, and the cushion and coronet were placed on the top. The Royal Brothers were now observed close to the last home of their departed sister, and as they gazed on the harrowing scene, the big tears rolled down their manly cheeks, while their bosoms heaved with internal anguish at the awful task it became their duty to per-

form. While the Dean was finishing his office, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales burst into a paroxysm of grief, and was unable longer to bear up against the flood of misery which seemed almost to overwhelm his senses. He sobbed, and even cried with almost feminine weakness. His Royal Brother too participated in his grief, and paid the tribute of fraternal love to the memory of their deceased sister, whose virtues had endeared her to all who had the felicity of moving in her society. It would be impossible to describe the feelings which seemed to sway every heart on this awful occasion.

The floor of the aisle in which the vault is situated was covered with black cloth, the

gloomy effect of which, together with the sombre glare of the innumerable torches held by the soldiers, afforded a prospect awfully grand.

There were not more than 300 persons admitted into the aisles of the Chapel, 100 of whom only obtained entrance to the interior, during the burial service.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, which was not completed before eleven o'clock, Sir Isaac Heard, King at Arms, pronounced the following words:—"Princess Amelia, aged twenty-seven, sixth daughter of his Majesty, George the Third, King of Great Britain, to whom God grant long life, health, and prosperity."

## POETRY.

### GERTRUDE OF WYOMING; A PENNSYLVANIAN TALE.

By Thomas Campbell, Author of "*The Pleasures of Hope*."

IT always gives us great pleasure to introduce to public notice and encouragement any literary work of merit.—It is not within the nature of our work to enter into any detailed criticism, but this we conceive it but justice to say, that a sweeter and simpler work has never issued from the modern press than Mr. Campbell's "*Gertrude of Wyoming*."

The ground-work of this Poem is the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The author very properly avoids entering into a general narrative of an affair replete with horrible circumstances; he merely makes use of the beautiful scenery to constitute the ground-work of a romantic fable.—The testimony of historians and travellers, concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. An intelligent traveller informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

We did not approve of the very expensive form in which this work was first published, which was one reason for our not noticing it

before; it is now published in a more convenient size, and very cheap price; therefore we have no hesitation in recommending it to that general perusal and encouragement which its excellence merits.

"ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,  
"Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall  
"And roofless homes a sad remembrance  
bring  
"Of what thy gentle people did befall,  
"Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all  
"That see the Atlantic wave their moan restore.  
"Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,  
"And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of  
yore, [shore!  
"Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's  
"It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune  
"His Autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,  
"Perchance, along thy river calm at noon  
"The happy shepherd swain had nought to do  
"From morn till evening's sweeter pastime  
grew,  
"Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown  
"When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new;  
"And aye, those sunny mountains half way  
down  
"Would echo flagolet from some romantic  
town.  
"Then, where of Indian bill the daylight takes  
"His leave, how might you the flamingo see  
"Disporting like a meteor on her lakes—  
"And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree.

"And every sound of life was full of glee,  
 "From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of  
 men,  
 "While heark'ning, fearing nought their  
 revelry,  
 "The wild deer arch'd his peck from glades,  
 and then  
 "Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness  
 again.  
 "And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime  
 "Heard but in transatlantic story rung,  
 "For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,  
 "And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:  
 "Men from the blood of warring Europe  
 sprung,  
 "Were but divided by the running brook;  
 "And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,  
 "On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,  
 "The blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to  
 pruning hook.  
 "Nor far some Andalusian saraband  
 "Would sound to many a native rondelay.  
 "But who is he that yet a dearer land  
 "Remembers, over hills and far away?  
 "Green Albion! what though he no more  
 survey  
 "Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,  
 "Thy pellocks rolling from the mountain bay;  
 "Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,  
 "And distant isles that hear the loud Cor-  
 brechtan roar!  
 "Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,  
 "That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,  
 "Had forced him from a home he loved so  
 dear!  
 "Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,  
 "And plied the beverage from his own fair  
 sheaf, [glee;  
 "That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle  
 "And England sent her men, of men the chief,  
 "Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,  
 "To plant the tree of life; to plant fair free-  
 dom's tree!  
 "Here was not mingled in the city's pomp  
 "Of life's extremes the grandeur and the  
 gloom;  
 "Judgment awoke not here her dismal tramp,  
 "Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,  
 "Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.  
 "One venerable man, beloved of all,  
 "Sufficed where innocence was yet in bloom,  
 "To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,  
 "And Albert was their judge in patriarchal  
 hall.  
 "How reverend was the look, serenely aged,  
 "He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,  
 "Where all but kindly fervors were assuag'd,  
 "Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire;

"And though amidst the calm of thought  
 entire,  
 "Some high and haughty features might  
 betray  
 "A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire  
 "That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
 "As *Ætna's* fires grow dim before the rising  
 day.  
 "I boast no song in magic wonders rife,  
 "But yet familiar, is there nought to prize,  
 "Oh Nature! in thy bosom-scenes of life?  
 "And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious  
 skies  
 "No form with which the soul may sympa-  
 thize? [mild  
 "Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead  
 "The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,  
 "An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,  
 "Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only  
 child.  
 "The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's  
 cheek—  
 "What though these shades had seen her  
 birth, her sire  
 "A Briton's independence taught to seek  
 "Far western worlds; and there his house-  
 hold fire  
 "The light of social love did long inspire,  
 "And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see  
 "Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,  
 "When fate had reft his mutual heart—but  
 she [father's knee."  
 "Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd  
 The action, after a couple more Stanzas, is  
 thus commenced:—  
 "And summer was the tide, and sweet the  
 hour, [descent,  
 "When sire and daughter saw, with fleet  
 "An Indian from his bark approach their  
 bow'r,  
 "Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;  
 "The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,  
 "And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to  
 light  
 "A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,  
 "Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,  
 "Led by his dusky guide like morning brought  
 by night.  
 "Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young,  
 "The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;  
 "When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,  
 "Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,  
 "And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,  
 "Peace be to thee! my words this belt ap-  
 prove;  
 "The paths of peace my steps have hither led;  
 "This little unruling, take him to thy love,

'And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the  
parent dove.  
'Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;  
'Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:  
'Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,  
'We launch'd our quivers for the bison chase;  
'And with the Hurons planted far a space,  
'With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;  
'But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,  
'And though they held with us a friendly talk,  
'The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!  
'It was encamping on the lake's far port,  
'A cry of Arcouski broke our sleep,  
'Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,  
'And rapid rapid whoops came o'er the deep;  
'But long thy country's war-sign on the steep  
'Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,  
'And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,  
'Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,  
'As if a show'r of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!  
'It slept—it rose again—on high their tow'r  
'Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,  
'Then down again it rain'd an ember show'r,  
'And louder lamentations heard we rise:  
'As when the evil Manitou that dries  
'Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,  
'In vain the desolated panther flies,  
'And howls, amidst his wilderness of fire:  
'Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons dire!  
'But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,  
'So died their warriors by our battle-brand;  
'And from the tree we with her child unbound  
'A lonely mother of the Christian land—  
'Her lord—the captain of the British band—  
'Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay;  
'Scarce knew the widow our deliver's hand;  
'Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away;  
'Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians pray.—  
'Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls  
'Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamite;  
'But she was journeying to the land of souls,  
'And lifted up her dying head to pray  
'That we should bid an ancient friend convey  
'Her orphan to his home of England's shore;  
'And take, she said, this token far away  
'To one that will remember us of yore,  
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'When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's  
Julia wore.—  
'And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd  
'With this lorn dove.'—A sage's self-command  
'Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart  
that gush'd;  
'But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—  
'That shower'd upon the stranger of the land  
'No common boon, in grief but ill beguil'd  
'A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd;  
'And stay,' he cried, 'dear pilgrim of the wild!  
'Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!—  
'Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,  
'On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!  
'Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,  
'Young as thyself, and innocently dear:  
'Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer:  
'Ah happiest home of England's happy clime  
'How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,  
'As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!  
'How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time!  
'And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,  
'Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?  
'Or thought I, in thy father's house when thou  
'Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,  
'And first of all his hospitable door,  
'To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?  
'But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?  
'And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,  
'In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!'

The second part thus commences with a beautiful description of the abode of Albert:—

'A valley from the river shore withdrawn  
'Was Albert's home two quiet woods between,  
'Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;  
'And waters to their resting place serene  
'Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:  
'(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)  
'So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)  
'Have guess'd some congregation of the elves  
'To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.

'Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,  
'Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;  
'Both where at evening Allegany views,  
L 1

"Through ridges burning in her western  
 beam,  
 "Lake after lake interminably gleam:  
 "And past those settlers' haunts the eye  
 might roam,  
 "Where earth's unliving silence all would  
 seem; [dome,  
 "Save where on rocks the beaver built his  
 "Or buffalo remote low'd far from human  
 bome.  
 "But silent not that adverse eastern path  
 "Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;  
 "There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,  
 "(A precipice of foam from mountains brown),  
 "Like tumults heard from some far distant  
 town;  
 "But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,  
 "And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him  
 down—  
 "To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,  
 "That lent the windward air an exquisite per-  
 fume.—  
 "It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence  
 had [own  
 "On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their  
 "Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,  
 "That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd  
 upon; [shone,  
 "Whether with Hebe's mirth her features  
 "Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast;  
 "(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone);  
 "Yet so becomingly th' expression past,  
 "That each succeeding look was lovelier than  
 the last—  
 "Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,  
 "With all its picturesque and balmy grace,  
 "And fields that were a luxury to roam,  
 "Lost on the soul that look'd from such a  
 face!  
 "Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace  
 "Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's  
 zone,  
 "The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace  
 "To hills with high magnolia overgrown;  
 "And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and  
 alone."—

In some of the following stanzas the scenery is most romantically described.

"Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign  
 joy;  
 "To sooth a father's couch her only care,  
 "And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:  
 "For this, methinks, her homeward steps  
 repair,  
 "Soon as the morning wreath had bound her  
 hair;  
 "While yet the wild deer trod in spangling  
 dew,

"While boatman caroll'd to the fresh-blown  
 air.  
 "And woods a horizontal shadow threw,  
 "And early fox appear'd in momentary view.—  
 "At times there was a deep untrodden grot,  
 "Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude  
 wore;  
 "Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;  
 "But here (methinks) might India's sons ex-  
 plore  
 "Their father's dust, or lift, perchance of  
 yore,  
 "Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks  
 sublime  
 "To human art a sportive semblance wore;  
 "And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,  
 "Like moonlight battlements, and towers de-  
 cay'd by time.  
 "But high, in amphitheatre above,  
 "His arms the everlasting aloes threw:  
 "Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the  
 grove  
 "As if with instinct living spirit grew,  
 "Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue;  
 "And now suspended was the pleasing din,  
 "Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,  
 "Like the first note of organ heard within  
 "Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony  
 begin.  
 "It was in this lone valley she would charm  
 "The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch  
 had strewn;  
 "Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm  
 "On hillock by the palm-tree half o'er-  
 grown:  
 "And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,  
 "Which every heart of human mould endears;  
 "With Shakespeare's self she speaks and  
 smiles alone,  
 "And no intruding visitation fears,  
 "To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop  
 her sweetest tears.—  
 "For, save her presence, scarce an ear had  
 heard  
 "The stock-dove plaining through its gloom  
 profound,  
 "Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,  
 "Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;  
 "Till chance had usher'd to its inmost  
 ground  
 "The stranger guest of many a distant clime;  
 "He was, too sweet, for eastern mountains  
 bound;  
 "But late th' equator suns his cheek had  
 tann'd,  
 "And California's gales his roving bosom  
 fann'd.—



"A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,  
 "He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,  
 "Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,  
 "Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space  
 "Those downcast features:—she her lovely face  
 "Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame  
 "Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:  
 "Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,  
 "And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.  
 "For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair  
 "Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.  
 "Returning from the copse he soon was there;  
 "And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;  
 "Nor joyless, by the converse, understood,  
 "Between the man of age and pilgrim young,  
 "That gay congeniality of mood,  
 "And early liking from acquaintance sprung:  
 "Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's tongue.  
 "And well could be his pilgrimage of taste  
 "Unfold,—and much they lov'd his fervid strain,—  
 "While he each fair variety re-trac'd  
 "Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main:—  
 "Now happy Switzer's hills, romantic Spain,  
 "Gay lily'd fields of France,—or, more refin'd,  
 "The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;  
 "Nor less each rural image he design'd,  
 "Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind."

In calling attention to the works of Mr. Campbell, we cannot pass over his beautiful ballad of *Lord Ullin's daughter*.—It is an excellent subject for a pathetic muse; it abounds with opportunities for natural feeling, and has scenery to attract imagination, as well as sentiment to touch the heart.—The critical reader will discover that the conclusion is imperfect.

"A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
 "Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!  
 "And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
 "'To row us o'er the ferry.'—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
 "'This dark and stormy water?'  
 "Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
 "'And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—  
 "And fast before her father's men—  
 "'Three days we've fled together,  
 "For should he find us in the glen,  
 "'My blood would stain the heather.  
 "His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
 "'Should they our steps discover,  
 "Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
 "'When they have slain her lover?'—  
 "Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 "'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
 "It is not for your silver bright;  
 "'But for your winsome lady.'  
 "And by my word! the bonny bird  
 "'In danger shall not tarry;  
 "So, though the waves are raging white,  
 "'I'll row you o'er the ferry.'—  
 "By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 "The water-wraith was shrieking;  
 "And in the scowl of heav'n each face  
 "Grew dark as they were speaking.  
 "But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 "And as the night grew drearer,  
 "Adown the glen rode armed men,  
 "Their trampling sounded nearer.—  
 "Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
 "Though tempests round us gather;  
 "I'll meet the raging of the skies;  
 "But not an angry father.'—  
 "The boat has left a stormy land,  
 "A stormy sea before her,—  
 "When oh! too strong for human hand,  
 "The tempest gather'd o'er her.—  
 "And still they row'd amidst the roar  
 "Of waters fast prevailing:  
 "Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
 "His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—  
 "For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
 "His child he did discover:—  
 "One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
 "And one was round her lover.—  
 "Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
 "Across this stormy water:  
 "And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 "My daughter!—oh my daughter!"—  
 "'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
 "Return or aid preventing:—  
 "The waters wild went o'er his child—  
 "And he was left lamenting."

## FASHIONS

FOR

DECEMBER, 1810.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

## A SECOND MOURNING EVENING FULL DRESS.

A white satin slip, ornamented round the bottom with gold, over which is worn a black patent net dress, with short sleeves. The dress entirely edged round with a rich joining lace, and ornamented with gold buttons; sloped up at the bottom in the front, and trimmed with a broad scallop lace. The hat is composed of black velvet and lace, ornamented with gold, and gold spray in front. Hair in curls divided on the forehead; necklace and earrings of gold; white kid gloves; shoes of white satin, with gold rosettes. A shawl of French grey silk, which is thrown across the shoulders in any way that occasion or fancy may dictate.

N. B. The Tarragona hat and dress represented in the plate, as a fashionable evening costume, is the entire invention of Miss Blacklin, of New Bridge-street.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE STATE COFFIN OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

## THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

The Coffin is covered with the best Genoa velvet. The ornaments are cast brass double-plated with silver; and consist of eight thousand nails—six thousand small, and two thousand large. Eight large plates and handles, resembling the Tuscan Order. A Coronet at the top. Two Palm Branches, in a cross saltier, under the Coronet, with P. A. (the initials of her Royal Highness.) They are very massy, and are executed in a highly-finished style. Forty-eight Plates, with a Coronet, two Palm Branches in cross saltier, with the Princess's Coronet at top. Eight bevil double corner plates, with the same ornaments inscribed, and one at each corner of the cover.

A large solid silver plate with the following inscription issued from the Herald's Office,

by Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-Arms, is engraved upon the plate of the coffin:—

## DEPOSITUM

Illustrissimæ Principissæ Ameliæ,  
Filisæ Sextæ et natu minimæ Augustissimæ  
Et Potentissimæ Georgii Tertii, Dei  
Gratia, Britanniarum Regis Fidei  
Defensoris, &c.  
Obiit 2da die Novembris,  
Anno Domini MDCCCX.  
Ætatis suæ XXVIII.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

## FASHION AND DRESS.

Every rank of life are at this moment so perfectly agreed in testifying, by every outward form, the respect due to the late Princess Amelia, that our task for the present month being confined to this exclusive form of dress will be necessarily somewhat curtailed. A respect not so much due to the illustrious rank of this lamented Princess as to the many amiable qualities she possessed, and the example she has left us of patience, resignation, and even cheerfulness under sufferings painful and protracted almost without parallel, a patience which could only have its foundation in a piety the most solid and rational, which evinced itself also in her tender and dutiful conduct to her parents, her generous and faithful behaviour to her friends, and gentle and affable deportment to all the world. Notwithstanding her elevated station she always appeared humble and modest. Her figure was graceful as the imagination can paint; her air and features noble and dignified; but the mildness of her look, the harmony of her voice, and the gentleness and gaiety of her manners, were all so happily blended that they commanded the love and admiration of every heart. Such was the Princess Amelia whom all the world so justly and so generally mourn.



*EVENING DRESS.*



At this season of the year the style of walking dresses is always uncertain and various. Fur tippets are the most prevailing, but though the greater number are round in the pelisse form, yet a degree of preference appears to be due to the long tippets of swansdown. Scarlet mantles bound with the same, formed of a large square of fine cloth, the corner fastened down over the left shoulder so as to admit the neck and allow of its folding over the bosom, and fastened with a large jet cameo; the cloak must be cut round at the bottom. Large gipsy cloaks of French grey cloth, bound with the same colour, cut the cross-way, the corner only supplied by a hood made large to hang plain but not to draw, fastened in front by a long black jet slide. Black velvet pelisses made entirely plain, or bound with a plain broad crape, cut with a stomacher front, just meeting before and confined by a band and buckle or clasp of cameos. We have noticed a few black cloth pelisses and mantles. Both mantles and pelisses, as also tippets, are now invariably worn with the Elizabeth ruff, which is made of either crape or crape muslin in two rows, fluted, and worn to stand up close to the head; the front of the ruff is not so wide as the hind part and is confined by a large cameo; it is almost unnecessary to remark that the ruff has broad hems. The most novel and attractive hat is of velvet with yeoman crown, indented over the face and slightly projecting in the style of the Mary Queen of Scots' hat, the rim is, however, narrow, and worn with two small flat craped or crimped ostrich feathers placed in the centre so as to fall back and fasten in by a rich jet triangle. The style of this hat is an improvement on the Spanish shape, and infinitely more becoming than when turned up before. It should be worn with the scarlet cloak and ruff before described. We have observed some beavers in the same form.

Black chip hats are likewise in much request either in the Scottish, Spanish, cottage, gipsy, or woodland form, trimmed either with crape or feathers; the feathers now worn are for the most part flat, and those best adapted to mourning are craped; they are disposed so as to fall back from the face. The beaver hats, turned up broad in front and crossed with a military plume, are no longer seen upon elegant women; we are happy to find that the discovery is at length made that they give even to a delicate countenance a confident, challenging air, wholly inconsistent with modesty, and disgusting to propriety. A regiment of such hats might perform wonders against an

enemy, but let our fair countrywomen remember, that a modest retreating conduct and manner are their greatest ornament and best defence; and let those who disregard them from principle adopt them through policy, and whatever contributes even to the outward appearance of it.

Morning dresses in mourning admit of but little variety. We have observed several short pelisses in black bombazeen, worn over a petticoat of the same, made to fit tight to the shape with a stomacher front, and just to meet, buttoned or confined with jet clasps before, and worn with the Elizabeth ruff and cuffs; the cuffs are of muslin or crape fluted with broad hems, and worn to fall back from the hand, like a fan, but sloped nearly to a point towards the wrist, where it is clasped or buttoned with jet. The ruff in the same manner stands high round the neck, but is sloped off to the throat and confined in the centre by a cameo brooch. This is called the Lady Jane Grey's dress, it being a near resemblance of the manner in which she is habited in several old paintings; nothing certainly can be more becoming; there is something interesting and attractive even in the dress itself.

For dinner or afternoon dresses, the colour only has been changed; they are made high in the neck, with stomacher fronts to lace before, and ornamented round the throat with a falling collar of deep antique scollops or vandykes, broached or tied with black silk cord, finished with bead or jet tassels. Bombazeen, lustrous, cloth velvets, and Spanish bombazeen chiefly compose them; the sleeves are worn long, the trains moderately short; the cuffs and ruffs described above are worn in every degree of dress when the gowns are made sufficiently high to admit of them.

For full or evening dress, the gowns are made just above the rise of the bosom, and formed so as to sit perfectly square, and give as great a breadth to the bosom as possible; the sleeves are neither positively short nor long, but left to the direction of fancy; the backs of the dresses are worn high, laced, or in the frock style. Black crape, white or black bombazeen, with striped or figured gauzes, over slips of black sarsonet, are the most prevailing articles. Velvet may be worn in the fullest dress, but it has a better effect when made up to the throat, and worn with a crape falling collar, or *colletette à-la-Cardinale Wolsey*, and Scottish hat; with monastic necklace and cross.

No mixture of grey whatever is admitted

into the present order of mourning; the nuder dresses are likewise invariably of black silk. Black kid shoes, with jet roses, and plain black or white silk stockings.

In regard to jewellery, every species of jet ornaments are worn; plain rows of large beads seem to have the preference above fancy necklaces; large Maltese crosses are innumerable; the long monastic necklaces and crosses are also much worn; and cameos in rings,

brooches, combs, and crescents, are in the highest estimation; they are much used also in necklaces large in the centre, but of a diminished size towards the ends.

Black is not only the entire colour, but such also is the colour of the times, that though the metropolis is thronged, there is neither gaiety or bustle in our streets, and so general is the mourning that fashion is nowhere to be found.

## MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

### THE STAGE.

ESSAYS TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.—No. III.

The *Way of the World* is a comedy, in which the powers of Congreve appear in their full brilliancy, and tempered with more judgment and self-restraint, than can be found in his pieces. In his other plays, he not unfrequently loses himself in his attention to dialogue. He joins his combatants in the battle of wit, and continues it till he tires the powers even of the most intelligent audiences.—Like a young poet he is more full of images than thought or propriety. In the *Way of the World*, with respect to the dialogue, he has softened down his exuberance; he talks the language of nature and life, and substitutes vigour of observation, condensed and pointed truth, for metaphors and imagery.

Those who enjoy the full powers of judgment will always prefer the *Way of the World* to any of his other pieces; those who wish to see the powers of imagination, and the vigorous play of the understanding, will prefer the *Old Bachelor*.

The plot of the *Way of the World* must not be judged by the manners of the present age. The stage, in the time of Congreve, had not divested itself of those vices which had grown up under the encouragement of the court of Charles the Second. The manners of the country had likewise much suffered by the pernicious example of the king and his debauched nobles. What, in this happier age, are considered as things sacred from ridicule, and of equal public and private importance, the chastity and honour of wives, the modesty of women, the decorum of men in mixed society, the sanctity of children, the value of example; all these things were then lightly heeded.—

Men lived in this world as if there were no other, and if the other ever obtruded on their thoughts, they silenced the reflection in the language of the *Old Bachelor*, "I shall go to heaven in time, but I have no wish to go there yet." In this state of public morals, the corruption was necessarily great and wide. There was doubtless such a plot as that of the *Way of the World*, and such maids and widows as constitute the characters of that piece.

But of all the productions of Congreve, considered as works of genius, the *Mourning Bride* holds the first place. As a poem, it is a wonderful effort of talent in a man who was by nature not a poet, and only became one by effort, and because the fashion of the times and the taste of his patrons required it.

Congreve lived in an age when the great sought to participate in the reputation of the learned by their patronage of literature; and the poets, thus encouraged and rewarded, raised their patrons, as it were, on their backs. Halifax, the patron of Congreve, was a poet, and it was necessary that Congreve should be a poet likewise. Congreve, therefore, made the effort, and succeeded.

The poetry of *The Mourning Bride*, in sweetness and occasional majesty, is not exceeded by any tragedy in the language. It has infinitely more vigour than Rowe's plays, and, according to the characteristic manner of Congreve, there is no inanity; every line almost has a more than ordinary meaning, and the matter is condensed by sentences as just as they are pointed. The style bears a strong resemblance to Lucan and the ornate poets of the latter age of Rome. But here the praise of *The Mourning Bride* must end. The plot is heavy, unnatural, and artificial; that is to say, there is more labour than art. The plot evidently appears to be made for the pur-

pose, and to have no other existence than in the imagination of the poet. It is a tragical counterpart of *The Double Dealer*; has more bustle than business; more noise than work; more motion than progress. Every body is in motion, and little or nothing is done. The incidents, moreover, on which the plot is founded, has neither natural grief nor dignity sufficient for tragedy. In tragedy, the passions are supposed to be excited by some more than ordinary stimulant. *Almeria* is merely a widow. *Zara* has nothing to say to the main business, and is only introduced for incident.

Vanburgh is the next writer who comes under our examination. Comedy had been straightened by Congreve into a regularity, and conformity with critical rules, more exact than by any writer since the era of Ben Jonson. The time occupied by his fables was never more than what the audience might reasonably presume to be exhausted during the time of acting it. His scene was seldom shifted during the act, as he justly concluded that all such changes were inartificial, and broke in upon the regular divisions of the action, and that each change of scene, as it occurred, made that pause in the progress of the fable which constituted an act. He made very little use of that kind of humour which is drawn out by forced situations; his action was not natural, but it was never extravagant. He seldom condescended to equivocate, concealment, or personal mistake; he possessed the stage, and occupied the attention of his audience, without any contrivance but such as depended on himself, and he was indebted to the scene for no other assistance than what necessarily belonged to dramatic action.

When Vanburgh came forward as a writer for the stage, he soon discovered, that the laborious regularity of Congreve's plots detracted much from the spirit of the action, and that his dialogue, which had been raised by his wit and fancy above the comprehension of a common hearer, rather fatigued than pleased; that it was known to be just by study, but could not recommend itself by ordinary sympathy. The stage, however, was open to variety, and the public required it. He rejected, therefore, the regularity of Congreve both in the invention and conduct of his plots. He endeavoured, indeed, to get rid of the necessity of fable, or at least of the difficulty of contriving a natural and regular course of fiction, by substituting a series of incidents and situations, which had no direct

tendency to any uniform plot or particular development, but which, by keeping up a shew of business on the stage, and a perpetual stream of action, withdrew the attention of his audience from the nakedness, or defect of a main plot, and made up in bustle for what was wanting in business.

The comedies of Vanburgh have in truth no fable; but they are enlivened by constant action, and raised above the merit of mere stage intrigue, by the gaiety and force of his characters, and the familiar humour of his dialogue. If there was nothing original in his plot or his characters, he gave them infinitely more nature than those who first invented them. He borrowed without disguise, but he only borrowed to improve; and a character which, however, invested with brilliancy and wit, came forth but pure art from its original designer, was by Vanburgh made natural. But the quality in which Vanburgh exceeds almost every other writer is his dialogue. It always abounds with imagery and humour, but is never formal; it approached more nearly to the dialogue of common life than of any other writer, if we except Shakespeare. It is at once familiar and pointed, natural and uncommon; easy, but never trite; it has the laxity of conversation without its carelessness, and the expression of natural manners without being inelegant or inane.

*The Relapse* was the first of Vanburgh's comedies. The character of *Lord Foppington* has more nature and spirit than any other Fop on the stage. It has not the common defect of such characters—an extravagance which contradicts probability, and an absurdity which disgusts as unnatural. *Young Fashion* is a rake with great liveliness, and without the affectation and formality of Congreve's young men; and *Lory*, though he has not so much wit, has more natural merriment than any of the servants of Congreve. *Miss Houdon* is beyond all doubt the best *Houdon* on the stage: she must not be judged of as she is now seen on the stage; not that we blame that curtailment which decency and good manners equally require: she has more nature than *Miss Prue*, and not more wit than nature.

The next piece of Vanburgh which we shall notice is his comedy of *The Provoked Wife*. It has no fable; and even the incidents, which employ the characters and connect the action, are so loosely put together, that any one of them might change place with the other, without injury to the plot. Vanburgh sacrificed

every thing to character and dialogue, and it must be confessed that he did not lose what he pursued at so much expence. The whole force of *The Provoked Wife* is collected in the character of *Sir John Brute*. It is a picture, somewhat overcharged, of the sullenness of the English Squire,—drunk, cowardly, humourous, hating the Church, and suspicious of the State, bullying his wife, and with too much grossness even for the vice of intrigue or jealousy. This character is displayed with great humour and great originality; it has a manifest difference from the vulgar, commonplace Squire of the Stage, and even from the *Squire Sullen* of Farquhar. *Lady Brute* and *Belinda* are the licentious women of a poet's fancy, where vice is at least superficially covered by wit and elegance. It would not demand much talent to restore this piece to the Stage.

*The Mistake* is one of those pieces in which the author has attempted to form a fable upon Spanish manners, and the intrigues and disguises which are presumed to be probable in such kind of plots. If we exclude the improbability of the main disguise, we must confess that nothing can be more natural and happy than the conduct of the action. It fastens upon the curiosity by a gradual and easy approach, collects new doubts as it proceeds; becomes so mysterious as to toss and agitate the mind with restless curiosity, and is dispersed and cleared away by the breaking forth of light, which serves to display the harmony and beauty of a just and noble contrivance. This is the perfection of plot; there is the derangement and confusion of congruous parts, disjointed but not torn asunder; separated, but made to unite; the *disjecta membra* are the limbs of a well formed structure, and the skilful adaptation, and more perfect contrivance of the parts, is shown by this bold anatomy of genius.

The quarrel of the lovers in this piece is very natural and pleasing; the young lady is haughty and tender; the young man is jealous without a cause, and appeased without a reason. The waiting man and waiting-woman are counterparts of their master and mistress in different modes of life, and varied according to their circumstances; it is the same passion and humour acting in different conditions.

Nothing could have induced the necessity of abridging this excellent Comedy to the shape in which it is now seen, but the Spanish plot, which is too improbable to be endured by an English audience through a piece of

five acts, who see nothing of the same sort at home, and in their own domestic circumstances.

*The Confederacy* is the last and most perfect work of this writer. Like all of Vanburgh's pieces, if we except *The Mistake*, the plot is nothing more than a field for the characters. He seems to have selected his characters first, and afterwards to have made a plot for them; the incidents, therefore, are not so natural as they are humourously contrived. The characters of *Brass* and *Dick* are not exceeded in a gay impudence, and a knavish humour, by any on the stage. There is indeed in *Brass* a surprising impudence, which pleases by its excess. This impudence, moreover, which is a great excellence, is made to sit naturally upon the whole character. The calm and careless indifference of *Clarissa*, whilst her husband is in a heat of passion, is likewise natural and striking, and what many husbands experience to their cost. *Flippanta* is of a piece with the others; all gaiety and impudence. *Mrs. Amlett* perhaps, as a character ideal, is an excellent humour dramatised; a clamorous dun, but easily appeased by an expectation of gain, and having as little honesty as any other character in the piece. There is perhaps not an example in English Comedy of any dialogue equal to that of *The Confederacy*. Without the formality of wit it has all the effect; and it possesses that sort of humour which is suited to the domestic purposes of life, without emptiness or vulgarity. The life of it, in short, lies in humour rather than in the words; it is the language of nature in such characters as the author conceived and has drawn; where knavery is associated with manners, and intrigue is embellished by wit.

In addition to this, as to the verbal texture of the speeches, there is nothing of an attempt at style, or what is termed composition; the characters are never narrative or eloquent; they merely talk, and say what is proper to the action.

(To be continued.)

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Mr. John Bellamy proposes to publish by subscription, in two octavo volumes, the *Fall of Deism*, wherein the objections of the Deists against the Old and New Testaments, during the last sixteen hundred years, are answered, by a strict adherence to the literal sense of the Hebrew language.

The Rev. G. Mitchell has nearly ready for publication, *Family Sermons* for every Sunday



in the year, selected from the works of Archbishop Secker.

The Bishop of London is printing a work on the subject of Calvinism, which will comprehend his last three Charges, with considerable additions and numerous quotations from the works of Calvin and of the ancient fathers.

Mr. Gregory Wood has in the press, in an octavo volume, an Account of the Isle of Man, comprising its history, antiquities, and present state.

Dr. Thomas Jameson is printing, in an octavo volume, an Inquiry into the Physiological Changes of the Human Body at its different ages, the diseases to which it is predisposed in each period of life, and the principles of longevity.

Miss Holford, author of *Wallace*, has a volume of Poems nearly ready for publication; and she has selected *Bannockburn* for the subject of her next metrical romance.

Miss Emma Parker, of Fairfield-house, Denbighshire, will shortly publish, *Elfrida*, or the Heiress of Belgrove, a novel, in four volumes.

Mr. Wm. Richards will shortly publish a History of Lynn, civil, commercial, political, and military, in an octavo volume.

Mr. Cox's *Literary Life and Select Works of Richard Stillingfleet* will shortly appear, in three octavo volumes, with portraits and other engravings.

Mr. Malcolm will shortly publish another volume of *Anecdotes of the Manners, &c. of the Citizens of London*.

Mr. Southey's poem of *Kehama* is nearly finished printing by the Ballantynes of Edinburgh.

Mr. Westall's *Illustrations of the Lady of the Lake* will appear in a few weeks; and the drawings will be submitted to the inspection of the public at the same time.

Mr. Weber is engaged on a new edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, which will comprise the long-lost and unpublished comedy of the *Faithful Friends*, recovered by Mr. Kett.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Leeds, has in the press, a *History of the Human Teeth*, with a treatise on their diseases from infancy to age, adapted for general information.

Mr. Smart is preparing for the press a *Guide to Parsing*, in which Mr. Murray's arrangement will be followed.

A *Life of Sir Michael Foster, Knt.* by the late Michael Dodson, Esq. originally written for the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, will shortly be published.

*Bishop Porteus' Works*, complete, with his *Life*, by the Rev. R. Hodgson, in six octavo volumes, will appear in a few weeks. The *Life* will also be sold separately.

The Rev. John Fawcett has in the press a *Devotional Family Bible*, containing the Old and New Testaments, with notes and illustrations, and a devotional exercise at the end of each chapter; the first part of which will be published at the beginning of the next year.

Mr. Robert Kerr is engaged on a *General History and Collection of Voyages and Travels*, arranged in systematic order, and illustrated by maps and charts. It is expected to make eighteen volumes in octavo, and to be published in thirty-six parts, the first of which will appear on the first of January next.

The Rev. — Davis, of Campton academy, is printing a *Collection of Reading Exercises*, for youth of both sexes.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin is printing a new edition of his *Bibliomania*, much improved and enlarged, which will be entitled a *Bibliographical Romance*.

The Right Hon. George Rose has in the press an enlarged edition of a *Brief Examination into the Increase of Commerce and the Revenue*, brought down to the present time.

Mr. Jones' second edition of *Monstrelet's Chronicle* will soon appear in twelve octavo volumes, with a quarto volume of plates.

The new edition of *Addison's Works*, with notes, &c. by the late Bishop Hurd, in six octavo volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Take leaves of rue, picked from the stalks and bruised, six ounces; garlick, picked from the stalks and bruised, Venice treacle, or Mithridate, and scrapings of pewter, of each four ounces. Boil all these over a slow fire in two quarts of strong ale, till one pint is consumed; then keep it in bottles, close stopped, and give of it nine spoonfuls to man or woman, warm, every seven mornings together, fasting. This if given within nine days after the biting of the dog, will prevent the hydrophobia. Apply some of the ingredients from which the liquor was strained to the bitten place.—This recipe was, some years ago, taken out of Calthrop Church, Lincolnshire, the whole town being bitten by a mad dog, and all that took this medicine did well, while all the rest died mad. In a P. S. it is added—many years experience have proved that this is an effectual cure.

## INCIDENTS

## OCCURRING IN AND NEAR LONDON, INTERESTING MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

## HIS MAJESTY'S ILLNESS.

The indisposition of his Majesty has been attributed entirely to the painful anxiety in which his Majesty and every member of the Royal Family has been kept by the Princess Amelia's melancholy situation. The lively interest which his Majesty felt in these vicissitudes, was observed to have an alarming influence on his feelings. About a month since his Majesty received from the physicians the afflicting report, that the Princess might be no more in an hour, or that she might languish for many days; but they felt it to be their duty to apprise his Majesty of the imminent danger in which she then was. From that time the King's agitation was manifest. He passed some days in excessive grief, and some days, according to the gleams of hope, was equally elevated by expectation. He at times kept the physicians with him, when they made their report, two or three hours, in minute inquiries. He was accustomed to receive a report every morning at seven o'clock, and afterwards every two hours in the day. At three o'clock regularly he went in his coach to the Lodge to visit her; and the effect of these visits upon his heart was visible in his tears. The affecting incident of the ring, put upon his finger by the dying object of his tenderness, completed the shock his nature had received. On Thursday morning, the 25th of October, the Gentleman whose business it was to be near his person, felt it necessary to communicate to Mr. Perceval the obvious alteration that had taken place in his Majesty's speech and deportment. On Friday this became more manifest, and on Saturday it was so alarming, that a Council was held; the Lord Chancellor was sent for; Dr. Heberden was directed to attend, and orders were given that the physicians and medical attendants only should have access to the royal apartments. On Monday Lord Eldon and Mr. Perceval had a long audience of the Queen, and afterwards received the opinion of the physicians, who all concurred in declaring, that the fever might speedily subside; but in his present state they did not consider his Majesty to be able to attend to business. Upon this report, Ministers felt it to be inconsistent with their responsibility to submit to his Majesty, for the Sign Manual, the Commission for the prorogation of Parliament, and without such Sign Manual the Lord Chancellor knew that he could not put to it the Great Seal. In this melancholy suspension of the Executive Power, messengers were dispatched for the immediate attendance in London of all the Great Officers of State, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Wellesley, the President of the Council, &c. &c.; and the first Bulletin was issued, which was sent in every direction to the

friends of Administration. Soon after another Council was held, and the report of the physicians being, that the fever had not abated, circular letters were sent, requesting the attendance of Members in town for the meeting of the two Houses. On Thursday, Nov. 1, their Lordships met, from twenty to thirty in number; about half-past three o'clock. Prayers having been read as usual, the Lord Chancellor at four o'clock rose, and in a very impressive manner observed, that their Lordships were met together pursuant to the regular notification for the 1st of November, which stated, that his Majesty would appoint a Commission in the usual manner. But it was with the deepest concern and regret that he found himself under the necessity of informing their Lordships, that such was, at present, the state of the personal indisposition of his Majesty, that he had not thought it his duty, under the circumstances, to proffer to his Majesty a Commission to receive the Sign Manual. This personal indisposition of his Majesty was created by the pressure of that domestic affliction (in which every Noble Lord must sympathize) upon his Majesty's paternal feelings. But he was happy to say, that there were strong hopes of his Majesty's recovery from that indisposition. In this state of things he had considered what was his line of duty, with respect to carrying into effect the notification of the meeting of Parliament. Whether his putting, without the Sign Manual, the Great Seal to such a Commission, would or would not be considered strictly legal, was a question upon which he should not enter, and therefore would not trouble their Lordships upon that subject. He should only say, that, under all the circumstances, he did not think it advisable so to do.—Much as he lamented the circumstances under which their Lordships then assembled, he must leave it to their wisdom to adopt such a mode as appeared most convenient and proper for an occasion of so much importance. On the question of adjournment being put, it was carried nem. dis. The Earl of Liverpool then rose, and moved that their Lordships be summoned for Thursday, the 15th of November: on which day the House again assembled, and a very considerable number attended. All the Cabinet Ministers were in their places, and four of the Royal Dukes, namely, their Royal Highnesses of Clarence, Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge. After a considerable interval, during which the House became very fully attended, the Lord Chancellor left the Woolsack, advanced towards the table, and addressed the House.—“My Lords, there being now a full attendance of your Lordships, I trust you will indulge me, in allowing me to re-state from this place what I had the honour to state to the

House on the 1st instant, from the Woolsack. It was my intention to conclude with a motion, and therefore I wish to make the statement from this place. My Lords, when your Lordships assembled on the 1st of this month, after it had been publicly notified that it was his Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this Parliament should be prorogued to the 29th of November, and that a Commission for such prorogation should be issued under the Great Seal, I then stated, that in obedience to his Majesty's commands, I had prepared a Commission for such prorogation, but that in consequence of his Majesty's indisposition, such Commission could not receive his Majesty's royal signature; and I had not felt it consistent with my view of my duty to put the Great Seal to that Commission, without his Majesty's Sign Manual. It is for your Lordships to judge whether in this view of my duty I have committed an error. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of the question as to the legality of a Commission having the Great Seal affixed to it, and purporting to have the King's Sign Manual, but which it had not received. I only mean again to state, that in my conception of my duty I did not conceive myself authorized to affix the Great Seal to the Commission to which I have alluded, without the King's Sign Manual. My Lords, I then stated what I am anxious to re-state, that his Majesty's indisposition arose entirely from the pressure of domestic affliction, operating upon his paternal feelings, and that the physicians then in care of his Majesty entertained a confident expectation of his Majesty's recovery. My Lords, as the physicians then had a confident expectation of his Majesty's recovery, so they now also entertained a confident expectation of his Majesty's recovery, regard being had to his Majesty's time of life, and to his Majesty's former state of health. This is the unanimous opinion (I am anxious to state their own words) not only of the physicians then in attendance, but of those whose care has since been thrown around his Majesty, and is given with as much certainty as can be attached to prognostics upon medical subjects. Those physicians also who now attend his Majesty, and who attended his Majesty upon a former indisposition, state, that they see in the present state of his Majesty all the symptoms of approach towards recovery, and none of the symptoms which indicate the delay of recovery. Upon the statement which I made on the 1st of this month, one of your Lordships moved to adjourn for fourteen days, the shortest period within which Parliament can by law be assembled upon any emergency for the dispatch of business; your Lordships are now assembled in pursuance of that adjournment, and it is for the House to determine what course it is proper to pursue. Under the circumstances which I have stated, I trust in God, from the favourable symptoms of his Majesty's indisposition, that there will be no necessity for the adoption of any proceeding by this House to supply

the defect of the Royal authority; and I may be allowed to express my opinion, that the most delicate and proper mode of proceeding in the present instance, would be to adjourn for fourteen days. My Lords, it is with feelings of affliction for the indisposition of his Majesty, in which I am sure all your Lordships participate, that I make this motion, and at the same time in the confident hope that at the expiration of that period no proceeding will be necessary."—His Lordship concluded by moving an adjournment till Thursday, October 29. Earl Moira conceived that no material inconvenience would result to the public interest from the delay proposed, and therefore gave his cordial support to the motion. Earl Grenville was anxious not to disturb the unanimity so desirable upon the present occasion, but at the same time could with difficulty bring himself to assent to the motion for adjournment. His Lordship said it was of the greatest importance that the principles of the Constitution should not be violated. In this assembly, not of the Parliament, but of the estates of the realm, no proceeding could, according to the forms of the Constitution, be adopted, but of necessity, and his objection in the present instance was, that they had not constituted upon their Journals the act of necessity in consequence of which they were assembled. Earl Grey signified his entire concurrence in the sentiments of Lord Grenville. Earl Sidmouth assented also to the motion; on the question of adjournment to Thursday, the 29th inst. being put, it was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The interest and anxiety excited by the known indisposition of his Majesty, and the doubts which were generally entertained, whether the Royal Signature should be obtained to a Commission for a further prorogation of Parliament, pursuant to proclamation, attracted a more numerous attendance of Members than, under all the circumstances of the case, could, at this season, have been expected. About half past three the Speaker came down, and took his seat, as usual, at the table. A few minutes before four o'clock, the Speaker rising from his Chair at the table, addressed the House to the following effect:—"This House is now met upon the day to which it was last prorogued. But I have to inform the House, that notwithstanding his Majesty's Royal Proclamation in the Gazette, intimating his pleasure that Parliament should be still further prorogued to a future day, we are not to expect any message from his Majesty's Commissioners on this occasion, no Commission having been issued further to prorogue Parliament. Under these circumstances it becomes my duty to take the Chair of this House, in order that this House may be enabled to adjourn itself to such time as the House in its wisdom shall deem fit; and I do therefore take the chair accordingly."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then rose, and said, after the Proclamation, which had already appeared in the

*Gazette*, intimating his Majesty's pleasure that Parliament should be further prorogued to a future day, the House would very naturally be anxious to hear, why, after such declaration of his Majesty's pleasure, his Majesty's servants were unable to carry into effect his Majesty's wishes, and were not prepared with the Royal Commission for that purpose. To relieve this anxiety, it became his duty, his most painful duty, to state, that it was owing to the indisposition of his Majesty, that his Majesty's servants had been unable to give effect to his Royal Proclamation. If any thing could afford real consolation to the feelings of unfeigned affection and affliction which pervaded all classes of the public, it must be the consideration that the cause of his Majesty's present illness was to be ascribed to his steady and unremitting attention to the painful and protracted sufferings of a beloved daughter. He concluded with moving, that the House, at its rising, should adjourn to Thursday, Nov. 15. which was agreed to *nomine contradicente*.

Thursday, Nov. 15.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, after having urged the necessity of the house being further adjourned, related that he had felt it his duty to have the best information on the afflicting state of his Majesty, and he had the pleasure of acquainting the House, that all the Physicians were unanimously of opinion, that his Majesty's health was in a state of progressive amendment. It was then under circumstances so cheering, that he now suggested to the House the propriety of waiting the more decisive issue of this favourable turn. With these impressions, and under such a view of the subject he moved that the House do at its rising this day, adjourn to Thursday, Nov. 20.—Mr. Whitbread entered his solemn protest against any measure that would, for another fortnight, continue to deprive them of the aid and councils of the remaining two branches of the legislature.—Sir Francis Burdett said, that the motion now submitted to the House was one of the most irrational and unconstitutional propositions ever made in that House. He would never consent to compromise the constitution. Had he been present on the last day of meeting, he would have opposed every motion for adjournment.—On the question being loudly called for, the House divided on the question for an adjournment—Ayes, 340; Noes, 58.—Majority, 285.

#### STATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

The following are the daily bulletins issued from Windsor Castle:—

Monday, October 29, 1810.—The King has been indisposed for a few days past. His Majesty has had fever, and his nights have been restless; but he has had several hours sleep this morning.

Tuesday, Oct. 30, ten o'clock, A. M.—The King has passed a restless night, and his Majesty is much the same to-day as yesterday.

Wednesday, Oct. 31, nine o'clock, A. M.—The King has passed a restless night, but his Majesty's fever is not increased.

Thursday, Nov. 1.—His Majesty has passed rather a better night, and is much the same to-day as yesterday.

Friday, Nov. 2.—The King has passed a night with very little sleep, and is much the same to-day as yesterday.

Saturday, Nov. 3.—His Majesty passed a better night, but his fever is not diminished.

Sunday, Nov. 4.—The King is in no respect worse to-day, although his Majesty has passed the night with very little sleep.

Monday, Nov. 5.—The King has had a good night. His Majesty has been rather better through the last twenty-four hours.

Thursday, Nov. 6.—His Majesty has passed the night with very little sleep, and is not better this morning.

Same day, nine o'clock, P. M.—His Majesty has had some sleep, and has appeared a little better throughout this day.

Wednesday, Nov. 7.—His Majesty had more sleep last night, and continues as well as in any part of yesterday.

Same day, three o'clock.—His Majesty is much the same as he was in the morning.

Thursday, Nov. 8.—His Majesty has had a little sleep, and continues nearly in the same state as yesterday.

Same day, eight o'clock P. M.—His Majesty has had a considerable degree of fever in the course of this day, but has slept since six o'clock, and is now asleep.

Friday, Nov. 9.—His Majesty has had several hours sleep, and appears rather better to-day.

Saturday, Nov. 10.—We consider his Majesty to be better this morning than he has been for the last five or six days past.

Sunday, Nov. 11.—His Majesty is still a little better this day than he was yesterday.

Same day, nine o'clock P. M.—His Majesty has a little more fever this evening than he had in the morning.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Although his Majesty has passed the night with very little sleep, yet he appears in no respect worse than he was yesterday.

Tuesday, Nov. 13, eight o'clock, P. M.—The King has had some increase of fever this day, but his Majesty is now rather better.

Wednesday, Nov. 14.—His Majesty has had some sleep in the night, and is better this morning.

Thursday, Nov. 15, nine o'clock, P. M.—His Majesty has had a little increase of fever this afternoon.

Friday, Nov. 16.—His Majesty has had some sleep in the night, and his fever is again a little abated.

Saturday, Nov. 17.—His Majesty has had a restless night, and has upon the whole, been more feverish for the last two days.

Monday, Nov. 19.—His Majesty's fever has rather increased in the course of this day.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—His Majesty has had some sleep in the night, and has rather less fever this morning.

Wednesday, Nov. 21.—His Majesty's disorder continues with little variation since yesterday.

Thursday, Nov. 22.—No change has been observed in his Majesty's complaint since yesterday.

Friday, Nov. 23.—His Majesty has had a little increase of fever this morning, after a bad night.

Saturday, Nov. 24.—His Majesty has passed the night without sleep, but his fever is not increased.

(Signed) H. R. REYNOLDS,  
HENRY HALFORD,  
W. HERBERDEN,  
M. BAILLIE,  
R. WILLIS.

On Friday, Nov. 9, the Lord Mayor, Lord Mayor Elect, Aldermen, &c. proceeded in a private manner, in consequence of the domestic calamities of the Royal Family, from Guildhall to the Court of Exchequer, Westminster Hall, where the Lord Mayor Elect was sworn into office, and the late Lord Mayor rendered an account of his administration during the year he had been in office.

IMPRISONMENT IN A MAD HOUSE.—At the Middlesex Sessions, William Elliott, his wife, and two other persons who did not appear, were indicted for conspiring together to imprison Mary Dantrey, in a private mad-house, under pretence of her being insane. From the evidence of the prosecutrix, a woman about fifty years of age, it appeared, that in 1806 her husband died, leaving considerable property, and an only son, about fourteen years of age, and appointing her, by his will, sole executrix. The two defendants who appeared, Elliott and his wife, who were the prosecutrix's nephew and niece, soon after her husband's death, persuaded her to remove to their house, to live there; promising to do every thing in their power to render her comfortable. She was induced to do so; but after she had removed to their house, their behaviour immediately became the direct contrary of what they had professed. They treated her with great cruelty, and were continually insulting her; and on one occasion the defendant Elliott held her hands whilst his wife struck her several violent blows in the face. Not content with treating her in this manner, they encouraged her son to use her ill on every occasion. When she had been in their house near twelve months, she was sitting one evening, in the month of November, about six o'clock, at tea in her own apartment, when Elliott, the defendant, came in, followed by two women, strangers to her, who she afterwards discovered were servants belonging to Mr. Boroughs' private mad-house at Hoxton: one of the women produced a straight waistcoat, and was proceeding to put it upon the prosecutrix, but she resisted, upon which the other woman seized her by her hair, and pulled her down on the floor, when, with the assistance of Elliott and the other woman, they succeeded in putting the waistcoat upon her; they then took her up, the women by her arms and Elliott by her feet, and carrying her down stairs, put her into a coach, when Elliott

and the women got in with her, and Elliott told her they were going to take her to her brother's. On the coach stopping, however, soon afterwards, she discovered she was at the gate of Boroughs' private mad-house, at Hoxton, and she told them so, on which they confessed she was right. On her way to the mad-house, she had frequently attempted to speak and tell Elliott she knew what property she had left behind, but was continually prevented by his putting a handkerchief before her mouth. On their arrival at the mad-house, she was taken into a parlour, where Mrs. Boroughs, the mistress of the house, came soon afterwards. One of the women came and took from her her keys, money, and whatever else she had in her pocket. She was then taken up stairs to her bed, which was extremely narrow and uncomfortable. She begged to have the waistcoat taken off, but was told she must wear it during the night, such being the custom of the house, and accordingly, after she was undressed, the waistcoat was again buckled on, and kept on during the night. It was, however, taken off next morning, and not put on any more during the time she was in the house. She told Mrs. Boroughs frequently whilst in the house, and represented to her how ill she had been treated, and begged to be liberated, but was constantly refused. She was kept there fifteen weeks, when she by chance made her situation known to a friend, who, by her exertions, obtained her liberation. When she was taken to the mad-house by Elliott, she left upwards of twenty pounds in cash in her apartment, and several other things, none of which were to be found on her return there.

Mrs. Bailey, the friend who discovered that the prosecutrix was confined in Boroughs' house, stated, that she passed by the house accidentally, when she heard herself called by some one whom she could not see, but on looking up perceived a hand waving out of one of the windows. She inquired who it was, when the prosecutrix told her; and on the witness inquiring how she came there, she said her wicked nephew and niece had placed her there. The witness went to see the prosecutrix next day, and obtained an interview with her, when it was agreed she should inform some of her friends of her situation. She did so, and by that means the prosecutrix obtained her liberty. Several witnesses were called, who stated that they had known the prosecutrix for years, and that she had never to their knowledge been otherwise than in her perfect senses.—The defence attempted to be set up was, that the prosecutrix had been deranged, and that it was necessary to confine her, to prevent her doing herself an injury. Several witnesses were called to prove this fact, but their testimony was extremely vague and contradictory. It appeared, however, that although Mrs. Elliott had been guilty of cruelty and ingratitude towards the prosecutrix yet that she had not taken an active part in conveying her to the mad-house, or accompanied her in the coach when she went there. The Jury therefore acquitted her, but found her husband guilty.

**BIRTHS.**—On the 6th inst. Countess Cowper, of a daughter.—The Lady of the Hon. Col. Macdonald, of a son.

**MARRIED.**—At Lambeth Church, H. Buckley, Esq. of South Lambeth, to Anne, only daughter of Samuel Wolfe, Esq. of the East India House.

**DIED.**—At Hartwell, of a dropsy, after having lingered several years in a very bad state of health, the Countess De Lisle, her Most Christian Majesty. She displayed, in her last Moments, that firmness, piety, and resignation, which are the

characteristics of the House of Bourbon. Her Majesty's death-bed was attended by the Count De Lisle and all the Princes and Princesses of the royal blood, of whom she took the most affectionate leave.—Mr. F. Chalif, wine-merchant, of Mincing-lane; as he was sitting on his horse and inquiring after one that was to be sold at Mr. Hall's, in Grosvenor-place, he dropped off in an apoplectic fit, as it is supposed, and died in a few minutes.—At his house in Kentish Town, George Gabell, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

## PROVINCIALS.

INCLUDING REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, &c  
IN THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

### CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

**CAMBRIDGE, NOV. 2.**—Dr. Bell has transferred 15,250*l.* stock, 3 per cent. Consols. to the University of Cambridge, in trust, to found eight new Scholarships. The scholars to be the sons or the orphans of those clergymen of the Church of England, whose circumstances and situations are altogether such as not to enable them to bear the whole expence of sending their sons to this University. The first election shall take place between the 12th of November and 25th December, 1810, when there shall be elected two scholars of the third year of standing, that is, who were admitted between the commencement of 1807 and 1808; profits to commence from July the 6th, 1810, and to be continued for two years. At the same time shall be elected two other scholars of the second year, who were admitted between commencement 1808, and commencement 1809; profits to continue for three years. The second election will be on the Friday after Mid-Lent Sunday 1811, of two scholars of the first year; profits to continue four years. The fourth election will be on Friday after Mid-Lent Sunday, 1813, of two other scholars of the first year, to succeed those of the third year, who were two of the four first chosen, and so on for ever; the profits to continue for four years, and no more. Every scholar is to take the degree of A. B. in the most regular manner. No scholar to be elected from King's College, or from Trinity Hall. The electors are, the Vice-Chancellor, the Regius Professor of Divinity, the Regius Professor of Civil Law, the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and the Public Orator.

### CORNWALL.

Jeffrey, the seaman, has arrived safely at Polperro, where his mother and father-in-law reside; and as our readers may wish to know the circumstances attending his reception, we state them from undoubted information. Mr. Fatham, the professional gentleman, who was employed on the occasion by the Lake family (Captain Lake himself has been abroad some time), after having adjusted every thing entirely to the satisfaction of Jeffrey, properly conceived that one so unexperienced should not be trusted by himself with a

large sum of money, and anxious that he should be safely restored to his family, sent his clerk, Mr. Davis, to accompany him to the spot. On the road from Plymouth to Polperro they met the father-in-law of Jeffrey, who recognized him immediately, and went forward to apprise his mother of his arrival. By the time that they reached the village, all the inhabitants were prepared to receive him, and it is hardly possible to express the cordial greeting and exulting transport that attended his arrival. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look on Mr. Davis with apparent suspicion, and some degree of hostility; but Jeffrey immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken the trouble of so long a journey for the purpose of protecting him. Their sentiments were changed at once, and Mr. Davis was received with respect and kindness. The meeting between Jeffrey and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. In a few moments she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms:—"Oh! my son," and "Oh! my mother," interrupted by sobs on both sides, was all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calm endearment ensued. Nothing but the arrival of Jeffrey engrossed the attention of the villagers, and the whole place was a scene of generous tumult till a late hour in the night. Jeffrey repeatedly declared that the kind attention and generosity of the Lake family, particularly of Mr. W. Lake (nephew of the Captain), would never be effaced from his memory—that he entirely forgave Captain Lake himself, and could take him by the hand with sincere good will if he were on the spot, and imputing his conduct to a violent impulse of passion, for which he probably condemned himself when he had time for proper reflection.

### DEVONSHIRE.

A tremendous fire lately broke out in a house in Little Friary-street, Britons-side, Plymouth, which raged with unremitting fury for seven hours, and burnt down four houses. One house was

pulled down, to prevent the fire from communicating with Mr. Maine's house and yard for ship-building, which was adjacent. Three drunken sailors were with difficulty rescued from a burning room; nor would they quit though the upper beams were falling round them in flames, until the engines were directed to play in upon them, which made them jump out of the windows into the street; they fell like cats on their legs, without receiving the least harm, giving at the same time three cheers.

A very heavy rain commenced in the neighbourhood of Exeter on Tuesday, Nov. 6, which continued without intermission until ten o'clock the succeeding night, accompanied by a strong gale of wind; the waters rose so rapidly that all the low grounds were presently deluged. The flood was three inches higher on the Exeter Quay than was ever known before. Three vessels, of large burden, were thrown completely on the Quay, and with much trouble and danger launched into the river a day afterwards; many walls were entirely thrown down, or carried away; several out-houses destroyed: the Monmouthshire militia, in coming from Honiton, were obliged to wade through the water up to their necks. The Clarence coach from Plymouth was entirely stopped on this side of Alphington, about half a mile from Exeter. There were five Gentlemen inside, three men and the coachman on the outside. This coach was drawn by six horses with a post-boy; the waters being higher than the horses, they all swam with the coach against a strong current, but the postilion losing his seat, clambered up a hedge, the two leading horses immediately began to turn, which the coachman perceiving, descended from his seat and cut off the harness, being up to his chin in the water; four of the horses swam off, but the other two were drowned. Six passengers, after struggling with the water, got on a hedge, and from thence reached a neighbouring house, the inhabitants of which immediately gave the distressed travellers an asylum for the night. Another passenger, a stout black man, taking a different course, remained under an hedge nine or ten hours, till he was released the next morning. The empty coach was carried back a considerable distance by the stream, and stuck in a hedge. At Dawlish, nine or ten new houses, with their furniture, were nearly demolished, and one swept into the ocean, the water coming down the hills, burst forth with such force, that nothing could withstand its fury. Mr. Tapper, of that place, was awake by hearing the water running through his house, but not considering any danger, remained within till day-light, on Saturday morning, when, at the persuasion of the neighbours, he, with his wife and child, quitted the premises; which they had scarcely left when the roof fell in, and the whole house was drifted into the sea, with the furniture, and not an article was saved. The almshouse adjoining, which had stood the brunt of many a storm and tempest, upwards of one hundred years, was

likewise demolished. The beautiful canal at Dawlish, with the bridges, are so entirely destroyed that not the smallest resemblance of its original form can be perceived. About nine o'clock, on Saturday morning, the flood broke in upon Budleigh Salterton with a violence undecipherable, and in the course of an hour swept completely into the sea two handsome houses, near the beach, together with a great part of the furniture.—The force of the water was so prodigious as to make a channel of about 60 feet wide and 12 deep.

## KENT.

As Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, of Maidstone, were returning from London, on Thursday, Nov. 14, in their single horse chaise, just as they had reached the 15th mile-stone, corner of Birch Wood, about half past one o'clock in the afternoon, a man came out of a gap-way on the left-hand side of the road from London, and without saying a word, seized the horse by the head. Mr. Atkins immediately stood up in the chaise, and said he would not be robbed, and began to flog the man with his chaise-whip, in hopes of making him let go his horse's head, upon which he drew his right hand from behind him and presented a horse-pistol. At that instant a companion of his (whom Mr. Atkins had not seen before) made his appearance, and going round the horse to Mr. Atkins's side, demanded his money. Mr. A. finding his resistance useless, gave him four guineas; not satisfied with that, the robber said you have more. Mr. A. replied, yes, I have a little silver, and gave him to the amount of 1s. 6d. The robber afterwards demanded his watch, which being in a tortoise-shell case, said he would be damned if he would have, and repeatedly questioned him as to his having more money; but on Mr. A. assuring him he had not, he was suffered to proceed. The man who seized the horse never spoke a word all the time, but held the horse with his left hand and the pistol with his right; the other, who took the money, said, it was distress drove them to it. Neither of them attempted to rob Mrs. Atkins, nor did they say any thing to her.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

Boston, Nov. 11. The last night's high tide has done so much damage to the different sea-banks, as to render it impossible for me to leave the place. Freiston Bank is totally gone, and hardly any trace left. The Old Sea Bank also is gone in many places by the Bathing, and all along the shore. The principal inn is much damaged, as the tide passed through the house, and took away a large bow window. The banks, all the way up the Witham, on both sides, are broken in many places, and the country under water; our drains take it off on one side, but the Wiberton side to the Foss Dike is many feet under water. The bank broke by the Grandshire and filled Tannard's Pasture by his house many feet in water; in short, the country is one scene of distress. Numbers of lives are lost both by land and sea, and the quantity of stock is wonderfully great. Mr. Rodgers, the attorney, has just been in, and

says the report is upwards of half a million of money lost in stock. The tide was six inches higher here than the new year's gale—indeed the highest that ever was known. A vessel is carried on to the turnpike between the Black Sluice and the town, with other two stuck fast in the breach behind her. Mr. Sheath's banks, at Tiverton, are broken; Wrangle Bank, and, last of all, the Friskney New Bank; but to the latter I have understood little damage is done, and the farmers are rejoicing that it has saved all their stock, as the Old Bank would not have been high enough.—A King's sloop is sunk at Holbhole, with thirty men on board, who all perished; and another with the hands on board, but the full particulars are not known. Several houses are blown down, and the roofs off many others.

#### NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

A violent storm of wind and rain visited Nottingham on Saturday, Nov. 11th, and by subsequent accounts, it appears, that it was very general. In some places, its ravages were very great. Its effects were soon perceived here by the overflowing of the Trent, which inundated the town-meadows, and the lowlands adjacent to it. A cow and a horse were there drowned; but except the dismantling of some roofs, and the fall of some chimnies, walls, and trees, no other material injury has been sustained in this town and immediate vicinity.—A curious phenomenon presented itself, indeed, in the house of Mr. Cooper, Grocer, of Bridlesmith-gate, which rather alarmed than injured any one. Whether it was an electric fluid, or whether it was an impetuous rushing of the wind down the chimney, is not ascertained, but it produced a violent concussion and noise, and having brought down with it bricks and soot, forced a young woman from her chair to the window, through which she was driven.

#### SCOTLAND.

Paisley, Nov. 10.—“I have this moment returned from witnessing the most horrible of scenes. A few days ago a track-boat from Paisley to Johnstone was launched, and daily since it has been filled with parties of pleasure. To-day is a fair with us, and every lad and lass who could muster eightpence, must have a sail. About twelve o'clock she landed at the basin, with nearly a hundred on board (she is 60 feet in length), and as many were on the breast anxious to replace them, and who, in spite of all remonstrance, pressed in before she was clear of the former load, in consequence of which she upset, and plunged the whole, men, women, and children, into the basin, which is seven or eight feet deep of water. The scene to those that saw it was

awful. Numbers, no doubt, were taken up, but numbers too have perished. A gentleman told me he tarried till he saw forty all dead to appearance, and I have just now heard that fifty-one have been dragged out, few of whom, it is dreaded, will recover. The surgeons are doing what they can, and every apartment in Mr. Barclay's house contains some unhappy victim. The neighbouring houses have been thrown open. Every one wears the countenance of dismay, afraid to inquire, lest some relation may have perished. One man, it is said, has been bereft of his wife and three children, but the confusion precludes accuracy in investigation. Carts with dead bodies are this instant passing my window. A lady whom I have seen, and who was one of the cabin passengers (all of whom most narrowly escaped), describes the fatal business as resulting entirely from the temerity of the crowd which pressed on board.—Some could swim, but amid the struggle were laid hold of by others who could not, and have perished with them.”

A most lamentable accident lately happened in the neighbourhood of Perth. The Hon. Captain Francis Hay Drummond, of Cromlix, only brother to the Earl of Kinnoull, in crossing the Eara by a ford, on which the water had been deepened by the rain of the preceding evening, was thrown from his horse into the river, where he perished. It is conjectured from the report of a boy who was in the neighbourhood, that the horse having got beyond his depth, Captain Drummond kept his back while he swam across, but was unseated in the violent struggles of the terrified animal to get up the bank at a steep and unfavourable place. Captain Drummond had spent the preceding day with Lord Ruthven, at his seat of Freeland, and was prevented by the badness of the evening from returning, as he intended, to Dupplin Castle, where he lately arrived on a visit to his brother, after escaping the dangers of war both in Portugal and Walcheren. In the morning he was anxious to get home betimes, that he might accompany his brother to church.

#### IRELAND.

DIED.—Lately, while employed in the sacred functions of his office, the Rev. Benjamin Dickenson, Pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, of Waterford, in Ireland, and formerly Pastor of a church of the same denomination at Derby. This respectable and truly valuable man had advanced but a short way in his discourse when he fell down in his pulpit, and although medical aid was immediately procured, every endeavour to restore animation proved totally unavailing. He has left a widow and five children to mourn his departure.



# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

BEING

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## COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1810.

A New Series.

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On the first of February, 1811, will be Published, No. XIV. (with the current Number of *La Belle Assemblée*) being the

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MARIE THÉRÈSE CHARLOTTE DE FRANCE.  
Duchesse D'Angoulême, Born Dec. 19. 1778.  
*Now in England & Daughter of the late*  
King & Queen of France.

# LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For DECEMBER, 1810.

A New Series.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

### The Thirteenth Number.

#### HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS D'ANGOULEME, daughter of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette of France, was born in 1778. She was born at the period in which her unfortunate mother was in the full splendour of youth and beauty: at a period in which, to adopt the eloquent language of Burke, the Queen of France "had just risen above the horizon, glittering like the morning star, full of life, of splendour, and of joy!"

In the sufferings of the royal family of France, during the Revolution, her Royal Highness, though almost in her infancy, bore her full part: she was imprisoned, together with her parents; was made, like them, an object of oppression and insult; and only escaped an ignominious death on account of the artlessness of her nature, and the tenderness of her age.

"In the History of the last Years of the Life and Reign of Louis XVI." written with much simplicity, and natural eloquence, by Francis Hue, the name of her Royal Highness is thus introduced. The writer thus begins:—

"It was in this year (1790) that Madame Royale, now Duchess of Angouleme, first re-

ceived the sacrament. On the morning of the solemn day (April 8) the Queen leading the young Princess to the King's chamber, said to her:—

'My daughter, kneel at the feet of your father, and ask his blessing.' The Princess knelt; her father blessed and raised her. I repeat with a holy respect the words he spoke to her. Woe be to him who can read them unmoved!

'I bless you, my child, from the bottom of my heart; begging God to give you grace to know the value of the great act you are about to do. Your heart is innocent and pure in the eyes of God; your prayers must, therefore, be agreeable to him. Offer them up to him for your mother and me. Beseech him to grant me the grace necessary to effect the happiness of those over whom he has placed me, and whom I must consider as my children. Beseech him, that he will vouchsafe to preserve, in this kingdom, the purity of religion: and remember, my daughter, that this holy religion is the source of happiness, and our support in adversity. Do not imagine that you are exempt from misfortune: you are very young; yet you have seen your father afflicted more than once. You do not know, my child, what Providence intends for you; whether you are to remain in this king-

dom, or to live in another. Wherever the hand of God places you, remember that it behoves you to edify by your example, to do good as often as you have opportunity. But, above all, comfort the unfortunate as much as you can. God has assigned us the rank to which we are born only to work for their happiness, and to console them in their afflictions. Now, go to the altars, where you are expected, and pray to the God of mercy that you may never forget the advice of a fond father.'

'The veneration in which the Duchess of Angouleme holds the memory of her august parents, her heroic courage in adversity, her piety, her benevolence, her tender attachment to her virtuous husband, the partaker and consoler of her afflictions; in a word, the interest which her name alone inspires throughout the world, proves how deeply the King's words were engraved on the heart of the young Princess.'

When the proceedings of the National Assembly threatened not only the extinction of the French monarchy, but the personal safety of the royal family, it is well known that the King and Queen escaped from Paris to Varennes, where they were overtaken, upon the pursuit of the Parisian mob, and dragged back to Paris with a most degrading and unmanly triumph. The Duchess D'Angouleme was at this period only fourteen years of age; and we have the satisfaction of being able to lay before our readers her Royal Highness's narrative of the escape of her parents, as written by her own pen. It is a most interesting historical document, and is given at the conclusion of this memoir.

Upon the return of the royal fugitives to Paris, it is well known that they were condemned to a jealous custody, the pain of which was considerably sharpened by the appointment of M. de la Fayette to watch over them, who had experienced so much kindness from the King and Queen. The satellites of La Fayette did every thing in their power to second the studied harshness of their chief; though there were some who could reconcile the severity of their orders with the respect due to their august captives.

It was at this period that the conduct of the Queen of France shone in a most amiable and exemplary light. M. Hue thus describes it:—

"During the whole of the first course of captivity, I admired the resignation with which the royal family bore their new misfortune. The time the King bestowed upon reading was spent on the life of Charles I. of England. The Queen devoted a part of the day to the education of the Dauphin, Madame Royale, and a young orphan girl brought up about the young Princess. This tender mother, descending to all the details of instruction, giving examples as well as precepts, pointed herself out as an instance of the instability of fortune and human grandeur. She taught her pupils to put by, every month, a part of their allowance, intended for pleasures, in order to employ it in relieving the indigent, and in that privation to have the sweetest of their enjoyments.

"This charitable affection was not in the Queen the slow fruit of misfortune: she had founded an hospital at St. Cloud; she had wished to be one of the association known under the name of 'The Maternal Society;' and she had sent, monthly, abundant alms to the parish Priests of Paris.

"In 1789, the Queen, on a request I dared to make to her in favour of the poor of Fontainebleau, my native town, sent eight thousand livres to be distributed among them. Her Majesty, deigning to inform me herself of this act of charity, said, 'The King and I have clubbed to do it: Heaven grant that that town may not rival some others in ingratitude!' I took upon me to answer for it. Indeed the town of Fontainebleau remained one of the most faithful. I remember that when the King, after having ordered some of his dogs to be sent there to be kept in exercise, curtailed his hunt, the inhabitants contended for the pleasure of having the dogs to feed and keep, to be returned to his Majesty in happier times. The very poor asked for them. This fact was known to the King, who said with emotion, 'This does one good.'

"I may add, in speaking of the Queen's charitable disposition, that nearly about the same period, an officer of the King's chamber (M. de Chaumont) and his wife dying within a very few days of each other, and leaving three young girls unprovided for, her Majesty said to me, 'I adopt the children.' She was a second mother to them, placing the two eldest at a convent, where she paid for their board, and having the youngest brought up under her own eyes. I should never have done, were I to attempt to give an account of her innumerable charities: but why should I rob those who had the honour of being in the service of that unfortunate Princess, of the

nothing pleasure of one day publishing her virtues?"

It is not necessary to describe, with particularity, the mortifications which the French royal family underwent during the savage despotism of the new-fangled government of France, which, waging war with all human rank and distinctions, sought to level and depress, by every mode of injury and insult, those whose misfortune it was that they had reserved a natural title, confirmed by civil laws, to controul and govern the people committed to their charge. We shall again have recourse to M. Hue, whose fidelity and talents, added to his domestic situation in the family of the late King, afford him a just preference as the historian of all their misfortunes. He thus describes (and we only quote him in such passages as connect with the Duchess d'Angouleme) the situation and conduct of the royal family in the Temple:—

"With what delight did I now enter the Temple! I flew to the King's room. Already risen and dressed, his Majesty was engaged in his usual reading, in the little tower. The moment he saw me, his anxiety to know what had passed made him advance to meet me. But the presence of the Municipal Officers on guard about his person prevented all conversation. I showed by my looks, that I deemed it prudent to say nothing particular at that moment. The King, likewise feeling the necessity of silence, resumed his reading, and waited a more favourable opportunity. Some hours passed before I could tell him, and that with haste, what questions had been put to me, and my answers.

"At my return to the Temple I had carried with me the hope of soon seeing those who had been taken away with me brought back. Vain hope! About six o'clock in the afternoon, Manuel came and informed the King, on the part of the Commune, that the Princess de Lamballe, Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, Chamilly, and his other attendants, were not to return to the Temple. 'What is become of them?' said the King. 'They are prisoners in the Hotel de la Force,' replied Manuel. 'What,' said his Majesty, looking at me, 'will be done with the last servant left me here?' 'The Commune leaves him with you,' answered Manuel: 'but, as he will not be sufficient for your service, other people will be sent to assist him.' 'I will have no

others,' replied the King: 'what he cannot do,' (speaking of me) 'we will do ourselves. God forbid we should wilfully hurt those who are taken from us, by putting others in their places!'

'The Queen and Madame Elizabeth, in the presence of Manuel, assisted me in putting together, for these new prisoners at the Hotel de la Force, such things as were most necessary for them. The activity they displayed, in making up with me the packages of linen and other articles, astonished Manuel; and he saw that, as the King had just told him, the royal family could dispense with the service of strangers. From that day, till I was again taken from the Temple to return no more, I was the sole attendant and servant of the royal family, for all that was requisite within their apartments. There was not even a woman left to wait upon the Princesses!'

We shall not follow this interesting writer through the melancholy narrative of the public execution of the King and Queen of France, and the supposed poisoning of the Dauphin. After these events, however, we resume M. Hue's narrative. M. Hue thus proceeds:—

"The young King being dead, his sister, Madame Royale, was the only one of his august family left! She had attained an age in which sorrows are keenly felt; but had learned, by great examples, to show herself superior to adversity. Left entirely by herself, in the tower of the Temple, God being her only adviser and support, she increased in grace and virtue, and grew like the lily which the tempest spared.

"I shall give no account of the manner of life, or of the occupations of this Princess, from the time when Madame Elizabeth was torn from her arms to be dragged to the scaffold. As those painful details, and other interesting facts, have been collected by an august hand, for the pages of history, it is my duty to confine myself to relating, as briefly as possible, some particulars which preceded the moment of the Princess's recovery of her liberty. I shall also mention, in a few words, the period of her quitting the prison of the Temple, her departure from Paris, her arrival at Vienna, her stay in that city, her leaving it, and her marriage.

"After the death of Louis XVII, the Committee of Public Safety decreed, that a woman should be appointed to wait upon Madame Royale. Madame de Chanterène was chosen, and, by her attentions, rendered herself agree-

able to the august prisoner. Shortly after, Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, and the Baroness de Mackau, Sub-Governesses of the Children of France, obtained permission to go at times to the tower of the Temple. In consequence of the discovery of a pretended royalist conspiracy, planned by M. le Maître, an Advocate, for which he was shot, Madame Royale was more strictly confined. From that time, all communication with Madame de Tourzel and Madame de Mackau was forbidden.

"On the very day that the long imprisonment of Madame Royale had received some melioration, and that she was allowed to go from the tower to the garden of the Temple, whither she was followed by a dog, which had, for a long time, been the only witness of her sorrow, I hired a chamber contiguous to the walls of the prison. From my windows I could see, and be seen by, Madame Royale; and through them she could even hear a ballad which was sung in that chamber, and which announced to her that the gates of her prison would soon be opened.

*Culme-toi, jeune infortunée,  
Bientôt, ces portes vont s'ouvrir ;  
Bientôt, de tes fers délivrée,  
D'un Ciel pur tu pourras jouir :  
Mais en quittant ce lieu funeste,  
Où régna le deuil et l'effroi,  
Souviens-toi, du moins, qu'il y reste  
Des cœurs toujours dignes de toi."*

"Unhappy maid, thy tears restrain,  
These gates will open soon to thee;  
Remov'd at length thy galling chain,  
Prepare for health and liberty.  
But when you quit these seats of woe,  
Where deepest gloom and horror reign,  
Remember still, where'er you go,  
True hearts that love you here remain."

"The author of this ballad was M. le Pître, a Municipal Officer; who also composed another, in which the young King addresses the Queen thus:

*Eh quoi, tu pleures, O ma mère !  
Dans tes regards fixés sur moi,  
Se peignent l'amour et l'effroi,  
J'y vois ton âme toute entière:  
Des maux que ton fils a soufferts,  
Pourquoi te retracer l'image ?  
Lorsque ma mère les partage,  
Puis-je me plaindre de mes fers !*

"Alas! my mother, still you weep;  
Terror and love you feel for me:  
What fond, sad looks, on me you keep!  
Through those dear eyes your soul I see.

Why think of pains your son endur'd ?  
In thy caresses they are cur'd :  
While you, my mother, soothe my pain,  
Of prison can I e'er complain ?"

"The Government were informed of this; they acquainted me, indirectly, that they respected the homage paid to misfortune, provided that it went no farther. I, nevertheless, informed Madame Royale, by means of a signal which she remembered, that I was charged, with a letter for her: this letter was from His Majesty Louis XVIII. I had it conveyed to the tower; and she sent me her answer. The letter which the King deigned to honour me with will confirm what I say.

"Versna, 29th September, 1795.—I am much pleased, Sir, with the zeal with which you have served me; and I shall be very glad, if it is possible, that you could remain with my niece. However that may be, I shall never forget that your courageous fidelity has obtained you, on the part of the late King, my brother, the honour of being mentioned in his will. Be assured, Sir, of my constant esteem.

LOUIS."

"Some days after this, one of the King's agents at Paris gave me a letter from the Chevalier de Charette, for Madame Royale. The person in whom I confided to convey it into the tower, fearing, as well as myself, to endanger the life of the Princess, if this letter were seized, obtained me permission to revive the secret writing in it, so that Madame Royale only heard its contents by word of mouth. I was even compelled, in order to avoid all danger, to burn this interesting letter. The Chevalier de Charette, that illustrious victim to honour and fidelity, expressed to the young Princess the sentiments of the Catholic and Royal Army of Vendee, which he had the honour to command. He concluded his letter, by declaring that he, and his brave companions in arms, would spill the last drop of their blood to break the chains of the august prisoner.

"Madame Royale was greatly moved by these sentiments; and sent me an order, to assure the Chevalier de Charette and his army, of her gratitude for the efforts they were making to put an end to her dreadful imprisonment. I transmitted this order to the King's agent.

"At this period some Members of the National Convention, who, as well as the greatest part of the inhabitants of Paris, took a lively interest in the fate of Madame Royale, whose death was likewise wished by some regicides, extorted a decree in her favour; in conse-



quence of which, the Executive Directory issued an order, a copy of which M. Benezech, Minister of the Interior, gave me. That Minister also gave me another order, which, upon the request Madame Royale deigned to make that I should attend her to Vienna, authorized me to accompany her, and even to remain with her, without being liable to the penalties of emigration.

"M. Benezech spoke to me feelingly on the fate of the young Princess, whom he constantly called by the title of Madame Royale. He was, at the time, dressed in a coat bedecked with those colours which were adopted at the period of the rebellion. Perceiving that I looked at him with astonishment, 'This habit,' said he to me, 'is only my mask: I will even reveal to you one of my most secret thoughts. France will not recover her tranquillity till she resumes her former government: when you can, then, without endangering me, make the King an offer of my services, assure his Majesty of my zeal to take care of the interests of his crown.' I acquitted myself of the commission.

"The order of the Directory, authorizing the departure of Madame Royale, was as follows:—

"The Executive Directory resolve, that the Ministers of the Interior and Foreign Relations are charged to take the measures necessary to accelerate the exchange of the daughter of the last King, for the Citizens Camus, Quinette, and other Deputies or Agents of the Republic; to appoint a proper officer of the Gendarmerie, fit for the purpose, to accompany the daughter of the last King as far as Basle; and to allow her to take with her such persons engaged in her education as she likes best."

"This resolution being taken, the Princess left the tower of the Temple at midnight, on the 19th of December, 1795, her birth-day. She was accompanied by M. Benezech, and escorted by some Gendarmes. The Minister's carriage being in waiting at a little distance from the Temple, he offered it to the Princess, who accepted it. M. Benezech accompanied her to the boulevard at St. Martin's Gate, where she found the carriage in which she was to travel to Vienna. She thanked him for his attentions, and set out on her journey. The Marchioness of Soucy, Sub-Governess of the Children of France, M. Mechain, an Officer of the Gendarmerie, and M. Gomin, one of the Commissioners of the Temple, went with her: a courier preceded her. The Princess travelled under the name of Sophie, and the Officer who accompanied her was charged to take every precaution not to let her be known. She

was, notwithstanding, recognized, and from Paris to Huningen, especially in the latter town, she received an homage, which, though generally silent, was very expressive. The Princess arrived at Huningen in the night, between the 24th and 25th of December. Here I had the honour of immediately waiting upon her. My pen would express but very feebly the sensations of my heart at the moment; Madame Royale deigned to speak to me, for the first time, since I had been taken from the Temple. She gave me a letter which she had been writing to the King, and ordered me to forward it to his Majesty. This was not the only one she wrote to him. So great was the confidence with which the Princess honoured me, that she ordered me to read one of the letters she wrote to the King; and I shall remember, as long as I live, the sentiments she expressed to his Majesty: she implored his clemency in favour of the French, even in favour of the murderers of her family!

"At Huningen the Princess alighted at the Crow, where she remained six-and-thirty hours. Just as she was going to set out for Basle, the innkeeper went up to the room in which she was, and in spite of the frowns of the pretended republicans, threw himself at her feet, and begged her blessing. She gave him her hand to kiss. She made presents to some of the people in the inn, who prized them infinitely the more, in consideration of the hand that bestowed them. As the Princess was going to the carriage her eyes filled with tears. She wept over France, over that country which had been the theatre of the glory, the greatness, and the calamities of her house. She said to the persons about her, 'I quit France with regret, and shall never cease regarding it as my country.'

"Madame Royale left Huningen, on the 26th of December, for Basle, when the exchange was made. She was spared the painful sight of the ceremony. M. Bacher, chief Interpreting Secretary of the French Embassy in Switzerland, and the Commissioner appointed for the exchange, reconciled the views of the rulers of France, with the respect due to the misfortunes of the daughter of Louis XVI. He carried her to the country-house of M. Reber, a rich merchant of Basle, at a short distance from St. John's Gate; and there delivered her to the Prince de Gavres, and Baron de Degelmann, Minister of the Imperial Court in Switzerland, both of whom were appointed for that purpose by his Majesty the Emperor. I was immediately directed by Madame Royale to return the package of things which the French Government had ordered to be made

up for her, to the persons who had conducted her to Basle, which I did.

"On that very night, Madame Royale set out for Vienna. She was accompanied by the Prince de Gavres, and the Marquis de Soucy. I had the honour of being in her suite. She arrived late at Lauffenbourg, where she found women whom the Emperor had sent to wait upon her. Next day the Princess heard a mass, which she had directed to be said in memory of her august parents. On the 28.<sup>th</sup> of December, she continued her journey towards Vienna, where she arrived on the 9<sup>th</sup> of January, 1796, having stopped two days at Inspruck, the capital of the Tyrol, to see her Royal Highness the Archduchess Elizabeth, her aunt.

"The young Princess, as I have said, was accompanied by the Prince de Gavres. He certainly exceeded the instructions given him by his Court, in not permitting the French who happened to be in the towns through which she passed, to pay their respects to her. However, one day, when by a lucky accident, the carriage of Madame Royale, and those of the persons of the Imperial Service who then composed her suite, were stopped on the highway, I saw, at a distance, an Officer of the Corps of Conde, M. Berthier, one of his Most Serene Highness's Aid-de-camps. I mentioned it to the Princess, who desired him to come up to her, enquired very warmly for the Prince of Conde; and, when he took his leave, charged him to express to that Prince, and to his brave companions in arms, the sentiments of esteem she entertained for them.

"On the day of her arrival at Vienna, Madame Royale was received by one of the Emperor's Great Officers. His Imperial Majesty had ordered one of the most elegant suite of apartments in his Palace to be prepared for her, to which she was conducted. The Emperor and Empress went immediately to see her, and in a few weeks she appeared at Court. The Princess put on mourning, which it had not been in her power to wear in her prison, where she was informed, at the same moment, of the shocking death of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, and the no less cruel end of Louis XVII. long after those sad events had taken place.

"A household was established for the Princess, similar to that of the Archduchesses. The Prince de Gavres was appointed her Grand Maître, and the Countess de Chanclos, Go-

verness of the Children of their Imperial Majesties, her Grande Maitresse, or Lady of Honour. By the affability of her disposition, and her tender attentions, Madame de Chanclos soon won the affection and confidence of the Princess.

"Madame Royale received the greatest marks of attachment from the inhabitants of Vienna, who at the time of her departure, warmly expressed the regret they felt in losing her. She left that city in the month of May, 1799, to go to Mittau, in Courland. There, under the protection of Heaven, and under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia, the Princess was married, on the 10<sup>th</sup> of June following, to the Duke d'Angouleme, the eldest son of Monsieur, brother of his Majesty Louis XVIII. I had the honour of being present at that august ceremony. The King and Queen went to the apartments of the Duke and of the Princess, and led them to the altar. The nuptial benediction was given to them by the Cardinal de Montmorency, Grand Almoner of France, in a spacious gallery of the Palace, built by one of the ancient Dukes of Courland, where an altar was raised. Branches of lilac, with which lilies and roses were intertwined, were all the ornaments of that altar, at the foot of which, the heir and the daughter of so many kings solemnly united their wayward fate. The nobility of Courland, the inhabitants of Mittau, and some of the King's faithful servants were present at the affecting scene. Their eyes and mine dwelt, at times, first upon the daughter of Louis XVI. and then upon the Abbe Edgeworth!

"The name of the country in which this marriage was celebrated, will be consecrated by history, as a memorable example of human vicissitudes.

"I have related facts which came within my own knowledge. I have contrasted the interesting virtues of my King, with the abominable crimes of his enemies. Having been sometimes the confident of his sorrow, and oftener the witness of his sufferings, it is now the great wish of my heart, that, when my tongue shall no longer have the power of relating them, these pages may perpetuate the remembrance of them."

In our next Number we shall give the interesting Memoir, which we have mentioned to have been written by the Duchess d'Angouleme.

THE HISTORY OF THE OLDCASTLE FAMILY.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

(Concluded from Page 239.)

THE course of our history now leads us back to England, and the examination of Daubigny. Being commanded to make his declaration in full, he spoke as follows (the following narrative being copied from the record of examination, with the omission of the legal formalities only):—

"My name is Daubigny. A French nobleman, travelling through England, was seized with a sudden illness in a village in the county of Devonshire, and compelled to continue at a farm-house till his recovery. He then departed, and was forgotten till after the lapse of a few months the daughter of the farmer was pregnant, and declared the Frenchman to be the father of the child of whom she was about to be delivered. I was shortly afterwards born, and took the name by which my father had been called. I know nothing more of my infancy. I was put to a petty school in the next market town, and was educated according to my station. Even this education I should not have had, had it not been for the caprice, for I cannot call it charity from a man who never experienced an emotion of generosity, of a lawyer or steward in the neighbourhood. The name of this man is Larkins; he is now living, and his crimes are one of the objects of my present deposition.

"I have forgotten to mention what it is nevertheless necessary to be known,—that my mother died as she gave me birth, and that thus I never knew the happiness of parental care; may this misfortune be some plea in my favour; I should have been doubtless less guilty had my early actions been checked; but, from design as I have reason to believe, I have been, as it were, designed for roguery, and scarcely knew what vice was before I had immersed into it almost beyond recovery. Have I not cause to curse that protection which has only fostered me as an instrument of villainy?

"The younger Larkins, for thus he was called to distinguish him from the father

of the same name, was at this time land-steward in the family of the Oldcastles. When I had reached the age of sixteen, he contrived to introduce me into the same family as a clerk to the old Justice. The day on which I entered upon that employ he thus addressed me:—"I need not say, Daubigny, (said he) that you can have no claim upon me, and that all I have done for you, or mean to do for you, is of my own choice, and without any duty or obligation. I expect, therefore, a suitable return. You must endeavour in turn to promote my interest; you must be vigilant to augment my interest in the family of our common patron. You are not without talents,—exert them to our common benefit."

"From this time we were united in a conspiracy against our employer. The old Justice was for many reasons discontented with his son Geoffry; it was my business to foment this discontent and cherish it to hatred. Amongst other things, the old gentleman was chiefly discontented that his son Geoffry had refused to ally himself to the family of a neighbouring gentleman whose daughter was as deficient in every other respect as she abounded in wealth. Geoffry was an accomplished gentleman, and could ill endure to unite himself to the vulgarity of a country-bred heiress. I was at the same time the confidant of all parties. I encouraged Geoffry to persist in his refusal, and with the old Squire lamented the obstinacy and ungrateful disobedience of the son. Larkins praised me for my talents of hypocrisy, and I had already so lost the sense of right and wrong, that I was elevated in my own opinion by such praise.

"I daily contrived some new expedient to widen the breach between father and son, and by exaggeration on both sides, and carrying backwards and forwards what each had said of the other in the heat of their passion, soon destroyed all their surviving affection.

"One day, in particular, Geoffry had left his father, each equally indignant with the other; as he passed through the hall I saw the tears of a worthy heart start in the eye of the young man.—'How have I merited this treatment from a father whom I affectionately love?' said he softly to himself, and unconscious that I heard him. The father followed him into the hall within a minute afterwards.—'What did the ungrateful rascal mutter?' said he to me. I affected to deny that I had overheard him.

"You must have overheard him," said he to me.

"I confessed that I had, and after some affected reluctance, repeated words very different from what he had said, and concluding with a menace of revenge.

"Amongst the propensities of the old gentleman the strongest was his passion for the sports of the field; and he was peculiarly anxious, even to a point of ridicule, with regard to his breed of greyhounds. He had a dog of this species of unusual excellence, and which, as flattering his foible, was so much his favourite that he had refused from a brother sportsman a most princely price for the purchase of it. Ranger was every where the inseparable companion of his master. Upon the following morning when Ranger was called to accompany the old Squire in his usual walk, the dog was for a long time called and sought in vain, till at length he was found dead in his kennel. He had been shot in the head with a pistol.

"I need not say whose act this cruelty was, nor to whom I contrived to divert the suspicion. Mr. Geoffry had a common practice of exercising himself in pistol-shots, and had arrived at such excellence of aim that it had become his hobby-horse. He was the only one in the house who was known to possess pistols, or indeed did possess them, as, the more effectually to accomplish my purpose I had committed the act with his pistols. I contrived, moreover, to recal to the memory of the old gentleman the menace of revenge on the preceding day; in a word, the father was persuaded that his favourite had been killed by his son.

"Thus was the generous nature of

Geoffry not only suspected, but convicted of an act of cruelty and meanness which I am persuaded he would sooner have died than been guilty. My purpose, however, succeeded; and the old Squire was convinced that his son was the meanest and most base of men. These slight circumstances will better enable you to judge of our arts than others more important.

These efforts to make and widen the breach between father and son were conducted with so much address, that we fully succeeded in inflaming each against the other. We lost the confidence of neither; Geoffry, in particular, distinguished us both with marks of his favour, and not unfrequently lamented to me the sentiments which his father had conceived against him.—'Had I merited such treatment,' said he, 'I could have endured it with more patience; but as I know that I have in no manner deserved it, I feel it with its full bitterness. My good friend, you possess the confidence of my father as well as myself, spare no efforts to restore to me his lost affection.'

"The nature of Geoffry was open as the day, he had not a grain of suspicion; in a word, he was exactly the character which the success of our artifices required.

"An incident happened at this time which conferred upon us the fruits of our practices. This was the death of the old Justice. In his will he bequeathed a most ample legacy to Larkins, and one of three hundred pounds to me. We had performed our parts so well, that we each retained the same situations in the household of Geoffry as we had done in that of his father.

"Within a short period after the death of his father, Geoffry departed, accompanied by me, on his tour to the Continent. I attended him as a spy upon his actions. The evening preceding his departure Larkins thus addressed me:—'You have seen, my friend, the fruit of our former practices; continue them for they will never fail. The harvest of hypocrisy and family dissension is sure. Never leave the side of your master; watch his actions, study his weaknesses, and study their gratification. Preserve our influence in the family. A thousand opportunities of ad-

vantage may occur to those who reside in a family destitute of heirs. The health of Geoffry is weak."

"Such was the advice which I imprinted in my memory, and by which I intended to guide my actions. I encouraged Geoffry in every excess in the hope that it might be fatal to him. But, unfortunately for our purpose, Geoffry was but little addicted to what is called pleasure. Indeed I must do him the justice to acknowledge that he was the most accomplished gentleman I have ever beheld; his manners and his pleasures were equally elegant; he possessed every modern and ancient language; he was a most excellent master, and a most worthy man. In an age of petulant infidelity, or rather pre ended infidelity, he was a good Christian, and understood the foundation of his faith.

"An opportunity, however, at length occurred for the exercise of our talents of mischief. I was walking one day with Mr. Geoffry in the streets of the town of Orleans, when the great church of the city attracted our notice, and seeing the doors open we entered it. Proceeding up the aisles to the part of the church which was divided off as the place for prayer, and looking through a glazed door, we beheld a young woman prostrate before the altar, apparently in a fervour of devotion. We contrived to approach her unperceived.—"Gracious God of mercies!" said she, raising her face to heaven, "save my beloved father; save him from the hands of ruffians, save him from the knife of the murderer."—Saying this she arose, and turning she beheld Mr. Geoffry and myself.

"Never shall I forget the impression which was now made upon me. I beheld the most perfect beauty in a girl of sixteen; she was tall, womanly, with an air which announced her to be of no vulgar rank. Geoffry was still more struck; we stood motionless as she slightly curtsied to us and withdrew. It was not till she had nearly disappeared through the church doors that Mr. Geoffry sufficiently recollected himself to desire me to follow her. I obeyed, and traced her to the convent of Ursulines. She was received at the doors of the church by three elderly women, who accompanied her to the convent.

"The beautiful stranger, and her piety, had taken such full possession of the mind of Geoffry, that it was not without difficulty that I could move him from his ordinary and daily station opposite the great gate of the convent. Three days had we unsuccessfully watched every opening of this door,—the stranger never appeared. On the morning of the fourth day, as we were at our usual post, an English gentleman was passing my master when they suddenly recollected each other as old college friends. After their mutual salutations the gentleman asked him to accompany him to the convent of the Ursulines. 'I have a sister a boarder in the convent,' said he; 'and I must pay her a visit.' Mr. Geoffry eagerly accepted the invitation.

"Upon entering the parlour of the convent the eyes of Geoffry looked around for the beautiful stranger; nor did they look in vain,—she was seated by the Lady Abbess. She retired, however, the moment that Geoffry and his friend entered the room. 'How good, how lovely,' said Geoffry softly to her as she passed him; 'why cannot I speak to you?' The cheeks of the lovely girl were immediately suffused with a deep blush; she passed on and disappeared.

"The sister of the English gentleman, Miss de Tracy, was a handsome, lively girl; nothing more was necessary than an introduction to engage her in conversation. Geoffry learned from her that the beautiful stranger was the daughter of the Duke de la Tremouille, the most noble family in France next to the Bourbons. The faction of Orleans had procured the arrest of the Duke; and as they spared no efforts, and no crimes, to accomplish their purpose, it was expected that the Duke would be condemned and beheaded, his imputed crime being high treason, and all the judges in the interest of the Orleans faction. The two daughters of the Duke were sent, by Royal order, to different convents; the condemnation of the Duke was daily expected.

"Upon leaving the convent Geoffry made his friend De Tracy the confidant of his passion. De Tracy was an officer in the army, and had been a prisoner in France. Being unjustly suspected of concerning himself with the parties in the

state, he had been imprisoned in the Bastile. The Duke was now in the same prison. The two friends conceived a project worthy of an Englishman,—that of effecting the escape of the Duke. De Tracy and Geoffry repeated their visit to the convent on the following day. La Tremouille was in the parlour; whilst the Abbess was speaking to De Tracy, Geoffry seized the opportunity of addressing a sentence to his mistress.—‘I will merit you,’ said he, ‘by effecting the release of your father. My name is Oldcastle; I am an English gentleman, and shall not disgrace your family. I love you, but will not ask you even to speak till I have proved the sincerity of my passion. You will see me no more till I have effected the release of your father.’

‘That I may not prolong this narrative, suffice it to say, that Geoffry, De Tracy, and myself departed for Paris the same evening. De Tracy and Geoffry, by their own contrivance, were thrown into the Bastile. I remained at liberty, and had another part to perform. I resolved upon a scheme worthy of myself,—that of betraying my master and his friend to the Minister of the Police. I flattered myself that the reward of this treachery would not only be the patronage of the Orleans faction, but that Laikins and myself, according to our previous agreement, in the event of the perpetual imprisonment of Geoffry would keep the administration of his estate, and under that pretext would in fact possess the property. Full of this purpose I went to the palace of the Duke of Orleans, and demanded admission into his presence upon important business. I was conducted to an apartment, and desired to wait, as the Duke was at present engaged. In a few moments a person entered the apartment with the ducal insignia. I immediately executed my purpose. The Duke thanked me, and promised me a suitable reward. ‘I am going to Chalons,’ said he; ‘my carriage is at the door. You will do me the favour to accompany me.’ Saying these words he conducted me to his coach; he put me into it with his own hand, and, after whispering with his servants, followed me.

‘I observed, with some surprise, that

after continuing a few miles along the road to Chalons, we turned off into a road to which I was a stranger. ‘I must call upon the Duke de la Rochefaucault,’ said the Duke, ‘as your discovery is of too much consequence to be left solely to my own discretion. After proceeding a few miles farther, we at length stopped at an old castle. The Duke conducted me to a private apartment, and commanded me to await his return.

‘He returned effectually in a few minutes, accompanied by two fellows whose looks alarmed me. ‘Secure your prisoner,’ said he, pointing to me. ‘Thou wretch,’ continued he, addressing himself to me, ‘who, bearing the name of an Englishman, can be thus treacherous to your master. Justice has thrown you into my hands, and defeated your crime, by causing you to mistake the brother of the Duke de la Tremouille for the Duke of Orleans. I am the Duke de la Rochefaucault. I went to the Duke of Orleans to solicit the pardon of my brother.’ With these words he left the apartment, and I was immediately dragged to one of those cellars, or dungeons, with which the old castles of the French nobility abounded.

‘In the mean time De Tracy and my master proceeded in their plot. By the connection of De Tracy in the Bastile they obtained an easy access to the Duke; and that I may not relate what is little to the purpose they all effected their escape to the outside of the prison. The trench, or rather deep ditch full of black mud, remained to be passed; their project was thus almost defeated, and they were about to yield it up in despair, when they beheld on the other side a ladder of an immense length against a house, and two men as if in expectation of something. The two men likewise saw them, and bringing the ladder to the edge of the ditch, they raised it up to its perpendicular height, and then let it fall across the foss. Every thing answered their expectations; the ladder fell and reached to the opposite bank, and effected the escape of Geoffry, De Tracy, and the Duke de la Tremouille. Upon reaching the opposite side they were received by the two men, one of whom was the Duke de la Rochefaucault. He was

about to congratulate them on their escape, and perhaps divulge my treachery, when he received a ball in his head from the musket of one of the centinels who were now alarmed. The Duke fell dead upon the spot, but the others effected their escape.

"As this narrative is but a confession of what regards myself, let me hasten to its conclusion. Geoffry returned to the convent; the beautiful Tremouille, after a short interval, discharged her debt of gratitude, and presented her hand to Mr. Geoffry.

"It was at this period that I was released from the Duke de la Rochefaucault's castle, the Duke de la Tremouille found me there; I feigned a story to my advantage,—that the Duke had confined me to conceal me from the Orleans faction, as they had got a hint that my purpose was to assist in the escape of some prisoners. In a word, I returned to my master, and had lost none of his confidence.

"My master was at this period the happiest of men. I own that I saw his situation with regret. I could ill endure that the influence of his wife should exceed my own. I endeavoured to avenge myself on her, and unfortunately too well succeeded. It was one of the infirmities in the generally noble character of Geoffry, that he was more than ordinarily addicted to jealousy. By infusions, and the natural but innocent levity of his beautiful wife, I succeeded in poisoning his happiness. This conduct had a fatal effect upon his lady, and doubtless contributed to the event which followed.

"Within the year after her union she gave birth to a daughter; but from her state of weakness, and the uneasiness of her mind, she survived this event but a few days; her husband had previously sickened of a fever, and was in a fair way of recovery; but this blow was too much to him, within two days he was obliged by his physicians to arrange his affairs, as his recovery was impossible. I was the only one about his person who possessed his confidence. The Duke de la Tremouille was dead. To me he entrusted his will, by which Larkins was appointed trustee to his infant daughter, associated indeed in

this trust with a nobleman of the first character and consequence in Devonshire. In a word, my patron died, and I had the will in my hands, together with the unprotected infant, the heiress of all his great wealth.

"Larkins arrived a few days afterwards; he no sooner read the will, and saw the situation of affairs, than it was resolved to conceal the birth of the infant. One difficulty alone remained,—the Roman Catholic confessor of the deceased mother. I knew the character of this monk, and by a heavy bribe, and committing the infant solely to his care, purchased him over to our party. Every thing was thus arranged, the child was delivered to the monk. Larkins took possession of the estate, and by a deed bound himself to the payment of a certain annual sum to me. This sum he has of late years refused, having heard that Agnes, the name of the young infant, had disappeared, and to all probability no longer existed."

"Do you possess the documents to substantiate this narrative?" demanded the worthy magistrate.

"Yes," replied Daubigny; "I too well understood the character of my associate to throw myself so wholly in his power. The will is in my hands. I can prove the birth of Agnes, and the manner by which the same Agnes, whom the monk committed to the sisters of St. Marie, passed into the hands of the Lady Priscilla Harrowby."

"Then let not a moment be lost," added the worthy magistrate. "Let us hasten to Lymington; it will be necessary to arrest the miscreant Larkins before he shall be informed of our proceedings."

Orders were accordingly issued that the necessary carriages should be prepared; and this being done, they departed, Agnes, however, reluctant, finding it necessary to accompany them.

They proceeded without delay to the conclusion of their journey, and nothing occurred till they reached Lymington, and the seat of the Oldcastle's, now of the lawyer Larkins. Upon enquiring for Larkins they were informed that he was at home, and would see them without delay. They were led into a parlour which

opened at one of the extremities into a second apartment.

By the arrangement of the magistrate, Agnes, Daubigny, and the officers of justice, withdrew into the inner room, whilst the magistrate himself awaited the coming of Larkins in the outer one.

Within a few minutes he appeared, with that insolence of demeanour which never fails to characterise the upstart. The magistrate entered upon his subject; Larkins was for a moment confounded, but again recovered his presence of mind, and repelled the accusation as an insult. The magistrate called Daubigny forth. It would not be easy to convey an idea of the immediate change which the appearance of his associate produced in the countenance of Larkins. In the same moment Agnes and the officers of justice entered the apartment. The appearance of Agnes completed the whole, recognising the features of her mother, Larkins perceived that he was lost. Daubigny regarded him with a look of triumph; it was the triumph of one villain over another. Larkins stamped with repressed rage. "Be it so," at length exclaimed he; "the justice of Heaven overtakes me. I avow every thing. Your revenge has fully succeeded; yes, thou monster!" addressing himself to Daubigny, "congratulate yourself on the efficacy of your revenge, and if it can add any thing to your satisfaction, know that the man you have thus betrayed to the executioner is your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed Daubigny, starting with horror.

"Yes, your father; why else did I even so far adopt your interest as even to admit you to the participation of my crimes?" replied the infuriated Larkins. "But nothing now remains but to follow my destiny. Permit me first," continued he, turning to the officers, "to take with me some papers in that bureau? which may be necessary to my trial."

The magistrate consented provided the papers were delivered into the hands of the officers, and sealed with his judicial seal. Larkins opened the bureau; desired the officers to secure the papers, and whilst they were thus employed, con-

trived to prepare himself for a purpose on which he was already resolved.

"Nothing now remains," said the magistrate; seeing all the papers in the possession of the officers.

"Yes," added Larkins furiously, "one thing still remains, *revenge*;" and with these words, before he could be prevented by the officers, he shot Daubigny dead upon the spot. A second pistol he applied to his own head, but it was wrested from him, before it could produce its effect.

The nature of these events could not but produce a powerful effect on a mind formed like that of Agnes. Larkins was committed to a secure custody, from which he could only issue to receive the punishment so justly merited by his crimes. His trial would have taken place without delay only that the indisposition of Agnes prevented her from appearing against him. As the evidence of the unhappy Daubigny had been signed, and witnessed, and the original will of the father of Agnes was in the hands of the magistrate, nothing was wanting necessary to his conviction, had it been intended to have brought him to trial for this act. But the murder of Daubigny was in the eye of the law a far greater offence, and one in which the evidence was more complete. For this he was at length arraigned, and being convicted, suffered the penalty of the laws. He had previously signed a confession of the infamy he had done to Agnes, who was thus without further difficulty, or legal formality, invested and put into possession of the estate of her ancestors.

The family of the Olcastles had been so generally beloved in the neighbourhood, and even throughout the country, that the discovery of an heiress of that name was received with general satisfaction, and she was scarcely fixed in the family mansion, than her house was thronged with visitors of congratulation.

The confession of Daubigny, confirmed by that of Larkins and other testimonies, not only restored her to the possession of her paternal estates, but, as the heiress of the Olcastles, to the wealth of the late Captain of that name. She was thus become the most wealthy heiress of the county, and had nothing else been re-



quired to her happiness, would have had nothing further to desire. But as she walked through the lofty trees which formed the avenue from the extreme wall of her park to the gate by which was the more immediate entrance to the house, though she could see nothing around her but what belonged to herself, she found a vacuum of her heart yet unfilled; she found that something was still wanting to render her happy. In a word the absence of Bellasis poisoned her felicity. She considered him as lost to her for ever.

As she was one day walking in her favourite avenue, she saw a carriage enter the park gate, and proceeding furiously towards the house. She hastened her return as the carriage must otherwise necessarily pass her. She imagined it to be one of those visitors of congratulation from which she had been lately scarcely an hour free. In another moment the carriage was up to her; the door opened, and Bellasis was before her.

We must leave to the imagination of our readers the subject, or rather thousand subjects, of their conversation; every thing was shortly explained, and as shortly reconciled. Agnes was now the happiest of human beings, and Bellasis, indeed, was equally content.

"Shall we drive up to the house, my Lord," demanded one of his servants. Agnes was struck with the address, and Bellasis understanding her look of enquiry, replied by informing her of what the reader knows already; his accidental meeting with his uncle, the Earl of Fitzallan. "My uncle," concluded he, "solicited the interest of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to procure the extension of the patent of nobility of the family of Fitzallan, so as to take in the children of my mother; and has so effectually succeeded, that the king has consented. I am thus declared, heir to the titles of Fitzallan, and am permitted, in the meantime, to bear the title of my grandfather, Lord Allen, as the title by courtesy of the heirs of Fitzallan. Fortune has, at length, repaid the injustice with which she treated my beloved father. Nor was the late Lord Allen, my grandfather, so much deserving of censure as he has been thought; his enmity was kept alive by the

artifices of a female cousin, who carefully concealed from him every application from my father. He died, moreover, in peace with my mother, and that most excellent of women is thus released from the heavy weight of a paternal curse. May we be all happy together; may the felicity of the remnant of our days compensate for what we have experienced of anxiety. Possessed of you, my beloved Agnes, what more have I to wish, or what to fear?"

This conversation was concluded by their arrival at the house. Agnes now explained whatever had occurred to her since his departure, of the greater part of which Bellasis was wholly ignorant, having learned it from no other authority but report, as he was endeavouring to trace the present residence of Agnes. The satisfaction of Bellasis may be conceived, when in the beloved mistress of his affections he recognised the niece of his esteemed protector—the good old Captain. He regretted only that the Captain had not lived to see this happy discovery, as he had not unfrequently heard him lament that his name must perish with him.

Bellasis, or rather Lord Allen, could not but look around him with some satisfaction as the family portraits of the Oldcastles attracted his attention. The wainscot of the room was oak, which from age and good preservation, shone as mahogany. The apartment was the great hall of the mansion, and by its dimensions proved the hospitality of its former possessors. In the countenances of the old family portraits Bellasis thought he traced the features of Agnes, but perhaps this resemblance was little more than fanciful, and he would not have perceived that she resembled them had he not known that she belonged to them.—Such not unfrequently is the power of imagination.

The conversation now turned to the family of the Beachcrofts; Agnes informed his Lordship that she had nominated the worthy magistrate and himself her guardians, by the advice of the former, to whom she had exposed the whole of her situation. Bellasis rejoiced that she had thus escaped from the hands of the Baronet, from whose character he dreaded every thing.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of new visitors. The satisfac-

tion of all parties may be conceived when Mr. Beachcroft and his lovely wife entered the room. It is not the main purpose of our history to repeat the general and mutual congratulation,—suffice it to say, that a happier party seldom met together.

We must suppose it needless to inform our readers, that by the contrivance of Bellasis and the worthy magistrate, the legacy of Lady Priscilla was secured to Beachcroft upon the voluntary surrender of Agnes. Beachcroft and his lovely wife were not ungrateful for this generosity.

Nothing now remains but to hasten to the conclusion of our narrative. From the papers before us it appears that Bellasis and Agnes were shortly after this period united, and within a few months were introduced to their Sovereign, as Lord and Lady Allen. The beauty of her Ladyship furnished a new topic of conversation to the circle of fashion, nor was she forgotten till a second new face diverted the channel of impertinence.

Lady Beachcroft was not the last to congratulate her upon her good fortune; she addressed her in her usual style as if nothing had occurred. Agnes, from respect to the memory of her deceased benefactress, Lady Priscilla, as well as from the conviction that from whatever other mo-

tive it might proceed, malice could have no share in it, received her with equal ease; and to judge from appearances, no one would have imagined that any thing had ever happened to interrupt their harmony. Lady Allen received Miss Beachcroft with sincere affection, as she acquitted her from any conspiracy in the affair of Mirabel.

In due time Lord Allen stood his trial for the event of the duel with Mirabel. The character of the latter was so notorious, and generally odious, that Lord Allen was acquitted almost as soon as heard; Mirabel being one of those professed duellist who had more than once appeared in court under the same arraignment.

Lord Allen and his Lady divided their year between the Firs and the paternal seat. They occasionally, indeed, visited Lord Fitzallan at his seat in Ireland. Mrs. Bellasis and Madame St. Etienne passed the whole of the year with their amiable relatives; in a word, every thing conspired to the happiness of Lord and Lady Allen, and nothing more than the circumstance of the birth of an heir to his Lordship, in the second year of their marriage. The family mansion of the Oldcastles now resounded with the joyful cry of an heir to their ancient house.

## CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

(Continued from Page 243.)

THE ingenious reader will easily perceive in the family sketch which I drew in the last Number, that all the parties looked different ways; and he will likewise see in a moment, that this will always be the case when the matrimonial union is made to commence in deceit; when there are so many opposite interests, and so much propensity to act in centrifugal directions; flying from a common centre instead of acting towards it.

The parents of Lucinda, depressed by their circumstances, remained partly neuter in a cause in which their much-loved child's peace of mind and future happiness so materially depended, for fear of contradicting their more opulent sister, in a business in which she had resolved to succeed, from an infatuation too common to rich people, which persuades them

that every human felicity rests on the accumulation of wealth. The young man, Lucinda's lover, possessed of honour, dignity, rectitude, and good sense; a man who had thought it his duty to cultivate and enlarge the faculties which his divine Creator had bestowed; who despised the broad follies of fashion and her votaries, though deeply enamoured, looked with a superior soul on the engagement which he hoped soon to enter in. His view was plain and direct, no sinister intention embarrassed his words or looks, both expressed the honourable eloquence of exalted love. The aunt, from an inflexibility commonly attached to all her more important plans, was not a little puzzled how to get rid of Lucinda's first courtship. She expatiated long and loud on the incalculable advantages

of the union with the Baronet, the splendour of the marriage settlement, the grandeur of the house in town, the large estates in the north; and never failed to throw in as a powerful argument, which indeed it was, the certain recovery of the lost family dignity, by the certain, as she thought, Baronet's instrumentality. Mahomet may go to the mountain, or you may persuade the mountain to go to Mahomet, if you can, but you cannot persuade a fine young lady's affections to leave the fond heart which they are rooted in so easily. The aunt talked wisely, but it was the trading wisdom of old age; Lucinda did not understand it, it made no impression; she never openly contradicted her aunt; she had been always ordered by her parents not to venture it; she listened with silent and discreet attention, but her heart remained firm, and her passion, inflamed by the very means used to shake it, became more fixed and immovable from every attack. The Baronet, a dissipated young man, vain, and proud, supposed that his great wealth entitled him rather to command than intreat; the insolence of riches was a leading feature in all his views; he easily saw into the character of Lucinda's aunt, and acted in exact unison to all her cautious, and as she thought dextrous insinuations. He promised largely, because it is easily so to do, without the least intention of keeping his word; he flattered her experience and wisdom, and laughed at her credulity when he perceived that she believed him; he became familiar in the family, a constant visitor, and even entertained some hopes of gaining possession of the charming Lucinda—on his own terms.

How this affair will terminate, time will shew; whether the Baronet will prosper in his dishonourable views we can determine in a moment, and promise him shame and contempt instead of fruition. Every thing is against him; it is not always easy for an impudent votary of vice and gallantry to ruin the peace and reputation of a good family; where virtue exists, obstacles are easily found to counteract the machinations of a villain; and if he persists, involve him in merited destruction. The intention of this picture is to shew that where there exists so many different interests, and different views, in persons engaged in the matrimonial settlement of a young lady, much disappointment, much vexation, and some sacrifice perhaps must be expected. When family views are so widely different, all cannot be satisfied however affairs terminate. It is probable that Lucinda and her lover will triumph ultimately over the prejudices of the aunt, and the unmanly designs of the Baronet.

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The only circumstances in the affair that promise happiness is, the purity of the reciprocal intentions, the genuine affection, and the unsullied truth and honour of the young lovers. On this, and on this alone, the hopes of conjugal felicity must be rationally founded; and where the mutual choice is sanctioned by the approbation of parental wisdom and authority, it is sincerely to be hoped that Lucinda's aunt will cease to believe that money alone constitutes the basis of matrimonial felicity; that she will give up her fond and fallacious plan of aggrandizing her family at the expense of her niece's lasting unhappiness, and learn to believe that the promises of a libertine are not always to be relied upon, and that the voice of nature and honour must ever be held superior to the whispers of avarice.

I do not intend at present to continue the history of Lucinda, I have just taken this short view for the sake of the inferences which the candid reader will easily form from it. Suppose, for instance, that the aunt could succeed, and marry her niece to the Baronet; it is more than probable that all her selfish plans, like building castles in the air, would fall to the ground. She would too soon see the gross mistake of consigning a lovely young creature to the arms of a modern dashing fashionable rake; nor be much comforted in the reflection that the mistake would be fatal, and one impossible to remedy. Suppose too, that the Baronet could succeed in his guilty design; good Heavens! what can be the solace? what the satisfaction? of seeking pleasure on the degrading and vile terms of giving misery to the lovely object from whom it is expected. This is horrid; a libertine capable of this must have made many and violent strides towards depravity before he can stain his soul with the perpetration of an act which stamps him with the name of villain!

The radical sources of unhappiness in the married state are almost endless before the union, but they probably are exceeded in number by those which arise after marriage. Of these last I shall take a short view. Some married ladies think, erroneously perhaps, that they manifest their own understandings by undervaluing their husbands: this often happens, and betrays great weakness, or great want of recollection at least. Such ladies as endeavour to turn their husbands into ridicule, should recollect that they expose themselves much more, and more deservedly, to contempt or derision by such wanton and silly conduct. Lydia is too fond of endeavouring to render her mate the butt of the company. "Lord, my dear! how you have twisted the seam of

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that stocking, I declare it is almost round to your knee; you are really never fit to be seen; it is a sad thing to be married to a sloven; look at those boots too, when were they cleaned last?" Thus Lydia rattles on without rhyme or reason, and although she might see by the silent concern of the company, that they disapprove of her unseasonable remarks, yet Lydia still persists; for where this foible exists there is commonly too much vanity in the lady to attend to any thing except herself, and often to mistake silence for approbation.

This error is a very prevalent one, it obtrudes itself into many circles, and exposes the little bewitching fair offenders to many severe and just animadversions. A wise and good wife, on the contrary, will endeavour at a proper time and place to rectify these inaccuracies or negligencies of her husband's appearance, *con amore*; she will strive by a thousand fond female affectionate arts, to rally him in private; and wield the only weapons proper for a wife to use, soft admonition, gentle reproof, and sensible advice in the persuasive form of endearment; this method would work wonders, it would be irresistible.

A married lady should recollect, and the wise and the good ones usually do, that when she exalts her husband she exalts herself at the same time; their reputation is a joint stock, whatever exposes the husband exposes the wife; it is an inseparable interest. How vain then, how thoughtless in a wife, to venture in any, the least degree, to expose herself to scorn and ridicule, by such a wanton act of folly and disobedience, as the public exposure of a man who bears the venerated name of her husband! one whom she has sworn to honour and obey. But I beg pardon of my fair readers, I must stop, I am growing serious, if not tiresome.

Rinaldo is infected with a similar infirmity. Rinaldo is a scholar, and sufficiently sensible of the weight and importance which learning gives him in society; but Rinaldo is far more solicitous for the latter than he is for the spirit of literature. If he sits in company he seldom speaks much, but rather collects himself in scholastic profundity, an attentive observer of others. His lady, however, seems willing to make up for her husband's taciturnity by a stream, or rather a torrent, of loquacity, which no smile of the company, however significant, or torture of her husband's face, however excruciating, can ever reduce within any bounds. This lady has had a boarding-school education, but of her acquisitions it is found necessary to say that—"she has been neglected at school," a mode of expression very common, and meant kindly as an apology for dullness

in most cases where nature and industry refuse to second the honest efforts of able and respectable teachers. People who talk much, do not always talk well. Rapidity of utterance also, is no friend to a neglected education. Rinaldo's lady talked too much, too quick, and much too loud. One imperfection, among many, was not only misplacing her words, but often using one word instead of another. This rendered her discourse rather awkward and ambiguous, and most commonly unintelligible. At a dinner party, Rinaldo and his lady were announced. When they were seated, the lady hearing a gentleman remark, that wine in a state of fermentation was not wholesome, immediately the lady exclaimed:—"No; that is very true, Sir, wine in a state of *fomentation* can never be wholesome." The husband blushed at the blunder, and endeavoured to correct his lady by saying,—that liquors in a state of fermentation were generally unfit for use.

No attempt to correct this lady's language had any effect; the difference of substituting one word for another never occurred to her; she always proceeded from one mistake to another, and running to the window to a fine little girl, the daughter of her entertainer, turned to her husband and said:—"My dear, is not *this here* a fine child?" then patting its plump rosy cheeks, told her to mind her *larning* and be a good gal. "Lord!" she suddenly bawled out, "what a fine prospect, my dear, lend me your *spy-glass*." Rinaldo during this scene seemed half deranged; he exhibited almost all the colours of the rainbow in his countenance; recollecting himself, however, he said, with tremulous mildness,—that he never carried *spy-glasses* in his pocket, but had a *telescope* at her service. "Poots, poots, fiddle fiddle, and a fiddle-stick's end, Charles, why a telescope or a *spy-glass* that is all one, you know."

I shall certainly advise, not only Rinaldo, but all the members of the matrimonial corps, whether gentle or simple, learned or ignorant, by no means to cultivate their mates in public. Dinner or supper parties will not fail to triumph when Lydia strives to ridicule her husband; but Lydia may remember, if she pleases, that they will at the same time condemn her for her folly, and rather pity than blame her husband. And the parties where Rinaldo and his loquacious partner visit, will most certainly smile at his lady's simplicity. A lady and gentleman of good sense will see in an instant, that decorum and common propriety have set bounds to polite conversation; that a genteel party can feel no interest in the

discussion of those family matters which ought to be kept private; will say nothing but what the whole company feel some relish in hearing; leave as many of their foibles and imperfections at home as they can; and consider themselves as members of a society met for the purpose of general amusement. If husband and wife do not feel the power of exalting each other's character in public, at least, they should refrain, for the sake of their friends and relatives, from exposing one another; prudence dictates this as a duty which they owe at once to themselves and to the world.

When I sit in company and see errors of this description, it fills me with melancholy.—What, I whisper to myself, must be the *private* lives of these people, who thus mutually endeavour to lessen each other's characters and reputation in *public*? if the elements thus smother before so many observers, how the storm must rage in *private*!

There are so many sources of unhappiness in the nuptial state, that it were an endless and humiliating task to enumerate even a small part of them. Many couples are united, as if for the sole purpose of being mutual plagues to each other. Some men have married mendicants from caprice; and others, courtezans from affection. Some fly to preposterous disparity of years as a solace; foolish old men marry young girls, and foolish old women, though I confess not near so often, marry boys. Those who expect happiness

from such means as these, might as well hurl themselves from a precipice, or jump into Vesuvius or Etna in search of it. Whatever the end be which we wish to attain, adequate means must always be employed to render success even probable! He who finds that walking is not sufficient for his intended journey, will run or mount his horse to accelerate his speed. Nature points out to us, generally, proper methods for every exigency, and particularly in our intended matrimonial connections. Let a man and woman *mean well* and *act right*, the way before them is smooth and plain; their path is straight and direct, and it is only from some strange perverseness, sinister design, or open violation of common sense and natural feeling, that we are disappointed, generally speaking, in our hopes of nuptial felicity.

It too often happens, that people who intend to marry, neglect the essential for the secondary part; an avaricious wretch, who makes wealth his object, offers his frigid raptures to an estate or money, through the medium of the lady; the woman is the ladder only by which he ascends to his real object. Pecuniary temptation stares thousands in the face who never felt the sweet passion; love is like music, every one talks about it, whether they feel it or not!—it seems creditable; and thus it is that they talk of beauties that they never saw, and fancy raptures that they never knew.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE FATAL SEPARATION.

A TALE OF TRUTH, FROM THE FRENCH.

WHEN Heaven bestowed on man those finer feelings of the soul, which render life agreeable, it only sought to promote the happiness of its creatures, and give additional interest to their situation. Yet in consequence of the notions which a false refinement in society has produced, those very feelings have frequently become the cause of inexpressible affliction to mortals, and the source of anguish the most poignant, which the human heart is capable of experiencing. In proof of which the following affecting little story is related, and is a well known fact, which actually took place in one of the Italian states, in the latter end of the last century.

About the year 1780, a young gentleman whom we shall distinguish by the name of Lorenzo, the heir of wealth and honours, became enamoured of the daughter of a person

whose line of ancestry, though respectable, was less extended, and whose riches bore but an inconsiderable proportion in comparison with the immense revenues of the family of Amedia. As love, however, predominated over the cooler dictates of interest and of prudence, the young Lorenzo prevailed upon his fair mistress to espouse him privately, without the sanction, or even the suspicion of his connections. For some time the sun of happiness shone brilliantly upon their lives, and the youthful couple enjoyed a felicity but rarely known to mortals in this sublunary state, and of too pure and unalloyed a nature long to remain unembittered by the storms of adversity, the encroachments of affliction and misfortune. The perfidy of a confidential friend broke in upon their joy, and their union was revealed to the parents of the ador-

ing husband, the doating father of the most interesting infant in the world.

Words are inadequate to express the rage and disappointment of the whole circle of family connections, who had long desired to behold this darling of their hopes and affection united to a wealthy heiress whose rich possessions and noble birth, would add a lustre to their name, and place their house upon a footing of equality with the most powerful and the wealthiest of their neighbours.—Age, coujoined with pride, rendered them callous to the impulses of kindness. They forgot what was perhaps their own rule of conduct, their own feelings, and ideas, in the season of youth; and imagining that grandeur and riches are alone sufficient to gratify every desire of the soul, they suffered ambition to supersede the feelings of sympathetic kindness, and the pleasures of domestic social intercourse; resolved to exert their stern authority over the unfortunate young man, and silencing the voice of nature and humanity, determined to compel him to submit to their imperious will. For this purpose, having in vain used every argument and threat to prevail on him to consent to disannul the marriage, a divorce was obtained from the Pope, empowering the cruel parents to separate their son from all that he most valued upon earth—his beloved wife and infant, and confine him a close prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo.

Alas! what were the feelings of the wretched Lorenzo at that moment—what the regrets and anguish of his fond and faithful partner. Tears were denied her; but agony the most torturing that imagination can picture, marked her every feature, as struggling for utterance, she beheld her husband mercilessly dragged from her presence, and severed for ever from her sight; while maddening with rage, and striving to get free, he cast a last and parting look upon the objects dearest to his sight, and was hurried from the spot which contained in his estimation, treasures far more valuable than all the wealth of India or Peru could purchase.

Resolved to complete the work they had began, the inhuman parents hurried on a process instituted for the annulment of Lorenzo's marriage, and which the hapless husband strove by every means in his power to establish as valid. Lovely, innocent, and interesting in the eyes of even her persecutors, his

wife threw herself at the feet of the judges, and holding up her smiling infant in her arms, besought their pity and compassion. But useless were the means essayed to move the hearts of those who sought the separation of this unfortunate couple. Sentence was pronounced, annulling their marriage; while such was the rigour of their enemies, such the barbarity of their proceedings, that an order was likewise obtained, obliging the inconsolable wife to inform, with her own hand, her husband of their everlasting separation. This was a refinement upon cruelty which even the most inhuman of wretches would have scarcely sought to practise. Despair filled the bosom of the luckless woman, and in the anguish of her heart, she thus addressed the beloved partner of her soul:—"Necessitated to renounce those sweet and sacred bonds which united us together, I strive to resign myself to the stern decrees of fate, and fervently hope you will before long be freed from that captivity which you have so unjustly suffered upon my account.—Live then my beloved husband (alas! for the last time do I write that name so dear to my heart) live, and take comfort.—Strive to preserve your life and health; and if possible, be happy.—You love the mother Lorenzo, and I trust you will not fail to remember the daughter she has given you.—Cherish, and treat her with tenderness and affection when you know I am no longer in existence.—Soon I shall cease to live; for grief, the most bitter and penetrating, absorbs each faculty of my soul, and I feel I cannot long resist its power. May my death satiate the inhuman destroyers of our happiness.—May Heaven in its mercy bless and preserve the dear object of my tenderest affection.—Farewel, my Lorenzo. Farewel for ever."

At the end of four days more of suffering, this unfortunate wife ended her existence in the most horrible convulsions. Her death proved nearly fatal to the life of her afflicted husband. With deepest grief he heard the dismal tidings.—A temporary loss of reason ensued, and a grief never to be conquered, continued to prey upon his frame until it hastened his exist to a world more glorious,

"Where no discord reigns,  
"No error rises, and no faction thrives—  
"Where the unfettered mind perfection knows,  
"And looks with pity upon human woes."

HOWARD.

## THE COXCOMB AND THE FOP.

A MORNING SCENE IN HIGH LIFE.

"MY dear Lord," said the lively Lady Mary, as she kindly smoothed the pillow under the gouty foot of the Peer, her father, "I must continue to maintain, that a coxcomb and a fop are too distinct beings"—"I affirm not," said the Peer. "Shew me the distinction, if you can"—"Most willingly, Sir," replied the Lady, "and so far will I coincide with your opinion, that a fop may be a coxcomb, but a coxcomb is not always a fop"—"Go on," said his Lordship; "I know, Mary, you love definitions."—"Why, my dear Sir," said her Ladyship, "a fop is now almost become an obsolete thing: the creature perished with all the paraphernalia of powder, pomatum, black pins, wool, golden-clocked silk stocking, and red-heeled shoes. Where now do we see these fine bedizened animals?"

"Continue," replied the Peer, with a smile. "Coxcombs, I grant," said Lady Mary, "we have many; but the only two fops I know, is the Bond-street hussar, and the little spruce Ensign, on duty at St. James's; the latter has his head finely powdered, drawn up carefully from each side, till it forms on the summit of the little vacant globe, the finest *imperial* helmet, and from which, sometimes, in order to destroy its formal monotony, a straggling little ringlet is allowed to sport on the blooming cheek of this pretty military doll." "All this is but too true," said his Lordship; "but the hussar, whom you chuse to ridicule, has, I think, with his mustachios, and his manly and warlike accoutrements, really the air of a soldier."

"An *air*, indeed," said her sarcastic Ladyship; "but I believe he had much rather keep out of the air of gun-shot! Hear me, my dear Sir; this is by far the greatest fop of the two: the other is such a boy, he *may* mend! but those curled mustachios, which you so much admire, they are artificial, and carefully stuck on over a lip, in the place where yet a beard has perversely refused to scatter its down; those copper-heeled boots, and the glorious clank of arms which proclaim the approach of the hero, he patiently toils under, and gloriously supports their weight, to attract the passing gaze, and the self-interpreting murmur of general approbation. Oh! this is a fop of the first water; and yet, perhaps, like his little counter-part, the blooming Ensign, he longs to throw off the cumber-

some trappings of war, and commence coxcomb in the more comfortable envelope of the coachman's triple-caped coat, or the butcher-like looking boxing-jacket, with a fine yellow handkerchief round his neck, or one of that flaming scarlet kind, called *l'Assasin!* and which dubs him, without farther ceremony, the *Blood Red Knight!*"

"Now," said the Peer, exultingly, "you exactly ascribe to my argument, that a fop and a coxcomb are the same thing"—"I cannot give up my idea," said the daughter; "the two characters are certainly distinct; I can point out but two fops amongst all our acquaintance; but oh! what a multitude of coxcombs! and where shall we look for a fop? Shall we find him among our real bucks of fashion, with straight unpowdered locks, where the fingers seem the substitute for the comb! Would a fop wear the short fustian jacket in which my Lord——rides, and in which habit his groom owns all the superiority of person as well as manners; and I dare say, in his domestic circle he is more polite; for the groom's wife, perhaps, does not like her husband should chew tobacco: and honest John Bull

——"Not him in *upper* life,  
"But the kind Englishman who loves his wife,"

takes a pleasure in quitting a custom which may be disagreeable to his *Cara Sposa*: not so the coxcomb of a Lord; it is quite immaterial to him, whether my Lady is pleased or displeased; he is resolved to be the very quintessence of a stage-coachman; he chews, he spits, he swears; he pulls up his cattle with the true go; wears ribbons in his hat on May-day, and Christmas berries on the eve of the Nativity!"

"But your cousin Benborough," said the Peer, "whom I always thought the greatest coxcomb under the sun, he has none of all this."

"Oh! true," said Lady Mary; "I thank you for furnishing me with a fop out of our own family, in order to demonstrate to your Lordship what the creature is, and his oppositeness to the finished coxcombs of the present day, otherwise called *men of the first fashion!* Well, Sir, and Sir Thomas Speedham, my cousin's inseparable companion, I expect will call here every hour; no doubt but they will come together, and then, my

dear Lord, you can judge of the palpable distinction between these beings."

The honourable Mr. Benborough arrived first; his morning jacket was of the finest cinnamon brown kerseymere, while a silk handkerchief of bright jonquil, with small purple spots, encircled his throat; his fine shining light brown hair, unpowdered and carefully brushed, had been tortured for near two hours by his valet, to make each affectedly careless wave turn towards the left side of the upper part of his head; an obstinate ringlet, that would not, in spite of all his valet's skill and toil, turn exactly towards the corner of the left eye, as his master wished, had almost given him a nervous head-ach. A gentle tint of *rouge* coloured the cheek of this modern Adonis, and a plentiful odour of the Egyptian Otto, was diffused round the room of his uncle, on his entrance.

The Peer and his daughter exchanged a smile; Benborough always fell of that vanity which imagines self to be the subject of all attention, immediately noticed it, and said, "Do you laugh at my morning gaiters? I can assure you, they are quite the thing; besides, as I called to see my divine cousin, I could not think of wearing boots; though, to be sure, nothing is more elegant than the new *lerce* boot, now sported by all the men of high *ton*; but they sit too light, and my nerves are so unlied this morning, that I could not bear the fatigue of drawing them on."—"Why, what's the matter with you," said the Peer, now under the influence of a desperate gouty twinge; "I wish, you young cub, that you was obliged to bear half my pain, and then you would not talk about your delicate nerves, while you look as blooming and as healthy as a young milk-maid!"

"And yet, positively," said the young gentleman, turning to Lady Mary, "I looked this morning, when I rose, as pale as a ghost, and I was actually, my dear cousin, obliged to *put on*."—"What the devil's that?" said the Peer. "Only a little *rouge*, dear uncle," said Benborough; "and I fear I have not done it judiciously; since I must have looked most vulgarly robust, for your Lordship to compare me to a milk-maid."

The Lady perceiving that her father was about to inveigh most severely against this unmanly practice, she motioned him to observe this effeminate being in silence; but their observations were soon turned to the complete contrast which the rattling *barouche* at the door presented to their view. The Peer was laid on a couch, near the window, in order that passing objects might amuse, and,

in some measure, mitigate his pain; he looked at the being who presented itself, and saw a Baronet metamorphosed into a complete knight of the whip.

Sir Thomas Speedham, before he left the box, divested himself of his great coat, and drew from his hands a pair of thick *driving tans*; he then took off his hat, scratched his head, or rather routed his fingers amongst his thick black hair, and spit with a most coachman-like grace; then, with a blue checked handkerchief, he wiped his forehead and the back of his neck, filled the crown of his hat with the pocket handkerchief, ascended the apartment of the Earl of Selwin. "How are you, old buck?" said he; "got the gout? so much the better—good thing—very good thing. How do? young one!" added he, turning to Benborough. "Not at all the thing," replied the fop; "I went to hear Braham, at the Lyceum, last night, and I was so *obsédé*, I fell asleep, before he had quite got through the second song: I expected to have seen you there."—"Me!" replied the Baronet. "Break my neck, down hill, if you ever catch me screwed up in a box at any of your little theatres, to hear your squalling Israelites: no, I was better employed; we'd a choice day of it. I went to see the black fellow box; powerful dog! never gives in."—"That ought not to be allowed," said the Peer, "these black men are so strong in the head, with which they butt at their antagonist, that a man stands no chance with them."—"All the better; devilish good thing," replied Sir Thomas; "there's nothing like a fellow in this way, that can beat down all before him: now you see there's a new trick in pugilism; and we mean to pick out all the strong wooden-headed fellows we can find, and go it, head to stomach, as hard as we can, and teach them to butt at one another, like so many rams."

"But where was you, my dear Sir Thomas, in the evening?" said Benborough. "I waited at home for you, till almost the first act of the play was over; I could not stay later, for fear I should be taken for one of the *canaille*, who go at half-price." "Yes, very likely," said the Peer, "you might have been taken for some *man milliner*!"—"Devilish fair! upon my soul," said Sir Thomas, "hoax me, if that is not a good one."—"But you did not answer my cousin's question," said Lady Mary. "Eh! what?" said Sir Thomas, looking up, and seeming as if he had but just discovered there was a female in the room, "Oh! ay; what was it?"

"I asked you, my dear fellow," said Ben-



borough, "where you had passed the day and evening, that I had not seen you;" "Oh! that's it, is it?" replied the Baronet. "Why, I dined with a party of brother whips; and a new member of the four-in-hand was introduced; the very best whip, I'll venture to affirm, in all England; drunk or sober, its all the same to him: he can both *prime* and *bang* up, in a superior style to any one of us; however, old Kite says he shall dare him to it; and I have laid a bet with a certain noble Lord, my new telegraph against his old dog-cart, that the young beginner will beat the

old hand quite hollow; but come, Benborough, will you take an inside place? I am going to drive to Tattersall's, to see four of the finest *goers* in the kingdom; if he'll take six hundred pounds for them, they're mine."

The fashionable *duo* now took their leave; Benborough bowed, affectedly, to his pretty cousin, the other stared full at her, and gave her a familiar nod; and the Lady, turning to her father, after their departure, said, "Now, my dear Sir, is not a coxcomb and a fop two different beings?"

S. G.

## HERALDRY, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ANCESTRY AND GENTILITY.

WE are now come more specifically to that part of our subject which embraces *armory* or the *art of blazon*, derived from an ancient French word *blazonner*, signifying "to praise," and that evidently derived from the old Teutonic *Blazen*. This art of blazon has been considered as combining in itself three distinct points; the knowledge of the various parts of the shield and of the colours; the mode of arranging these; and finally, the knowledge of descents. This latter part we have, however, considered of primary importance, and have already been diffuse upon it; notwithstanding which we shall have occasion to notice it again in our concluding lectures; but for the present we shall proceed with the principles of *blazonry*, which will lead naturally to the more scientific arrangements and laws of genealogy.

Blazonry then is the science of coat-armour explained by its practice; and *coat-armour* is of various kinds. Thus there are arms of inheritance, of alliance, of community, of concession, of devotion, of dignity, of domain, of inclination, of patronage, of pretension, of rallery, of remembrance, and arms of inquiry. These are the various distinctions which have been made by heralds; but if we divide them into two classes, that is arms of hereditary descent, which are personal, and arms of community, we shall then have to consider the others as mere varieties of these two; we shall, however, explain them in succession.

Arms of inheritance are those which a man derives from his ancestors; or which if granted to himself, will descend to his posterity: in short, these are family arms. Arms of alliance, are those borne by a wife, and which are impaled with those of the husband, occupying half the shield: they are also the arms quartered by descent from an heiress. Arms of community

are those borne by nations and by municipal bodies, corporations, companies, military orders, &c. Arms of concession are those borne by any kingdom or particular place, and which are granted by the prince as augmentations to any individual, either as marks of descent or of personal bravery: thus Manners bears the old arms of England in chief, for descent; Elliot, the Heathfield family, bears the fortress and key of Gibraltar; and many of the honourable augmentations of the lamented Nelson are arms of concession. Arms of devotion are those arising from clerical offices; as the impalement of episcopal arms in the coat-armour of a bishop, &c. and the term has also been applied to those bearings which are allusive to acts of devotion, such as the cross, the scallop shell, &c. &c. Arms of dignity are those arising from the possession of any office; but with the exception of episcopal impalements, the instances of them are not numerous in England; these are the Earl Marshal's staff, borne as an honourable ordinary, by the Duke of Norfolk, and some few others. In this class we might, perhaps, with propriety, include coronets, helmets, &c. which in their degree, notify the rank of the bearer. Arms of domain are more frequent in Scotland than in England; the Duke of Hamilton bears argent, a ship proper, for the Isle of Arran, of which his ancestors were Earls: and the Dukes of Athol quarter the arms of the Isle of Man. Arms of inclination are, in fact, nothing more than those originally adopted by the first bearers, to mark their particular fondness for specific things, as well as their valour and skill. In modern grants of coat-armour, we have, perhaps, many instances of arms of inclination, as the heralds have too often permitted ignorant people to adopt coat-armour in opposition to every rule of

heraldry, but according to their own inclination: for instance, there is a recent grant to the first of his family, which resembles a picture more than a coat of arms, and might, perhaps, have been the sign over his punch-house in Jamaica, being a negro in a field cutting cane plants! Arms of patronage were those granted by the feudal chiefs to their military vassals, in addition to their own: thus many of the Leicestershire families have the *cinquefoil* of the old Earls, and the families of Cheshire often bear the *gorb* of the Earls Palatine. Arms of pretence were originally those borne by a sovereign prince, who claimed the dominions of others: but in private life they are nothing more than the escutcheon of pretence borne by those who marry heiresses, which coats are afterwards quartered by the descendants and become arms of alliance. Arms of rivalry have never willingly been adopted; it is said, however, that the *cornet*, or horn, borne in the arms of the House of Orange, took its origin from the nick-name of *court nez*, or "short-nose" given to the great William, the defender of Dutch liberty. Arms of remembrance are with us nothing more than grants of additions, or augmentations in remembrance of particular events; of these our navy and army have furnished many recent examples. Arms of inquiry may be said to comprize the arms of remembrance; but of old they were coats blazoned contrary to the established rule, and therefore, apt to induce the spectators to inquire "why they were borne:" of course they were always grants for honourable causes, and having metal upon metal, such as *argent*, a chevron *or*, or gold upon silver, or sometimes colour upon colour, such as *azure* a chevron *gules*, which is contrary to the general rule, would of course excite inquiry, as we have already noticed, amongst a crowd of spectators surrounding the field of tournament, most of whom were acquainted with the general laws of *armory*.

Much has been said upon the reasons for the adoption of various colours, and of the various bearings; that these reasons operated in some instances we will not deny; nay they might, perhaps, be found to have been universal, if we were able to trace them; nor is it unlikely that the first bearers of the various coats, really intended to express allusions, both by the colours and bearings, we will, therefore, take a general view of these allusions, which may serve to amuse our fair readers, as a species of *armorial physiognomy*, by which they may compare the qualities of their modern male friends, with the symbols of their ancestors. We begin then with the colours; of which *azure*, or

blue, is allusive to beauty, sweetness of disposition, and nobleness of mind. But its bearing was even a species of masonic charity; for those whose field was *azure*, were obliged to take care of and help the faithful servants of their princes, who were left in indigence, or deprived of the rewards due for their services. This obligation is, however, no longer in force, as the faithful servants of princes, *now a days*, are in general pretty able both to take care of, and to keep themselves. *Azure* was even of more general allusion, for it was said to represent the heavens, the tribunal of the Deity, and eternal happiness; amongst the planets it alluded to Venus and Jupiter; in the zodiac, to the twins, the balance, and to *aquarius*; in the weeks to Wednesday and Friday; in the months to September; and in short, through the various orders of creation, to the air, to tin, to the turquois, to the poplar, to the violet, the camelion, the peacock, to the sanguine complexion in man, and to youth, or adolescence.

Respecting *gules*, or red, there have been a variety of opinions; but it is now generally believed either to be from the Hebrew *gu'ad*, or more immediately from the Persian or Saracenic word *gules*, adopted by the crusaders in their warlike pilgrimages to Palestine. The ancient heraldic writers describe it as of very honourable import in their science. Amongst the virtues, it represented charity; in morals, courage, and magnanimity; in vice, fury, cruelty, anger, private murder, and public slaughter: amongst the planets, it referred to Mars; in the zodiac, it alluded to the ram, the lion, and the archer; amongst the elements it represented fire; amongst complexions the choleric; amongst precious stones the ruby; copper and brass, amongst the metals; in trees the cedar; March and July amongst the months; and manhood in the human race. It was also supposed to represent judgment, from the general belief that the world will be destroyed by fire: and it was considered that those who bore this colour were obliged to assist all those oppressed by injustice.

*Sable* was the ancient heraldic name for black, which literally signified sand, as this colour was supposed to proceed from the earth: or as some think because the black colour of the ancient shields was produced by colouring them with a mixture of black sand. In the affections of the soul, it was then, as now, considered as the emblem of sadness and grief; amongst the moral virtues it represented wisdom and prudence; in the heavens it was saturn, the bull, the virgin, and capricorn; amongst the elements it represented the

earth; Saturday amongst the days; the melancholic complexion; lead and iron amongst metals; the olive amongst trees; the crow amongst birds; and finally, extreme old age. Those who bore it were considered as bound to support, or, at least, to assist the widow and fatherless, and also priests and literary men fallen into indigence.

*Purple*, or purple, was considered not as a simple colour, but as a mixture; its attributes were temperance and gravity; it represented Thursday, June, and November; it alluded also to the amethyst, to the elm in trees, the iris among flowers, the lion among animals. Those who bore it as the colour of the field, were particularly bound to the support of the ecclesiastics, in their various ranks and degrees.

The last colour is *sinople*, vert, or green; its name of *sinople* came from *sinopsis*, a species of chalk or mineral earth found in the Levant, used in early times as green paint. *Sinople* was allusive to hope; it also represented Mercury, and the Earth; it was the mark for phlegmatic complexions; it represented the emerald, and alluded to Wednesday and the months of April and May; amongst metals it represented quicksilver; amongst trees, the laurel; of small plants, it was the *sempervivum* or houseleek; the parrot amongst birds; and adolescence in the human race. It is not recorded that it imposed any particular acts of social virtue upon its bearers. We have thus gone through the colours, and shall proceed with the metals in our next lecture.

## THE NEW SYSTEM OF BOTANY,

WITH PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLORA, &c. &c. &c.

(Continued from Page 246.)

WE now enter the green-house, where art is made more subservient to nature in the production of vegetable elegance than in any other practical department of botany. Here we have, indeed, an endless variety of amusement; here, even in summer, when nature, under the smiling influence of the genial solar rays, has put on her party-coloured robe of thousand dyes, we may still find variety, if variety is wished for, among the floral inhabitant of other climes; here too, in winter, when the meek progeny of Flora have shrunk from the chilling blast, and when the vivid verdure of nature's livery is to be found only in forests of gloomy pines, or in the melancholy waving branches of the funereal yew, which, bending to the blast, seem to beckon us to the silent habitations of departed love, or of lamented friendship: here may we, wrapt up in pleasing gratitude, contemplate the bounty of a beneficent Creator, or sauntering in cheerful converse, enjoy all the comforts of exercise, and the beauties of the vegetable world, unexposed to the chilling blasts of the ruder elements. We may, indeed, think ourselves fortunate in living at an era when such a novel source of pleasure has been brought, perhaps, nearly to perfection; for this is a source of amusement unknown to our ancestors. In fact, we may aver, that there is no department of practical gardening, which in the space of a few years has received such important improvements as that of sheltered cultivation. For a long time

after the principle was introduced, the conveniences for it consisted of nothing more than a room in the garden, furnished with large and lofty windows, and solely filled with myrtles and oranges, and sometimes a few other plants, natives of warmer climates, but none of them beyond the limits of the temperate zone. But now we may congratulate ourselves in having in our green-houses the plants even of the hottest regions, in all their native strength and elegance, plants which formerly could scarcely boast of any thing beyond a sickly existence, under every advantage of artificial heat in our hot-houses and forcing-frames. Much of this improvement, and much of that taste which has both resulted from it, and in some measure also given it birth, must be deduced from that liberal encouragement which our august Sovereign, and his amiable Consort have given to the more elegant walks of botanical science. To his munificence and paternal care, not only have the most distant of his dominions been favoured with the useful plants of the remotest climes, but they also, in return, have been blessed with such productions of other countries as might be congenial to their particular temperature; in addition to which, the green-houses of the admirers of Flora, throughout the United Kingdom have been supplied with those exotics which his taste and paternal care had nurtured in the Royal Garden and Conservatory at Kew. Since this taste for exotics has been so much encouraged,

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additional improvements have taken place in the green-house, not only in the usual size and form, but also in their temperature, by the introduction of artificial heat, by means of stoves, during the winter. Though it is not our intention here to enter into the details of practical gardening, yet it is not irrelevant to hint to our fair readers who may choose even in the confined space of the metropolis to indulge themselves in this rational luxury, that in their formation, they must be careful not to crowd them too much with specimens, but to leave sufficient room for watering them, and also for admitting a current of air round them, that the damps arising from the perspiration of the plants may be more readily dissipated, as they would otherwise be hurtful to the young and tender shoots. We would also hint, that although it has been a popular opinion, that a green-house should receive the rays of the meridian sun, yet it is now a well ascertained fact, that this aspect is hurtful to plants in the spring and autumn, from the too rapid changes of temperature; of course it follows, that green-houses may exist in large towns, even with a northern aspect, if well sheltered, and at the same time sufficiently exposed to a current of the atmosphere when necessary. Before we proceed to the botanical arrangement of this division, it may perhaps not be useless to observe, that the green-house and conservatory are not exactly the same; the first having the plants in pots or tubs only, but the latter covering them, when planted in suitable soils, under its shelter. We now begin our delineation of this department of our subject with the

#### ERICA,

Or varieties of the heath. This is the *ereike* described by Theophrastus, and so called from the Greek *eriko*, to break, from its supposed good qualities in preventing the necessity of having recourse to lithology. It is classed amongst the OCTANDRIA MONOGYNIA; and is of the natural order of *Ericornes*. With respect to its distinguishing marks, the calyx has the perianth four leaved, and the leaflets are ovate, oblong, and permanent; the corolla is one petalled, bellform, and four cleft; the stamen has eight filaments, and the anthers are two cleft, &c. &c. There are some species, indeed, which have a double calyx; and in the whole there are no less than eighty-four varieties. Heaths are ranked as small shrubs, or as what are generally termed under shrubs, but in the more southern parts of Europe, and in other warmer climates, they grow to the

height of several feet. The varieties of this genus are, indeed, so numerous that modern botanists, have with great propriety, divided them into four sections, and subdivided each of these into subordinate sections, to be distinguished by the disposition of their leaves. Though this genus is now an object of almost universal cultivation, yet the period is very short since it has risen from neglect, and even contempt, to what may be called a state of horticultural splendour. Our immortal Shakespeare, in his *Tempest*, makes Gonzales exclaim, when on the eve of shipwreck:—"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done; but I would fain die a dry death!" And again, in *Macbeth*, Banquo exclaims,

"——say from whence

"You owe this strange intelligence? or why

"Upon this blasted heath you stop our way?"

This, indeed, implies a more general idea; but in a more modern poet, Pope, we have an instance where he is noticed as marking it with contempt, even whilst he celebrates the colour of its flowers,

"E'en the wild heath displays its purple dye."

In his time, however, this genus had not become an object of ornamental culture; even so late as the middle of the last century, that ingenious botanist, Miller, mentions no more than five species, of which four are by him consigned to oblivion as being wild, the fifth being the *erica arborea*, or tree-heath, of the south of Europe. This, of course, was some time before the importation of those elegant specimens from the Cape of Good Hope which now add so much interest to our green-houses. For these we are, in a great measure, indebted to the industry and enterprise of Francis Mason, who by the command, and at the expence of our good monarch, made two voyages to the southern extremity of the African continent; from which he introduced a rich treasure of exotic elegance about the year 1770; heaths till then being little known except in the *herbariums* of the curious.

But we must not confine our sketches to exotics alone; for notwithstanding the low ideas of our native heaths, many of them deserve a place in the small compartments of humble flowering shrubs; where, from the simple beauty, and the long continuance of their flowers, added to the diversified elegance of their leaves, they afford a very agreeable variety to the eye of taste. Of our own native

plants, there is one variety peculiarly deserving of notice for its beauty; this is the species *erica tetralix*, or cross-leaved heath. This is not confined to Britain alone, but is a native of all the northern parts of Europe, delighting in moist commons, and in moorish grounds; nor is it inferior to many of the foreign heaths either in the brilliant beauty or delicate simplicity of its flowers. The most distinguishing features which characterize it amongst other British varieties, are the flowers growing in a kind of pendulous cluster on the superior extremity of the stalks, and the leaves growing in fours, so as to form a kind of cross.

To prove that the humblest, and apparently the most worthless, of nature's gifts have their peculiar uses, and are in many instances productive of the necessities and conveniences of civilized life, we shall go more at large into the various uses to which heaths have been applied; for though we profess to treat principally of those varieties which are nurtured in the green-house, yet it is still part of our general plan to shew, that even in the commonest productions, our country can boast of as much usefulness as any other on the globe. In warmer regions, in fact, from whence our most beautiful specimens have been imported, this plant is little regarded; but in the bleak and barren Highlands of Scotland, it is made subservient to a variety of uses and conveniences. The cabins of the poor mountaineers are thatched with it; and they even twist it into ropes, with which, in a kind of lattice-work, they bind down this covering of their humble dwellings. Nay, even the walls of

their huts are formed of a species of composition of black earth and straw, with alternate layers of heath. Thus it not only forms the shelter of the hardy sons of those Alpine regions, but often forms their nuptial couch, when in the arms of the humble and modest mountain rose, they seek a solace from the fatigues of the bleak and stormy day. The industrious housewives of these regions also dye their home-spun of a yellow colour, by boiling it along with the green tops and flowers of the heath; and if a little alum is added to them, they produce a fine orange. Nay, it has even been applied to purposes of tanning; and in earlier times of the Scottish history, we are told by Boethius, that the young tops produced a pleasant kind of ale much in use amongst the Picts.

Indeed it is understood that at the present day, in some of the Western Isles, the inhabitants brew their ale of one part malt and two of young heath tops, with a trifling addition of hops. But it is not to man alone that this humble plant is useful; its branches afford shelter and sustenance to many birds who feed upon its berries, especially those birds of passage distinguished as of the grouse kind; and the benevolent and all wise Creator, for this purpose, has formed the seed vessels in such a manner that they preserve their seed for a year, or even longer; thus affording a constant supply of food to those winged inhabitants of those rude and uncultivated regions who depend for their support upon nature's bounty.

(To be continued.)

## PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION OF SPAIN.

FROM LABORDE'S "VIEW OF SPAIN."

"THE Spaniards are generally rather below than above the middle stature. They are taller in the provinces near the ocean and the Pyrenees, especially in Catalonia, Arragon, and Galicia; provinces which furnishes a well made, large, and well proportioned race of men, and smaller in the two Castiles and Leon. They are usually represented as lean, dry, meagre, and of a yellow and swarthy complexion. They are not indeed of the gross habit usually observed in the inhabitants of the north; but their thinness is neither excessive nor disagreeable; it is suitable to their stature. Their complexion is swarthy in some provinces; those, for instance, in the south; it is also, but in a less degree, in the Castiles,

though a shade brighter in New than in Old Castile. It inclines to yellow or olive in the Kingdom of Murcia, but white skins are still very common in Spain, especially amongst women and children. The Castilians appear delicate, but they are strong. The Galicians are large, nervous, robust, and able to endure fatigue. The inhabitants of Estramadura are strong, stout, and well made, but more swarthy than any other Spaniards. The Andalusians are light, slender, and perfectly well proportioned. The Murcians are gloomy, indolent, and heavy; their complexion is pale, and often almost lead-coloured. The Valencians are delicate, slight, and effeminate; but intelligent, and active in labour. The Catalans

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are nervous, strong, active, intelligent, indefatigable, and above the middling stature.—The Arragoneae are tall and well made; as robust, but less active than the Catalans. The Biscayans are strong, vigorous, agile, and gay: their complexion is fine, their expression quick, animated, laughing and open; the Roman historians describe them as brave, robust; endowed with constancy, and a firmness not to be shaken; fierce in their disposition, singular in their customs; always armed with daggers, and ready to give themselves death rather than suffer themselves to be subjugated or governed by force; roused to opposition by obstacles, and patient of labours and fatigue. In fact, the Calabrians were the Spanish people who longest resisted the arms of the Roman republic. The females of Spain are naturally beautiful, and owe nothing to art.—The greater part are brown; the few that are fair are chiefly to be found in Biscay. They are in general well proportioned, with a slender and delicate shape, small feet, well-shaped legs, a face of a fine oval, black or rich brown hair, a mouth neither large nor small, but agreeable; red lips, white and well-set teeth, which they do not preserve however, owing to the little care they take of them. They have large and open eyes, usually black, or dark hazel, delicate and regular features, a suppleness, and a charming natural grace in their motions, with a pleasing and expressive gesture. Their countenances are open, and full of truth and intelligence; their look is gentle, animated, expressive; their smile agreeable; they are naturally pale, but this paleness seems to vanish under the brilliancy and expressive lustre of their eyes. They are full of graces, which appear in their discourse, in their looks, their gestures, in all their motions, and every thing that they do. They have usually a kind of embarrassed and heedless manner, which does not fail, however, to seduce, even more perhaps than wit and talents. Their countenance is modest, but expressive. There is a certain simplicity in all they do, which sometimes gives them a rustic, and sometimes a bold air, but the charm of which is inexpressible. As soon as they get a little acquainted with you, and have overcome their first embarrassment; they express themselves with ease; their discourse is full of choice expressions, at once delicate and noble: their conversation is lively, easy, and possesses a natural gaiety peculiar to themselves. They seldom read and write, but the little that they read they profit by, and the little that they write is correct and concise. They are of a warm disposition; their passions are violent,

and their imaginations ardent, but they are generous, kind, and true, and capable of sincere attachment.—With them, as with the women of other countries, love is the chief business of life; but with them it is a deep feeling, a passion, and not, as in some parts, an effect of self-love, of vanity, of coquetry, or of the rivalries of society. When the Spanish women love, they love deeply and long; but they also require a constant assiduity, and a complete dependence. Naturally reserved and modest, they are then jealous and impetuous. They are capable of making any sacrifices; but they also exact them. On these occasions they discover all the energy of their character; and the women of no other nation can compare with them in this point. The Castilian women excel all the rest in love. There are many shades of difference in the manner in which this passion is displayed by the females of different provinces. Those of Castile have most tenderness and sensibility; the Biscayans are more ardent; the Valencians and Catalans more impetuous; the Arragoneae most exacting and imperious; the Andalusian women most adroit and seducing; but the general disposition is nearly the same in all. There is a freedom in the manners and conversation of the Spanish women, which causes them to be judged unfavourably of by strangers; but on further acquaintance, a man perceives that they appear to promise more than they grant, and they do not even permit those freedoms which most women of other countries think there is no harm in allowing. A modern traveller, who is sometimes severe, often hasty in his judgments, has anticipated me in this remark; but he deduces from it an inference unfavourable to the Spanish women. ‘Feeling,’ says he, ‘their own weakness, and knowing how inflammable they are, they are distrustful of themselves, and fear they should yield too easily.’ This is supposing them very abandoned, and very calculating, and they are neither the one nor the other. This reserve belongs to their notions and manners; it sometimes proceeds from embarrassment, of which we have spoken, and oftener from their ideas of love, which forbid them to grant their favours by halves, or to employ that coquetry so common among the women of other countries. If the Spanish ladies are agreeable, if they are sometimes well-informed, they owe it only to themselves, and in no degree to their education, which is almost totally neglected. If their native qualities were polished and unfolded by a careful instruction, they would become but too seductive.”

## THE SPEAKING COMB.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NEW FRENCH PUBLICATION OF M. BAILLIE, ENTITLED  
"CONTES A MA FILLE "

MADAME ST. MAREEL, the wife of one of the most celebrated surgeons in the French army, being separated from her husband for several years, gave herself up entirely to the education of Caroline, her only daughter; upon whom nature seemed delighted in showering her choicest favours: a charming figure, grace without affectation, a lively wit, an excellent heart, frankness, *finesse*, gaiety, all were united in this young person, and the high reputation of her father; with a considerable fortune, made her society courted amongst the first circles in Paris. Caroline united to all these advantages, learning without pedantry, and several elegant acquirements, which she had brought to the highest degree of perfection.

One may easily figure to oneself how dear this young lady must have been to Madame St. Mareel; and all the delight of this tender mother was when she received, as the reward of her cares, the congratulations of those who met her when accompanied by her daughter. However, one dangerous propensity had imperceptibly found its way across the amiable qualifications of her dear Caroline: this fault, too common amongst young persons who are arrived at the term of adolescence, was a habit of ridiculing every thing without regard to any distinction, to laugh at the most simple occurrences; in a word, to satirize every body. Caroline gave herself up the more securely to this foible, because amiable, witty, and beautiful, she did not fear that any one would make reprisals towards herself: therefore nothing escaped her penetrating eye, the volubility of her tongue, nor the keenness of her raillery. Did she attend the public walks, every individual was examined by her, controlled, pulled to pieces from head to foot. Did she go to a public spectacle, nothing was heard from her but a continual criticism upon the dress of such a lady, the diamonds of this lady, the shape of that, the mien of one, the voice and gestures of another: did she go into a circle of company, her quick and sly eye immediately picked out its victims; no sooner was she seated, than she amused herself with those whom she regarded, with irony, gave herself up to immoderate laughter and whispering, to the annoyance of those who were the objects of her ridicule.

Some, out of respect for the society in

which they were assembled, and by that powerful interest which youth and beauty inspired, suffered the bitter railleries of Caroline in silence: others less patient, or possessed of greater sensibility, could not consent to become the scorn of a young giddy girl, and murmured loudly at her satirical and malicious talent, which formed such a striking contrast with the dignity of her carriage and the charms of her countenance.

What emboldened Caroline, and gave her an habit of this destructive foible, were the bravos, the smiles of approbation, that her sarcasms excited, which were foolishly qualified with the appellation of *bons mots*. The pleasure of seeing herself surrounded by young flatterers, that of hearing them retail all the gall, which issued from her beautiful mouth, repeat such a thing as *exquisite*, *charming*, *celestial*, and declare they would publish it through all Paris: all this had insensibly absorbed all the amiable candour of Caroline; it would have ruined her character and corrupted her heart, had not several remarkable adventures been told to Madame St. Mareel, of the fatal misguidance of her daughter.

One day she went with her to a concert, which was attended by all the most distinguished performers and amateurs of the capital. A celebrated player on the violin, performed a concerto of his own composition; in the moment of an *adagio*, the most scientific and expressive, an absolute silence reigned in the concert room; every auditor seemed fearful of the sound of his own respiration; when Caroline, all on a sudden, seated in the front of a gallery, and ridiculing every body who was opposite to her, suffered such a burst of laughter to escape her, that the confused performer stopped and seemed stupified. All the assembly, transported with indignation, looked at Caroline, and these words were repeated from all sides, "Turn out the insulter!" Madame St. Mareel, rising to prevent a greater mortification, led out her daughter, amongst the hisses of the audience, and to the satisfaction of all the lovers of the arts, who sought to repair, by their unbounded applause, the cruel and unexpected outrage which the virtuosi had received, and intreated him to begin the piece again.

All were desirous of knowing who was the impertinent young creature who had dared

thus to derange so respectable a company: they were soon made acquainted with her name and dwelling place; and on the morrow she received a letter from the director of the concert, the most famous amateur in Paris, in which he announced to her, that from the indignation she had caused, she would never again be permitted to appear in an assembly consecrated to superior talent: and, therefore, he had returned her her subscription ticket, that she might not expose herself to be turned out with disgrace. The director concluded his letter, with lamenting the name she would obtain in the world, and advising her for the future, to have more respect for the arts. What Caroline endured cannot be expressed: she reckoned upon the brilliant display of her talents in so celebrated a concert: already she had practised them upon a concerto of Stiebelitz, which was expected to produce the finest sensations. She wished to answer the director, and make an excuse for her imprudence; but her mother told her, her fault was irreparable, and she must endure its punishment. The pride of Caroline was sadly humbled; the taste she had for fine music, and her known talent in it, caused her such deep regret, at her being no longer able to attend this brilliant society, that tears of vexation fell from her eyes. Madame St. Mareel rejoiced at heart; the striking lesson which her daughter had received made her proof against all her solicitations to write an apologizing letter to the director of the concert, as well as to all the celebrated performers who composed it: hoping that this privation would correct the fatal propensity that she had to satire, and especially the insupportable habit of her peals of laughter against the most respectable persons.

Caroline, was in effect, for some time reserved enough; but very soon yielding anew to the force of habit, she gave herself up more than ever to the most severe raillery, to her immoderate laughter, and concluded by making herself remarked and dreaded by every party, in which she was received. On a beautiful summer's evening one Sunday, she was at the garden of the Thuilleries, with several young people of her acquaintance; she criticised, controlled, dissected every passer by in that manner as made the party which surrounded her ready to expire with laughter. Madame St. Mareel, alone, suffered in silence, and sought to moderate the imprudent vivacity of her daughter. Caroline appeared principally to direct the keenness of her satire against a young person, who was seated oppo-

site to her, and who had no other escort than an old, well dressed man, who appeared to be the father or some near relative of the young stranger.

Caroline redoubled her sarcasms and pleasantries, and attracted the eyes of every one, then immediately directed them to the young person, who blushed and appeared to suffer greatly.

When, on a sudden, the old man who accompanied her, advanced towards Caroline, and presenting the young lady to her, he thus addressed her, with a mild and imposing dignity:—"To displease so beautiful a person as you, Mademoiselle, is a punishment to my daughter, more than she is able to endure. Do then, for charity's sake, point out to her what you remark in her that is ridiculous; that she may correct it, and reach, if possible, the perfection that every one is delighted to observe in you."

The dignified manner of the old man, and a sarcastic smile which accompanied these words, proved that he had no other end in view than to avenge his daughter, and give to the young and thoughtless person the reproof she merited.

Caroline, confused and embarrassed, knew not what to reply; the young people who surrounded her, who had been laughing at her dumb shew, looked mutually, in silence at each other. Madame St. Mareel, charmed at the apostrophe of the old man, and judging, by the dignity of his carriage, and the choice of his expressions, that he was a person of distinction, answered him in these terms:—"I do not know, Sir, if my daughter could remark any thing ridiculous in Mademoiselle, but for me, I thank you for the important service you render me at this moment; and if I had a wish to form, it should be that my daughter might resemble yours."—The stranger disarmed by this answer, contented himself, by replying, "Alas! that a figure so ravishing, with graces so perfect, should make itself remarked by such indecorum! May the torture that my child has endured through Mademoiselle for this hour past, never fall upon herself!" Then addressing Madame St. Mareel, he added:—"At first, seeing Mademoiselle by the side of you, Madam, one would pronounce you happy, but very soon we must acknowledge that you are to be pitied for being her mother." So saying, the old man retired, making a most respectful bow to Madame St. Mareel, and casting on Caroline a look of pity.

(To be continued.)



## THE NUMBER SEVEN.

SEVEN is composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal, three and four. for the number two consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect. It comprehends the primary numerical triangle or trine, and square or quartile; conjunctions considered by the favourers of planetary influence as of the most benign aspect.

In six days Creation was perfected, and the seventh was consecrated to rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month, a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven days, and remained seven days in tents.—The seventh year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of seven times seven years, commenced the grand jubilee. Every seventh year the land lay fallow; every seventh year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free; from this law may have originated the custom of binding young men to seven years apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for seven, twice seven, or three times seven years. Every seventh year the law was directed to be read to the people. Jacob served seven years for the possession of Rachael, and also other seven years. Noah had seven days warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens. The ark touched ground in the seventh month, and in seven days a dove was sent out, and again in seven days after. The seven years of plenty and the seven years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by the seven fat and the seven lean beasts; and the seven ears of full, and the seven of blasted corn. Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast; and the fiery furnace was heated seven times hotter to receive Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego.

A man defiled was by the Mosaic law unclean seven days; the young of both animals were to remain with the dam seven days, and at the close of the seventh day to be taken away. By the old law man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times; but the meekness of the revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to seventy times seven. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy times seven.

In the destruction of Jericho, seven priests bare seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh they surrounded the walls seven times, and after the seventh time the walls fell. Balaam prepared seven years for a sacrifice;

and seven of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine. Laban pursued Jacob seven days journey. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement for their wickedness. In the seventh year of his reign, King Ahazuerus feasted seven days; and on the seventh directed his seven chamberlains to find a queen, who was allowed seven maidens to attend her. Mirizian was cleansed of her leprosy by being shut up seven days. Solomon was seven years in building the Temple, at the dedication of which he feasted seven days. In the tabernacle were seven lamps; seven days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garment seven days. The children of Israel eat unleavened bread seven days. Abraham gave seven ewe lambs to Abimelech as a memorial for a well; and Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob.

The Rabbins say that God employed the power of this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel; his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word which signify seven; whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says, "that the barren had brought forth seven." In Scripture are enumerated seven resurrections: the widow's son by Elias, the Shunamite's son by Elisha, the soldier who touched the bones of the prophet, the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, the widow's son of Nain, Lazarus, and our blessed Saviour.

The Apostles chose seven deacons; Enoch, who was translated, was the seventh after Adam; and Jesus Christ the seventy-seventh in a direct line.—Our blessed Saviour spoke seven times on the cross, on which he was seven hours; he appeared seven times, and after seven times seven days sent the Holy Ghost.

In the Lord's Prayer are seven petitions, contained in seven times seven words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection. Within this number are concealed all the mysteries of the Apocalypse, revealed to the seven churches of Asia. There appeared seven golden candlesticks; and seven stars in the hand of him that was in the midst; seven lambs before the seven spirits of God; the book with seven seals; the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes; seven angels with seven trumpets; seven kings, seven thunders; seven thousand men slain; the dragon with seven heads and seven crowns; and the beast with seven heads; seven angels bringing seven plagues; and seven vials of wrath. The vision

of Daniel was of the seventy weeks: and the elders of Israel were seventy.

There are also numbered seven heavens, seven planets, seven stars, seven wise men, seven champions of Christendom, seven notes in music, seven primary colours, seven deadly sins, seven sacraments in the Romish Church. The seventh son was considered as endowed with pre-eminent wisdom; and the seventh son of a seventh son is still thought to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold seven times purified in the fire; and we yet say, you frighten me out of my seven senses. The opposite sides of every face on the dice make seven; whence the players at hazard make seven the main.

Hippocrates says, that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things: to be the dispenser of life and fountain of all its changes: and like Shakespeare, he divides the life of man into seven ages. For as the moon changes her phases every seven days this number influences all sublunary beings. In seven hours the geniture receives its first disposition to concep-

tion; in seven days it is coagulated; in seven weeks it is distinguished into members; in seven months a child may be born and live, and not before; and anciently it was not named before seven days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical duty. The teeth spring out on the seventh month, and are shed and renewed in the seventh year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At twice seven years puberty begins: at thrice seven years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and we become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven man is at the full possession of his strength; at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times seven he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven, or sixty-three, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger: and ten times seven, or three score years and ten, has by the royal prophet been pronounced the natural period of human life.

## THE MODERN LINCOLNSHIRE MAGICIAN.

### AN ANECDOTE.

THE following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1807, and may be relied on as an absolute fact:—

The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours; at length his recollection returned—he faintly exclaimed, “Where am I?” and looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life.—“You revive,” said the venerable old man: “fear not, yonder house is mine: I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted.” Sir H. expressed his gratitude: they walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the venerable old man and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were re-organized; at length he suffered no inconvenience, except that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and was shewn into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers; the party consisted of as many persons—no Ladies were present.—The old man took the head of the table; an

excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast.

The gentleman on the left hand of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine; when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said, “No!” Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words:—“By what misfortune, Sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O Sir! you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect in this world but misery and oppression; perpetually subject to the capricious humour of the old man, you will remain in this mansion for the rest of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and even to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy, in one cold and miserable meanness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years! and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival at this cursed abode!” The pathetic

manner that accompanied his cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man, awoke in Sir H.'s breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor for some minutes; when, recovering, he said, "By what authority can any man detain me against my will: I will not submit; I will oppose him by force, if necessary."—"Ah, Sir!" exclaimed a second gentleman, "your argument is just, but your threats are vain; the old man, Sir, is a magician; we know it by fatal experience; do not be rash, Sir; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful."—"I will endeavour to escape," said Sir H. "Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman; "for it was but six months ago, that, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in similar endeavours; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and

said his master wished to see him. "Do not go," said one. "Take my advice," said another; "for God's sake do not go." The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master: he did, and found the old man seated at a table, covered with a desert and wine; he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner; for," said he, "I am Dr. Willis; you must have heard of me; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen; I was unwilling to tell you of this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for although I knew them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have apprehensions." The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great; but his fears subsiding, the Doctor and he passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIANS.

FROM DR. CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

As almost every eatable receives a formal benediction from the priests before it is considered fit for use, no Russian will touch any article of food until that ceremony has taken place. A particular church is set apart for the benediction of apples; and this is not given until the first apple drops from the tree, which is brought in great form to the priest; a practice more judicious can hardly be adopted, as the people are thus saved from many maladies. A Mahometan would sooner eat pork, than a Russian unconsecrated fruit.

**CALMUCKS.**—We observed a camp of Calmucks not far from our track; as we drew near, about half a dozen gigantic figures came towards us, stark naked, except a cloth bound round the waist, with greasy, shining, and almost black skins, &c. black hair braided in a long cue behind. We were invited to a tent: near the entrance of which hung a quantity of horse-flesh, with the limbs of dogs, cats, marmots, rats, &c. drying in the sun; within we found some women, though it was difficult to distinguish the sexes, so horrid and inhuman were their appearance; two of them, covered with grease, were lousing each other; the old women were eating raw horse-flesh, tearing it off from the bones, which they held in their hands; others

squatted on the ground, were smoking with pipes not two inches in length, much after the manner of Laplanders; but the Calmuck is a giant, the Laplander a dwarf; both are filthy in their persons, but the Calmuck more so perhaps than any other nation. Calmuck women ride better than the men; the ceremony of marriage is performed on horse-back; the girl is first mounted and rides off at full speed, her lover pursues, and if he overtakes her she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot; but it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case we are assured no instance had occurred of a Calmuck girl being caught; if she dislikes him, she rides "neck or nothing" until she has completely escaped.

Mr. Clarke speaks in very high terms of commendation of the Cossacks of the Don. Their predatory mode of warfare is merely the effect of their establishment in the Russian armies; when they depend for pay, &c. principally upon the booty which they can acquire. "The Russian regards them with aversion and affected contempt, for no other assignable reason than ignorance or envy. The Cossack is rich, the Russian poor; the Cossack is high-minded; the Russian abject;

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the Cossack is for the most part clean in his person, honourable, valiant, often well-formed, and possesses, with his loftiness of soul, a very noble stature; the Russian is generally filthy, unprincipled, dastardly, always ignorant, and rarely dignified by any elevation of mind or body."

**CIRCASSIANS.**—The description of the South Sea Islanders do not picture human nature in a more savage state than it appears among the Circassians. Instructed from their infancy to consider war and plunder not only as a necessary, but as an honourable occupation, they bear in their countenance a most striking expression of ferocious valour, of cunning, suspicion, and distrust. If, while a Circassian is standing behind you, a sudden retrospect betrays his features, you see his brow lowering, and he seems meditating some desperate act; but the instant he perceives that he is observed, his countenance relaxes into a deceitful smile, and he puts on the most obsequious and submissive attitude imaginable. Their bodies are for the most part naked; they wear no shirt, and only a pair of coarse ragged drawers, reaching a little below the knee. Over the shoulders they carry, during the greatest heats of summer, a thick and heavy coat of felt, or the hide of a goat. Under this covering appear the sabre, bow, and quiver, musket, and other weapons. The peasants as well as the princes shave the

head, and cover it with a skull cap. Difference of rank causes little distinction of dress, except that the peasant further covers the head and shoulders with a large cowl. Beauty is certainly very prevalent among them: the men are well shaped and light limbed, seldom exceeding in height five feet eight or nine inches; their women are the most beautiful perhaps in the world, their hair is dark or light brown, their eyes have a singular animation. The most chosen works of the best painters do not display greater beauty, than we beheld even in the prison at Ekaterinadara, where the wounded Circassian, and accidental captives, male and female, charged with fetters, and huddled together, were pining in sickness and sorrow. Their mode of life is that of professional robbers. It might be said of the Circassian as of Ismail, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Those who inhabit the mountains depend on plunder for subsistence. The princes are continually at war with each other, and every one plunders his neighbour: they pay no respect to treaties, and it was impossible for us to advance a few hundred yards in quest of plants, on account of the danger to be apprehended from the numbers remaining in ambush. In horsemanship they are superior even to the Cossacks, and their valour is of the most desperate kind.

### EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF UNACCOUNTABLE FORESIGHT, AND THE PREVALENCE OF DREAMS.

THE first happened in the year 1760. On the morning of the battle of Warburgh, in the last German war, a quarter-master of the 2d or Queen's dragoon guards, a man of tried courage and long service, came to his Lieutenant's tent, and complained of unusual depression of spirits, from a certain presentiment that he would be killed on that day. The railway of his officer, however, and the share of a tumbler of brandy and water, somewhat revived him, and he went to attend the arrangements of the troop with some degree of alacrity; he, however, returned a second time, and declared that he had vainly endeavoured to get the better of his first impression, that that day would be his last; but he was resolved to do his duty: he did so with his usual intrepidity, and was the only man killed of his quarter-rank in the first charge with the enemy.

The second instance occurred when the North Gloucester regiment of Militia was encamped at Cox-heath, or Warley-common, during the American war. A private of that corps, who was appointed sentry at the commanding officer's tent, upon the next relief begged the serjeant would give him leave to exchange that duty with a comrade, to whom he had agreed to give a premium, for he had had a dream that he should be shot upon that post. The improbability of such a circumstance made the request so ridiculous to the serjeant and all who heard it, that they laughed him out of what they termed his extreme folly; and though still dejected and uneasy in his mind, from the remembrance of his dream, the jokes of his comrades, and the consideration of the expence in engaging a substitute, overcame his reluctance to do his own duty. He accordingly took his station,

and within five minutes of being relieved, he was actually killed by a most singular chain of occurrences. An Ensign of the regiment had borrowed a gun on the preceding day, for the purpose of shooting birds in the neighbourhood. On his return to camp in the evening, his gun was loaded, and he had cocked it, and was just in the act of pulling the trigger, when one of his companions suggested to him, that it would be very unmilitary to fire off his piece within the lines of encampment: he therefore put it in his marquée without uncocking it, desiguing to have it discharged and cleaned the next morning, before it was sent home; but before he had arisen in the morning his servant told him that the owner had sent for the gun; he then bid his servant deliver it to the messenger, and let him know he had intended to re-

turn it cleaned; but, if he was in haste, he must take it in the present state: the messenger professed haste, but yet from curiosity, did not choose the nearest way to his master's house, but preferred the road that led round the officer's street; and just as he came in front of the Colonel's marquée, put his finger upon the trigger, not thinking the piece was cocked, and the whole charge lodged in the body of the sentinel, who expired without a groan.

We cannot indeed conceive the purpose of these instances of foreknowledge, where fate is unavoidable, and no good effects are likely to be produced; yet we have records in all ages, of inspirations of this description; and we are surely not justified in contradicting the reality of occurrences merely because our perception is not equal to investigate their immediate tendency.

### PROCRASTINATION.—STORY OF SOPHIA SPARKLE.

MR. EDITOR,

MISS SPARKLE entered life with advantages that few women are possessed of, a lovely person, and an affluent fortune might be said to be her least recommendations; possessed of a generous and feeling heart, of an excellent understanding, and no small portion of wit, she was, (unfortunately for herself) but too generally admired; the great fault of her temper was, an excessive indolence; her education had been strictly moral, and when she first entered the gay world, she saw many things that she highly disapproved, and was firmly resolved not to practise: gaming, for instance, appeared to her in the light of an odious vice, and she determined never to become a gamester; her obsolete ideas and old-fashioned prejudices were laughed at by her gay companions; one of them, in particular, Miss Modelove, was determined to have the honour of eradicating from the mind of Sophia Sparkle, such absurd notions. Miss Modelove was possessed of an excellent memory, and she was beside, passionately fond of argument; all that she said, however, in defence of her opinions, could have been very easily refuted, but Sophia hated trouble, and her friend persevered in returning to the subject, till merely to avoid being bored, she thought it was necessary to adopt in some degree the manners of people that she was obliged to associate with; the idea, indeed, once or twice presented itself to her, of endeavouring to make Miss Modelove (of whom she was very fond), a convert to her sentiment, but as she

foresaw that that was an undertaking which she could not hope speedily to accomplish, she determined to put it off till some other time.

Though she merely played in compliance with the dictates of fashion, yet, it happened by some means or other, that she was drawn in to lose more money than her income (ample as it was) could bear; a pecuniary embarrassment to her was equally new and terrible, and it cost her so much time and trouble in thinking how to extricate herself, that she resolved to renounce gaming entirely. Her friend, Miss Modelove, on learning her situation, persuaded her once more to try her fortune; the fickle goddess was this time propitious, she recovered her losses, and won a large sum beside; reason, however, whispered, that this might not always be the case, and she determined to keep her resolution of reforming; only it would be so very troublesome to do it *just then*, that she fancied herself obliged to defer it till some other time.

I have said that Sophia was possessed of a lovely person; the general admiration that she met with, rendered her (as far as her temper would allow) a coquet; it gave her no trouble to dispense a few nods and smiles amongst a crowd of adorers; affability and condescension were indeed natural to her disposition, and incessant flattery amused her, and prevented her having the plague of thinking how she should employ her time; a proposal of marriage made her by a gentleman, to whom she had given the greatest encouragement, but

whom she was not by any means inclined to marry, roused her from the indulgence of her passion for admiration. He was an amiable and sensible man, and hurt as he was at her conduct to himself, he yet thought that she was worthy of being rescued from a career of folly; he represented her conduct in such strong colours, that it revived all her early impressions: "I will no longer indulge myself," said she mentally, "in a pursuit so dangerous and unworthy." She persevered in her resolution for a whole day; the next night she went to the opera, and saw, for the first time, Sir George Bloomfield; nothing could be handsomer than this gentleman's person, or more amiable than his manners; he was just returned from France, and he spoke in raptures of the Parisian *belles*. Sophia could not resist the pleasure of letting him see her power over several elegant men that crowded round her, and never had she been more profuse of those little nameless attentions that a coquet knows so well how to bestow: it is true, that when she returned home, she felt heartily ashamed of not having kept her resolution. "But it is impossible," thought she, "to alter one's conduct all at once, I must begin by degrees." It happened, however, that she never did begin, and when her intention of doing so came across her mind, she quieted her conscience with her old salvo, that she would certainly do it some other time.

Notwithstanding her coquetry was so generally known, yet her fortune and person procured her many unexceptionable offers of marriage: to marry some time or other, was her serious intention, but she was determined to be very particular in her choice of a husband; she meant also to make a material change in her mode of life, and she thought that it was as well not to be in any hurry to put on the fetters of hymen. A life of dissipation is particularly unfavourable to beauty, and at five-and-twenty, Sophia began to look like a damsel

"Withering on the virgin thorn.

"I protest," cried she, one morning, as she surveyed herself in the glass, "I grow a perfect fright; I absolutely look like a spectre, without rouge; I would not have a male creature see me at this moment for the universe; I have really no time to lose, and I will positively marry."

The next day she received a summons from a maiden aunt in the country, from whom she had very considerable expectations, and who was at the point of death; she immediately

left London for the old lady's mansion in Wales, and on her arrival she found her aunt out of danger; but Mrs. Oldcastle was so delighted to see her niece that she would not part with her in a hurry, and Sophia spent three months in Wales. During this time she recovered her flesh and complexion; her glass no longer told her disagreeable truths, and she returned to London as handsome as ever: she was again surrounded by admirers, and her resolution to get married was to be put in practice some other time.

Nearly five years more passed away, and she began to be deserted by the giddy throng that had fluttered round her; poor Sophia had now indeed no time to lose, but she had not now, as formerly, her choice of lovers, and she hastily fixed on Mr. Squander, who had been a dangler of her's for years; he was good-humoured and sensible, but thoughtless and extravagant to excess: a prudent wife might have reformed him, but he was the most unfit husband in the world for Sophia. During the honey-moon they were, however, very happy, and would perhaps have remained so, had Mr. Squander possessed the riches of *Cresus*; but his fortune was very small, and Mrs. Squander soon involved him; indeed the fault was not altogether on her side, for his disposition was but too similar to her own; he remonstrated however, and she promised to be more prudent in future; but such was the force of habit, that her prudential resolutions were constantly put off to some other time.

From that period to the present (which is now some years) her life has been a constant scene of uneasiness: her spirit naturally noble and generous, has been narrowed by a succession of pecuniary embarrassments, and her heart hardened to the commission of innumerable acts of meanness and duplicity, from which she would have shrunk with horror. Though possessed of a disposition and talents that might have rendered her a blessing to herself and others, she is literally even worse than useless, and her whole time is occupied in dissipation which she cannot enjoy, or in forming plans to evade the payment of debts which she ought never to have contracted.

I did at one time entertain a hope that she would at length awake to reason and to feeling. Mr. Squander, who possesses greater vigour of mind than his wife, made her a proposal of retiring, at least for a few years, into the country. She was then but just recovered from a lying-in, and a variety of circumstances induced her to think seriously of complying with his wishes; she had two children, both

girls, and she determined to occupy herself in their education. Madame de Genlis, and all the other celebrated writers, who have undertaken to form the infant mind, were consulted; and Mrs. Squander fancied herself a second Madame D'Almaue, retiring from the gaieties of life for the sake of her children; but unfortunately, before this heroic plan was put in execution, an uncle of Mr. Squander's returned from abroad, and had scarcely done so when he died, bequeathing to his nephew a few thousands, which extricated them from their difficulties for that time.

The career of dissipation was resumed with avidity; and when I mentioned to Mrs. Squander my surprise at her remaining in London, she assured me that it was by no means her intention to do so; she ran on with a fine florid speech about the pleasures of the country, the tranquil delights of which were, she declared, in her opinion, far superior to all the joys of dissipation.

"And why," said I, "do not you hasten to enjoy them?"

"Because," returned she, "we cannot always do as we would; I assure you, I am dying with impatience, to leave London, and have repeatedly strove to remonstrate with Mr. Squander upon the subject, but he always puts me off till some other time."

I saw by her manner that this was merely an excuse for breaking her resolution; it would indeed have been well for her if she had the fortitude to keep it, since in a short time they became again embarrassed in their circumstances, and have remained so to the present hour.

The review which I took of Mrs. Squander's history, occasioned me many serious reflections, but as I do not think they would be very amusing either to you, Mr. Editor, or to your fair readers, I shall hasten to subscribe myself—Your very humble servant,

MARIA MEANWELL.

## HYMENÆA IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

(Continued from Page 232.)

WHILST we were at breakfast, on the following morning, the servant entered with a bundle of books, which he immediately put down on the table.

"Well, John," said my aunt, "has the man sent me all that I wanted?"

"No, madam," replied he, "some of the numbers were not at home, and so he said he would choose for you."

"Well, that will do," said my aunt; "for he has a tolerable good choice; he knows at least what is most read."

"Let me see, aunt," said I, "what he has chosen.—What is this?" said I, in the first place having untied the parcel.

"This is *Camilla*; or, *the Picture of Youth*," said my aunt. "I have had this book ten times, and have never been able to read it through yet, and I really can't tell why; it is certainly well written and interesting."

"I will tell you why," said I. "This novel is by the most elegant writer of the day, formerly known as Miss Burney. I forget her present name. She came forth to the world in the novel of *Evelyn*; and as I know something of the family of the lady, I will give you some information which you may perhaps think as good as fashionable gossip."

"Well," said my aunt, "do pray, child,

tell me something; for a month of November without news and without gossip, is a punishment almost for murder."

"Well," replied I, "this Miss Burney—Madam D'Arville is her present name—was the daughter of a very respectable man, a friend of Dr. Johnson, and one of whom every one speaks well, without his having purchased this good opinion by any improper complaisance to the vices or follies of the world. Miss Burney was educated under this excellent man, and seemed to inherit not only his goodness of heart but his talents. At a very early age she went on a visit to London."

"My life on it, then," said my aunt, "in her account of *Evelyn* she has described herself."

"Have patience," said I.—"Well, as I was saying, she went on a visit to London, and after some stay, I believe a long one, that in a winter, returned to her father in the country."

"What a simpleton!" said my aunt.

"Well," continued I, "a few days after her return, her brother, who was a resident in the metropolis, returned likewise; and being asked by his sisters whether he had brought them any thing—'Yes,' replied he. 'My father, you know, hates all novels, and has

strictly forbidden their introduction into his house; but here is one, I think, which he will not only admit but even read. The title of it is *Evelyna*; or, a *Young Lady's Introduction into the World*." Here Miss Burney very naturally blushed, but her brother went on without observing her. I should have told you that the scene passed at the breakfast table, her father, her sister, and herself being present—"You must know," continued her brother, "that this novel is universally read, and as universally praised, and according to all accounts will make the fortune of the bookseller. I have been induced myself to read it; indeed I would not have brought it, unless I had myself thus verified its good sense, innocence, and utility. It is as witty at it is just and sensible; and what is a still greater recommendation, it is as innocent, indeed as good, as it is gay and lively. Every one is anxious to know the author."

"Give me something better than a novel," said Miss Burney, "and I'll tell you who the author is."

"Saying this she left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a small slip of paper, which she put into her father's hands, and which, upon its examination, proved to be a receipt of the bookseller for ten pounds, paid to Miss Burney for the purchase of the copyright of her novel *Evelyna*. Such was the price given by the bookseller for this excellent work."

"He ought to have had his ears cropped," said my aunt.

"Not at all," said I; "the man used his own judgment, and paid for it accordingly. You must not expect booksellers to encourage literature, that belongs to the public. An eminent writer, for example, sells his first work for nothing, or what is next to nothing. Well, the public see his merit; the bookseller makes a good bargain, and the author's name is established. When he pays a second visit to his bookseller, he goes to market with a vendible commodity, of which the bookseller understands the value; he sells his name and reputation, and his second work is sold at a suitable price. All this is only what is right; the business of the booksellers is to trade, and to make a profit; the business of the public is to patronize. And if this patronage were more liberal than it is, or perhaps to speak better, were it more distinguishing, we should have a much better fund of literature. But as long as the public are content to leave the whole business of literature to booksellers, they must expect that they will never give large prizes

to authors of reputation, whilst they can make a much more safe, certain, and easy profit by the employment of hackney and inferior writers."

"Well," said my aunt, "but proceed in what you were saying about Miss Burney."

"I was giving a reason," continued I, "why her *Camilla* disappointed the reader. It is not written with the same carelessness and nature as her *Evelyna* or *Cecilia*. The charm of *Evelyna* is the natural gaiety, goodness, and innocence which pervade it throughout. The characters are dramatic and just, without being very extravagantly caricatured; I say very extravagantly, for there certainly is some caricature in the character of Captain Merwen and the old French woman, but it is overlooked in the humour of these characters, and in their portraiture from originals in life. The excellence of *Cecilia* consists in the same just and able sketches from life, added to a more mature judgment than Miss Burney possessed at the time she wrote *Evelyna*. In *Cecilia*, however, there is one of those extravagant characters which never occur in life, and which would never have occurred to Miss Burney, had she not in this single instance heated her imagination from the other nonsensical novels of the day; in which mysteries are made by a regular process, and characters formed by combinations unknown to nature. The fault of *Camilla* is, that the story, and its stages, has too much, and a too evident art and labour; it is regularly interrupted when on the point of its natural close, and the reader, when just upon the point of being satisfied, is teased, and wearied, and exhausted, by having something to interrupt the expected and natural catastrophe, and to throw him back as far as ever. Every one, from the very commencement of the book, feels a strong and lively interest for *Camilla*, and therefore becomes indignant with Edward or Edgar, I forget his precise name, for so unnecessarily, so wantonly, so cruelly teasing her. A certain degree of interruption and expectation—of an action alternately hastened and alternately retarded—is certainly necessary to excite and keep up interest, and the art of hitting this degree constitutes, with respect to narrative and the drama, the art of writing. But these interruptions may be too frequent, too forced, and too unnatural; they may be too evidently contrived for the purpose, and by their manner, purpose, and character, take away from the delusion that is necessary to give effect to a work of fiction. Any young lady, like *Camilla*, would have been sick of such a lover as



Edgar, and the readers of *Camilla* so far enter into what should have been her natural feelings, that they angrily reject him and the book upon his account. This at least has been, in a great degree, my own feeling upon reading *Camilla*. It is still, however, an inimitable work; it proceeds from an excellent heart, a superior understanding, and great powers of natural observation and writing. It has the gaiety, the humour, and good sense of *Evelyna* and *Cecilia*, and in many parts is more valuable than either of them."

"What work is this?" said my aunt, turning over another book.

"It is *Cælebs*," said I.

"And what think you of *Cælebs*?" said my aunt.

"There are about a dozen novels," said I, "which, were I a mother with grown up daughters, I would have in my house, and I will mention them all in the order in which I would have them—*Cælebs*, in the first place; then *Evelyna*, *Cecilia*, *Camilla*, and an excellent novel called *Clarentine*, by Miss Burney, I believe, but not acknowledged by her; then *The Old Manor House*, and *Marchmont*, and *Celestine*, and all the novels of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, except her *Desmond* and *Young Philosopher*. These two last, or one, for I believe they are both but one, are as insufferably dull as they contain bad, or at least erroneous principles. The *Romance of a Forest*, and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, should likewise be in my family library; but *The Sicilian Romance* is a very inferior work, totally without interest, having nothing of the genius of Mrs. Radcliffe. *The Italian*, or *Black Confessional*, has here and there some of Mrs. Radcliffe's painting; but judging from my own feelings, I do not like it, though I cannot say why; I would not, however, discard it if I could buy it cheaply."

"In this list," said my aunt, "you have said nothing of any of Fielding's or Smollet's novels."

"Certainly not," said I, "for I do not conceive any of them suited to amend the heart or form the judgment of a young lady. They were all of them written at a period when women did not so universally read as at present. They are all of them too licentious, too free, too indelicate. I have often lamented that such an excellent novel as Fielding's *Amelia*, one so calculated in many respects to do good, should be so written that a young lady can scarcely acknowledge herself to have read it. It is really a pity, that these excellent novels, as far as all purposes of education go,

are thus rendered useless to young women by being accompanied by so much unnecessary licentious description."

"I see," said my aunt smiling, "you have read them."

"Yes," said I; "but not till I was out of my teens; I am now twenty-two, and I hope that my taste and judgment are sufficiently formed as not to be injured by writers not professedly nor totally wicked. I would put one book into the hands of girls, and another into the hands of young women; but I would be careful even of the latter."

"Well," said my aunt, "what do you think of Miss Hannah Moore's works?"

"I think," replied I, "that the whole nation is indebted to her; and that she has done more to form the manners and morals of the rising generation than almost any other person of the day. It is such writers as this lady that should receive the most splendid rewards which public patronage can bestow. Miss More, I believe, owes every thing to her talents and writings, and I only regret that her reward has not been more equal to her merit. I understand, however, that by the liberality of her friends she is possessed of an elegant plenty; and, what is still more desirable, I understand that she is honoured by the friendship of some of the best men in the kingdom. I know that she stood very high in the good opinion of the late Bishop of London, and I believe that Mr. Wilberforce, a man whose friendship would dignify any human being, likewise enumerates her amongst those whom he most loves and esteems."

"What do you think of Mrs. Trimmer?" said my aunt.

"I regret," said I, "I exceedingly regret that her excellent publications for the education of children, are not in universal use, and introduced as elemental books in every school in England. Next to *Sandford and Merton*, I do not know any book more useful, and more calculated to make a permanent impression on the minds of children, than her *History of Three Birds, Robin, Flapsy, and Pecksy*. I remember it was almost the first book that I read after the Testament; it was the first book I read out of school. I am persuaded that it gave me a very prominent impression of fraternal love and filial obedience. I forget the exact name of the book, as I have not seen it since I was a child, but I remember the names of the birds, and have mentioned it by that name."

"I merely wish," said my aunt, "that the education of females, and indeed of all

children, was more attended to than at present it certainly is. There can certainly be no harm in employing some care in forming the heart and understanding when so much labour is thrown away upon the figure and the external manners. Even I, Hymenæa, would wish that our girls would *think* and *judge*, as well as *dance* and *play*."

Next day, my aunt entering the room suddenly, desired me to prepare myself to accompany her to an Exhibition which is making much noise.

"What Exhibition is this?" said I; "my word for it, it is something scandalous or you would not be in such a rage to see it."

"Yes," said my aunt; "you have guessed it; it is *Beauty and the Beast*, but I will not tell you more of it till you see it."

The coach was accordingly ordered, and in a few minutes set us down at the place. We paid for our admission and entered the room. There was a great crowd, so that we had much difficulty in approaching the picture. A general whisper went round the room, and I confess my curiosity was much excited to see this extraordinary picture.

After much difficulty I at length reached it, and found it to be the exhibition of two figures, one of them a handsome woman, the other a beast with a human countenance.

"With some recollection I recalled the features of the human face of the beast; and recognized, with as much disgust as surprise, an attempted resemblance of a gentleman of whom every one spoke well, and whose liberal spirit in patronising the arts is exceeded only by the extent of his means of patronage.

"This is indeed infamous," said I; "and is it possible that the laws of the country can endure such an outrage? I have heard no one can slander another, or expose him to ridicule, either by speech or writing, without being responsible to the laws. And in this respect what is the difference between the pen and the pencil? A libel must be read, and it is not every one that can or will read. A picture is to be seen, and every one both can and will see it. The one, therefore, is seventy fold as mischievous as the other. Who can it be that has thus ventured to outrage the laws?"

"It is a foreigner," said my aunt.

"Most disgraceful," said I, "that any foreigner should thus dare to defy the laws which

give him a friendly reception. I have only to express a hope, that if there be such a thing as an Alien Act, he will be immediately sent out of the country. There is something so cowardly and base, independent of its extreme ill-nature, in this public exposure, it is equally an insult on the lady. From what I know of the character of Mr. H——, the insult to him is totally unmerited. But with respect to his lady, it is a gross unmanly insult, and every gentleman in the room should come forward to resent it. Were I a man, and the painter were before me, I should not hesitate one moment to compel him violently to leave my presence."

I had scarcely said these words, before I heard a sudden commotion in another part of the room, my aunt and myself having by this time moved from the picture. On turning my eyes in that direction, I beheld a gentleman, apparently in an extreme passion, tearing the picture into a thousand pieces, cutting it into threads with his knife. My heart rose in rapture at this spectacle; every one present seemed equally to applaud it. The servants of the Exhibition endeavoured at a vain resistance. The gentleman frightened the cowards away, and they ran for the police. In the mean time, to the general delight of every one, the gentleman accomplished his purpose, and strewed the ground with the threads of the base, infamous, and unmanly satire.

"If that gentleman is a relation of the lady," said I, "and I were the lady, I should love him for this act all my life."

"It is her brother," said my aunt.

"Then would to Heaven that I had such a brother!" said I. He feels like a gentleman; I really wonder that no other gentleman, even a stranger, had felt in a similar manner. But why did Mr. H—— not apply to the laws? they would not have suffered this outrageous assault upon his domestic quiet."

"Mr. H—— held it in merited contempt," said my aunt. "I rejoice, however, that there is an end to it, and that the picture is no more."

"I only wish," said I, "that the villain of a painter, for a ruffian he is, had some personal chastisement, and that the law would do its duty."

(To be continued.)

## POETRY.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A  
STORM.

Ye furious blasts, O softer blow!  
And cease awhile, thou baffling snow!  
Send down your light, ye stars and show  
The lost their way!  
Return, O heat, and make them glow,  
With thy warm ray!

And O, that I could share my bed  
With some poor, helpless, starving head;  
For here, O sleep,  
On thy somnific couch I'm laid,  
Yet waking weep.

And why does winter's angry howl—  
Why does each blast rend deep my soul?  
Can you say why,  
For those who now cold, weary stroll,  
I restless lie?

In every blast I hear the moan,  
The smother'd cries—the feeble tone,  
The last faint call—the dying groan  
Of some lost wretch,  
That on some wild now lies alone,  
In death-like stretch.

But let my thoughts a while repair,  
To wretched, straw-roof'd cots, and where  
Lives hungry Want, and anxious Care,  
Tho' now at rest:  
No fancied ills, alas! are there,  
To wound my breast.

But what will these few tears avail,  
I can no more than thus bewail  
Their fate severe; their faces pale  
I cannot streak  
With healthful red; nor will my tale  
Make Fortune seek  
The poor abode of Merit meek,  
To place a grateful smile upon her injured  
cheek.

## ADDRESS TO THE CURLEW.

BIRD of the rock! thy melancholy wail  
That mournful echoes round the sea-beat  
shore,  
That oft repeated in the chilly gale,  
Blends with those sounds the rippling cur-  
rent's roar!

Still let me hear thee, musing as I stray,  
Heedless what track my pensive steps explore  
While the tall beacon gleams with lingering day,  
Ere the far-distant sail is seen no more!

No. XIII. Vol. II.—N.S.

Thy mournful plaint, which mingles with the  
blast,  
Thy dun-grey plumage circling o'er my head,  
Renews the vision of a bliss long past,  
Recalls an hour of joy for ever fled.

Oh! no, not fled, nor fate itself destroys,  
The treasure'd bliss still blooming fresh and  
new,  
Nor hope, nor yet possession, gives the joys  
That memory's magic can at will renew.

Oft when my eye pursues thy vent'rous flight,  
Along the billowy Ocean's heaving breast,  
Or sees thy pinion dare the dizzy height,  
And on the rainbow's crescent seem to rest:

I ask what instinct prompts, what motives  
away,  
Why o'er the cliffs thou wheel'st in airy  
ring;  
Does in its deep recess thy partner stay,  
Shielding thy nurslings with his downy  
wing?

Bird of the rock! the sun forsakes the skies;  
Speed, speed thy flight e'er fades the quiv'ring  
ray

Dim o'er the waves the shadowy mists arise,  
Yet Love and Nature shall direct thy way:

While I, far distant from my native home,  
Alive alone to Grief's imperious power,  
Sad on the sea-wash'd shore delight to roam,  
Still woo in solitude the twilight hour.

## THE CAPTIVE.

ONCE I beheld a captive, whom dire wars  
Had made an inmate of the prison-house,  
Cheering with wicker-work (that almost seemed  
To him a sort of play) his dreary hours.  
I asked his story: in my native tongue,  
(Long use had made it easy as his own)  
He answer'd thus:—Before these wars began,  
I dwelt upon the willowy banks of Loire:  
I married one who, from my boyish days,  
Had been my playmate. One morn,—I'll ne'er  
forget!—  
While busy choosing out the prettiest twigs,  
To warp a cradle for our child unborn,  
We heard the tidings, that the conscript lot  
Had fallen on me; it came like a death knell.  
The mother perished, but the babe survived;  
And, ere my parting day, his rocking couch  
I made complete, and saw him sleeping smile,

The smile that played upon the cheek of her  
Who lay clay cold. Alas! the hour soon came  
That forced my fettered arms to quit my child;  
And whether now he lives to deck with flowers  
The sod upon his mother's grave, or lies  
Beneath it by her side, I ne'er could learn:  
I think he's gone; and now I only wish  
For liberty and home, that I may see,  
And stretch myself and die upon that grave!

## STANZAS.

Ah! once thy faded form, poor child of care,  
Seem'd to the wond'ring eye a blooming  
rose!

What smiling innocence was pictur'd there!  
What conscious virtue, and what sweet re-  
pose!

My fancy wanders o'er thy alter'd mien,  
Some fond memorial of thy charms to trace;  
But ah! the madness of despair is seen,  
And beauty's ruin pleading in thy face.

What cruel demon with malignant pow'r,  
Quench'd in thy soul religion's sacred light;  
Inhal'd the sweetness of the weeping flow'r,  
Then o'er its blossom shed a mournful  
blight?

Did he not whisper to thy charmed ear,  
Thy cheeks were roses, and thine eyes were  
bright;

Thy lily brow as azure morn was clear,  
Thy sigh was perfume and thy lip delight?

The holy halo circling beauty's head,  
The shriek of virtue and her outrag'd veil,  
Might o'er the murd'rer's soul an awe have  
spread,

Or Jove's dread bolt have stretch'd him on  
the gale.

The vernal bee, on murmuring wing that  
roves,

Not always riots in the rosy bower;  
But seeks the wild heath and the thymy  
groves,  
And saps the nectar of the blushing flow'r.

But thou, poor victim! whither wilt thou  
stray? [gloom:]

What golden ray shall gild thy bosom's  
Peace from thy breast for ever chas'd away,  
Thy soul's best hope the shelter of the  
tomb!

O! I would lead thee, trembling as thou art,  
Thro' maze of song, to springs of purest joy!  
Would pour a flood of rapture on thy heart,  
And bid thee drink of bliss that ne'er shall  
cloy!

The fainting pilgrim in the depth of night,  
Doom'd o'er the dark and desert heath to  
roam,  
Delighted hails the star of dewy light,  
That guides his footsteps to a peaceful  
home!

Turn, sweet repentant, turn! accept the boon;  
Retrace the paths thy wayward steps have  
trod;  
And trust my youthful muse—thy woes, how  
soon!  
Will find a sov'reign balm—a pard'ning  
God!

Then bend thy knees, and lift thy weeping  
eyes,  
Check not the tears that down thy bosom  
flow:  
And he who marks thy tears, who hears thy  
sighs,  
Will wash thy guilty soul as white as snow:

In anguish then no more thy days shall roll,  
No more the dreams of night shall shake  
thy rest:

Religion triumphs o'er a ransom'd soul,  
And mercy clasps thee to her joyful breast!

## THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Or life, the last soul-winged sigh  
Was flutt'ring to depart—

Death's meteor sparkled in the eye—  
Quick beat the breaking heart.

'Twas night—and solemn silence reign'd,  
We heard th' expiring moan—  
Grim Terror's King the soul unchain'd—  
The latest breath was gone.

The meteor died—the heart-strings broke—  
The pulses ceased to play—  
The sigh was flown—the soul awoke—  
Life's vision passed away.

Th' ethereal spirit sought the skies,  
To heaven it wing'd its flight,  
And Marg'ret's beauty-beaming eyes  
Death seal'd in endless night.

No longer throbb'd her gentle breast,  
With pain tormented life;  
Peace gave her tortured bosom rest,  
And closed th' unequal strife.

Her gentle heart had ceas'd to beat—  
Hope's transient reign was o'er—  
And Marg'ret's tongue that spoke so sweet,  
Alas! could speak no more!

Her blooming cheeks of roseate hue,  
Soon lost their vermil grace;  
The coral from her lips withdrew,  
And alter'd was her face.

Yet, many an angel trace remain'd,  
To grace her modest mien;  
And beauty still a tint retain'd  
Of what it once had been.

And tho' her eyes in death were clos'd,  
Still lovely did she seem:  
So, sleeping innocence, composed,  
Enjoys a pleasing dream.

Dear, virtuous friend! in happy spheres,  
Mild be thy soul's repose,  
While we, who mourn your loss with tears,  
Feel poignant, mental woes.

Rest, gentle spirit; rest in peace!  
In blest Elysian bowers—  
And when life's beating pulse shall cease,  
May such a fate be ours.

Thy virtuous course was short and bright,  
'Twas like a sun-beam here:  
So gilds a lunar ray, thro' night,  
The dun-robed atmosphere.

Alas! it faded on our view;  
But, ah! it left behind  
Its vestiges, in colours true,  
On many an anxious mind.

Adieu! kind relative and friend!  
Farewell bright beam of truth!  
Thy virtues crown'd thy happy end  
With never-fading youth.

V.

#### THE PORTUGUESE PEASANT BOY'S SONG.

THE beacon is blazing bright, father,  
And strong is the cannon's shock,  
And see what a swarthy light, father,  
Stains the peak of Alverca's rock.  
'Twas the tramp of an English courier,  
Which clatter'd so quick on the moor,  
For I saw the soldier's sabre  
Flash bright as he dash'd by the door.

So take down the good old brand, father,  
But lend me my brother's dirk,  
'Tis light in a stripling's hand, father,  
And fit for a stripling's work.  
Then away to the midnight battle,  
But soft o'er the threshold tread,  
Lest my mother should hear your foot fall,  
And scream as we leave the shed.

Still brighter the beacon's blaze, father,  
And stronger the cannon's shock,  
And the smoke has hid the rays, father,  
Which flash'd around Alverca's rock,  
One kiss on the cheek of my mother,  
One kiss will not break her sleep—  
Then away to the midnight battle,  
Then away for Alverca's steep.

#### THE MUSING LOVER.

WERE I a moon-beam (quoth a love-sick swain  
Musing beneath the shadowy cone of night)  
I'd steal through yonder chamber-window's  
pane,  
And on my sleeping charmer's lip alight:  
Were I a zephyr, when morn's charms in-  
vite  
Her wandering footsteps o'er the dewy  
lawn,  
Around her damask cheek and bosom white,  
I'd frisk in fragrance from sweet flow'rs new  
drawn:

Oh! were I but a kid or nice young fawn,  
My fondness in a thousand pranks I'd show,  
And lick her hand, and lie her lap upon,  
And follow her wherever she should go!  
"Fond youth, your idle fantasies forbear,"  
Cry'd Common Sense,—"*address her as you  
are.*" H.

#### THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies,  
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!  
So fades a summer cloud away:  
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er!  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,  
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing;  
O Grave! where is thy vict'ry now?  
Invidious Death! where is thy sting?  
A holy quiet reigns around;  
A calm which nothing can destroy;  
Nought can disturb that peace profound,  
Which their unfetter'd souls enjoy.  
Farewell! conflicting joys and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!  
How bright the unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell! inconstant world! farewell!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light, from its load, the spirit flies!  
While Heaven and Earth combine to say,  
"Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies."  
S s 2

## F A S H I O N S

FOR

JANUARY, 1811.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

## No 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

Gown of black Italian gauze worn over white, with long sleeves made high in the neck, with antique ruff à-la Queen Elizabeth, ornamented round the bottom with a grey flossed silk trimming. A mantle of French grey satin, with collar fastened on the right shoulder with black brooch, and trimmed entirely round with a rich stamped velvet, lined with the same colour. A bonnet to correspond, with stamped velvet flower in front. Shoes of black or grey kid; gloves of the same.

## No. 2.—AN EVENING DRESS.

An amber colour crape dress, with long sleeves, and frock waist, tied with white ribband; slashed Spanish front, let in with satin of the same colour, ornamented with white beads, the bosom and sleeves trimmed with beads; on the back of the dress is worn a drapery of amber colour satin hanging over the shoulders in front, or tied in a bow behind, which either way forms a pretty finish to the dress. It is made just to touch the ground behind, and is bordered with a rich satin of the same colour, edged with beads. This truly elegant dress is worn over a white satin slip. The cap is composed of amber plaited ribband and lace, edged with vandyke lace, tied in a bow on the left side, with amber flower in front. Necklace and earrings of pearl. Amber satin shoes; white kid gloves; tippet of swansdown.

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

## FASHION AND DRESS.

A general transition from black to grey has happily relieved the social board from much

of that air of gloom and sadness which it was feared would have overcast it at this festive season; but there is still a cloud which hangs over the nation that must disperse, before the fashionable world will be restored to its brilliancy, or its bustle be seasoned with gaiety.

Sameness is only to be preferred to sadness; ladies, like flowers in a garden, should by their disposition and variety reflect beauty on each other; notwithstanding grey is the imperious order of the day, and the brown and the fair are alike compelled to put it on, there are however many shades and degrees of it which may with taste and propriety be advantageously adapted either to age or complexion. But should the brunette imagine herself disadvantageously arrayed, let her haste to resume pink, and by way of reprisal persuade her fairer friends to relinquish blue.

No alteration whatever has taken place in the form of dress since our last. This is not the season for novelty; fashion at an after period would indignantly reject it as an unreasonable and premature innovation.

Morning dresses are made high in the neck, of poplins, lustres, bombazeens, and worn with the Elizabeth ruff.

Evening dresses of Imperial or Opera grey nets over white satin, muffs, tippets, and trimmings of sable, are in general wear for the promenade; as are those of swansdown in a higher degree of dress.

A new hat in black beaver has appeared, in the form of a man's, the brim flat and large, slouched over the face. Black nets over white satin, trimmed with gold, are appropriate for second mourning.

In jewellery the mixture of gold with jet is the only variation.

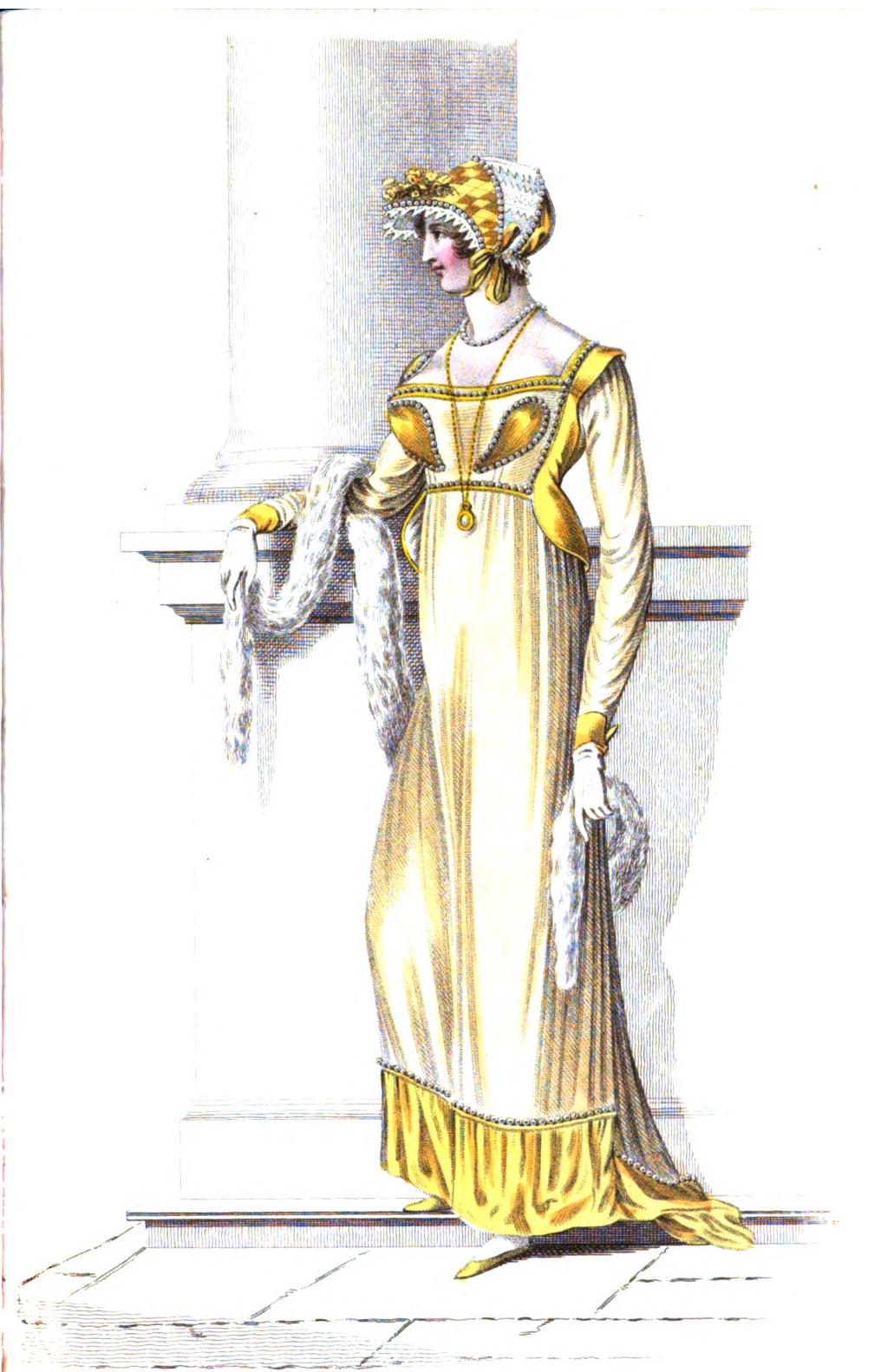
The Court goes out of mourning on the 14th of this month.



*MORNING CARRIAGE DRESS.*







EVENING DRESS.



MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INCLUDING VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

THE STAGE.

ESSAYS TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRESENT STATE OF THE DRAMA.—No. IV.

*The Provoked Husband* is a Comedy, the general outline and dimensions of which belong to Vanburgh; but it was left in an unfinished state, and completed by another hand.—The incidents of this piece were contrived as a field for the operation of character, and the exhibition of manners, rather than for the members of a regular fable, with a view to agitate the passions, and engage the curiosity. It was, indeed, the aim of the author to teach and impress some useful moral of domestic life, a design of which he cannot be suspected in any other of his plays; for perhaps of all who have written for the stage, Vanburgh seems to have been the least solicitous of leaving it better than he found it. He burst indeed through all restraints with a spirit of profligacy, not reached by any former writer: he wrote, not only without a view to any practical morality, but with a perfect indifference and contempt for every thing which the world had set apart from ridicule, and considered as sacred.—The honour of husbands, the chastity of wives, the confederacy of friends, in a word, he acknowledged nothing, whether public or private, as entitled to any privilege against wit.

It is said by Cibber, that in compunction for the injury which he conceived himself to have inflicted upon public morals by this most licentious and dangerous abuse of splendid powers, he planned his comedy of the *Provoked Husband*, which he did not live to finish, but, having imparted his design to Cibber, left to him the charge of completing it.

Cibber performed his charge in a way which raised his own reputation without diminishing that of his friend's.—The scenes which Vanburgh intended only *not* to offend, Cibber improved into instruction and delight: what Vanburgh left serious, Cibber made affecting: he succeeded, indeed, and reached the object of his master, by a judicious variation of his means.—By the reform of *Lady Townley*, and her final reconciliation with her husband (which was not intended by Vanburgh) he gave a sort of moral tendency, a refinement, and polish to the play, which greatly advanced its popularity.

Cibber, however, must not be praised too much: what he did for the *Provoked Husband*, though very pleasing, was very easy.—He had nothing to invent out of the common road; and where there is penitence on one side, and forgiveness on the other, it is perhaps no difficult matter to be pathetic.

The humour of *Sir Francis Wronghead* in this play is excellent and striking: he is one of a *genus*—The notion of repairing his fortune, which he had wasted by country profuseness, by obtaining a place at Court, and selling himself and his borough to the Minister of the day for what he could get for his family; the ridicule which arises from his blunt proposition for a place, and his mistakes at the *Levee*; and, above all, the incongruity and contradiction between the courtier, and the rustic ignorance and homely honesty of the country Squire, labouring against the simplicity of his nature to recommend himself as a fit tool for corruption; all these are traits, founded in that natural disproportion, which is the source of true humour.—This character is entitled to the highest praise,—it is original, and strictly in nature.

*Moody* is drawn in a very masterly manner; he pleases by his simplicity and truth, and is much superior to the extravagant, fictitious countryman, which we now see upon the stage. The *Young Squire* and *Miss Jenny* have a pleasing pertness, and the *Count* is neither too elegant, nor keeps too good company for the *swindler*.

In this play the dialogue is eminently happy, and sustained with equal ease in the grave scenes and the gay. The seriousness is without pomp; the wit is without effort; and the humour has the moderation of nature.

The tragedies of this period were as declamatory and rhetorical as those of the reign of Charles the Second, and formed with infinitely more exactness, upon the rules of the ancient drama, and the practice of the French writers.—Nature and the writers were considered as the same thing, and the stage, instead of being employed as a mirror, which shews all that presents itself without discrimination, was constrained to exhibit such images, and reflect such manners only, as criticism, confining nature within imaginary rules, thought fit to suffer.

Such were the models which the writers of the present period preferred to that boundless variety of manners, and those pleasing irregularities of life, to which the nation had been accustomed in the dramas of Shakespear.

It formed no part of the design of these writers to exhibit life in its true state, diversified by probable accidents, and influenced by the usual passions of mankind. It did not suggest itself to them, that the main excellence of dramatic composition was to bring about natural events by easy means, and keep up curiosity without the help of wonder. On the contrary, they adopted the exploded fictions of antiquity, and heated their minds with poetic incredibilities; they drew characters, and painted manners, every transaction and sentiment of which were remote from all that passes amongst mankind, who were quite of another species from those fabulous creatures, whose actions were regulated upon motives of their own, and had neither faults nor excellencies in common with ourselves.

The writer, who led the way in this kind of composition, was possessed of great learning, and a most beautiful genius; but the nature which he had studied was to be found in the models of ancient poetry alone, and the manners which he professed to imitate, had long ceased to exist.

Smith, the Poet of whom we are speaking, made the first attempt in his *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*. The fable of this piece is mythological; the learned reject it as a tale which they know to be false, and the unlearned can have no sympathy in what they cannot believe or understand. *Theseus* returning from the war of the Amazons stands in the front of poetical absurdities.

It must be confessed, however, that the author has admirably succeeded in supplying the defect of probability in his fable, by a well regulated imagination; by a diction richly impregnated with all antient learning, and polished to the utmost of modern elegance. The diction is, perhaps, occasionally too luxuriant, and the meaning is sometimes obscured by unnecessary embellishment? the Poet had so much to say, that he forgets the business of his drama. But, it is no small advantage in the dialogue, that, by diverting the attention of the audience from a fable too incredible for fiction, and manners too remote from general knowledge to please, it displays the accomplished scholar at the expence of the dramatist.

Upon the whole, with all the advantages of learning, and the most lavish profusion of

poetical eloquence, the tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus* has long since passed into oblivion. The learned, though they may read it, cannot be prevailed upon to see it; and the unlearned will not easily be persuaded either to see or read what they cannot, in some degree, realise in their fancy.

(To be continued.)

COVENT GARDEN.—On Thursday, November 29, a new play, entitled *Gustavus Vasa*, founded upon the Opera, called the *Hero of the North*, (produced about six years since at Drury-Lane), was brought forward at this theatre.

This play seems to have a double design, music, and good scenery. The author, we should suppose, scarcely intended by that tissue of incident, which constitutes the action of this piece, to exhibit the artificial embarrassment, and natural contrivance, of dramatic plot.—The fable of this piece, as far as it is imitated from history, is adventurous and wild; but where the author lays aside his historical crutch, and begins to gossip from the stores of his own imagination, he displays neither taste nor fancy; his incidents are puerile and improbable, and his contrivances are less striking than those of pantomime, because not so amusing.

For ourselves, we always derive more pleasure from the humour of goods and chattels, and the incidental jests of tables and chairs, than from any which it is attempted to extract from the jumble of fiction and truth, and the representation of manners, character, and situation, which outrage probability and nature.

But this piece, whatever want of skill there may be in the author, abounds, in a very superior degree, with every other material of dramatic delight. It has scenery, in which the managers seem to have bidden a brave defiance to all expence, and it has music in all varieties, majestic, solemn, and gay,—it has procession and chorus-men to march, and women to sing.

With such auxiliaries, joined to our hospitable feelings for a banished King, now residing amongst us, the success of *Gustavus Vasa* was decided from the commencement.

We ought not to omit the due praise of the getting up of this piece by the Managers.—The architectural scenery was an excellent imitation, and had much grandeur and solemnity.—The mine was a fine, gloomy, cavern, and, from the management of the stage, looked awful and interminable.—The characteristic scenery of Sweden was successfully imitated,

the desert snow, and wide waste of night and desolation, froze our very blood within us.— Upon the whole, the audience was well pleased, and the piece will doubtless have a run.

Amongst the revivals of this Theatre we have to notice *Othello*, and *Henry the Eighth*; the former the most regular of Shakespeare's Plays, the latter the most abounding in magnificence and pageantry; and both uniting, in an eminent degree, the characteristic excellence and fidelity of their great author; by whom passions the most vehement are accommodated to the real circumstances and condition of things, and shewn in their natural progress without any departure from truth or probability.

The character of *Othello* was performed by Young.—Young is an excellent actor, but is somewhat too declamatory, and therefore too phlegmatic, for a part like *Othello*. The jealousy of *Othello* is not meant to be splendid or poetical, but headlong, ardent, and impetuous. He does not stop to convince himself of the justness of his suspicions by eloquent pauses, and subtle deductions; he does not, like *Hamlet*, reason himself into certainty, or lash up the sluggishness of his nature by appeals to his judgment; but, being once in doubt, is fixed upon his purpose, and hastens to his vengeance with the first impression of his suspicions.

A character like *Othello* requires more natural feeling than any other power of the actor; a kind of heated sensibility, an acute and vigorous passion, intractable and unpolished.

*Othello* was never meant to measure the stage, or fold his robes, like *Cæsar* or *Macbeth*. He is not a hero, as none indeed of Shakespeare's characters are heroes; he is a mere human creature, skilfully selected for the purpose of the Poet, to shew the workings of jealousy in circumstances best suited to display it. He is therefore of a foreign country, of a suspected race, and somewhat "in the vale of years;" all these are components of the character, skilfully accommodated to the author's design, and not thrown in at random and uncertainty.

To make a hero of a character like this is to divest him of all his natural peculiarities.—Pope's *Othello* was perhaps his best part, because he exhibited him as less of the hero than any other performer; because he stormed and raved without majesty, elegance, or grace, and gave to the passion its natural strength and vehemence. The defect of Young we have pointed out above; he is a great deal too Roman, too lofty, too oratorical, for the character.

Mr. C. Kemble's *Iago* is an effort of art against all natural requisites.—Neither his countenance nor the tone of his voice are suited to the expressions of *Iago*.

*Iago* is a character, who has been as much misunderstood as *Othello*.—He is a mean and pitiful villain, and, like *Othello*, has been elevated to a false grandeur on the stage, by a foolish fondness in the actors for what is *fine* and imposing.—The true character of *Iago* is that of a cunning villain; a wretch, who would have employed a dagger, if he could have done so with security; and, under another impulse, would as soon have stolen the handkerchief of *Desdemona*, as made it an instrument of jealousy.

Upon the whole, since the departure of Cook, *Othello* cannot be seen with much pleasure at either theatre. It is creditable to the Managers to revive every play of Shakespeare, and an actor, who cannot but be conscious of his inability to reach excellence in a particular character, is the more entitled to praise, when he endeavours to represent it to the best of his judgment.

*Henry the Eighth* has been revived with all the advantages which this theatre peculiarly affords for a display of pomp and magnificence, a magnificence, which, as we have before had occasion to observe, Greece in all her elegance, and Rome in all her luxury, never perhaps equalled.

Mrs. Siddons's performance of *Katharine* is to be numbered amongst her best exhibitions. She gives a most just and eloquent effect to her distresses.—When she pleads before the King, nothing more touching or beautiful can be imagined. In her sick chamber, when every stormy passion is hushed, and the sufferer is wound up to the saint, Mrs. Siddons threw into her countenance a noble and majestic composure, and pronounced her forgiveness of *Wolsey* in a manner which drew tears from every eye.

Kemble's *Wolsey* is a very fine example of chaste declamation.—His conception of the character is perfectly just; he has not only taken the general dimensions and boundaries, but has seized, with accuracy, upon the minor and less prominent parts.—Kemble, whose main excellence it is, that he always carefully limits himself from vagueness and generality, is not content with a stern portraiture of pride, or a mere dry compunction, but he has given to the pride of *Wolsey* a grandeur and majesty, derived from the consciousness of his lofty talents, and has softened his compunction, and elevated it into religious penitence.—Kemble has given us the best por-

## VARIETIES, CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

trait of *Wolsey* which the stage has ever produced at any period.

**LYCEUM.**—This theatre has produced a new farce, called *Law and Transformation*, *in certiductoris*.—It is a medley of disguises, and absurdities too gross for ridicule.—Every thing in this piece is founded upon Mathews, an actor who has been compliant with the caricature writers of the day, at some expence, perhaps, of his reputation.—To examine such a piece with any degree of seriousness would be a loss of time.—It will be sufficient to say, that the audience are disposed to tolerate it.

### WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Taylor Combe, Esq. will shortly publish a Description of the ancient Terracottas in the British Museum, illustrated by forty-one engravings, from the drawings of W. Alexander, Esq.

The Life of William Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, Lord High Chancellor to Henry IV, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, by the late Dr. Richard Chandler, is in the press, in a royal octavo volume, with engravings.

Messrs. Daniell's Picturesque Voyage to India, by the way of China, with fifty coloured engravings, and descriptive letter press to each, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Myers, of the Royal Military Academy, has nearly completed, in an octavo volume, an Introduction to Historical, Physical, and Political Geography, accompanied with maps, and adapted to the higher classes of pupils.

Memoirs of Mary Ann Radcliffe, in familiar letters to her female friends, will appear this month, in an octavo volume. This lady is not the author of the Mysteries of Udolpho.

Mr. W. Hersee has on the eve of publication, a small octavo volume of Poems, rural and domestic.

James Morrier, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the court of Persia, has in the press, a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, &c. in 1808-9, in a quarto volume, with maps and other engravings.

Major Z. M. Pike has in the press, Exploratory Travels through the Western Territories of North America: comprising a voyage from St. Louis, on the Mississippi, to the sources of that river, and a journey through the interior of Louisiana and the north-east provinces of New Spain; undertaken by order of the United States. In a quarto volume, with maps.

Peter Pinder, Esq. is preparing for the press, the Jubilee, or Disappointed Heir, in a series of elegies.

Mr. J. P. Malcolm has in the press Miscellaneous Anecdotes, &c. in an octavo volume. Also, in octavo, the History of Caricatures, illustrated by numerous engravings.

Mr. Marrat's treatise on Mechanics, under the patronage of Dr Hutton, will appear in the course of this month.

Capt. T. H. Cooper, author of the Military Cabinet, is preparing for the press, in quarto, a Collection of all the Land Battles fought in the Messenian, Lydian, Sacred, Peloponnesian, and other wars, from the foundation of Rome to the birth of Christ, illustrated by plans and maps.

Mr. George Chalmers has in the press, Considerations on Bullion and Coin, Circulation and Exchanges, with a view to our present circumstances.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, has in the press, Essays on the poetry and superstitions of the Highlands, with Fragments in verse and prose.

Colonel W. Kirkpatrick has in the press, in a quarto volume, a Collection of Select Letters of Tippoo Sultan, to various public Functionaries, arranged and translated, with notes and observations; and an appendix, containing original documents never before published.

Dr. W. B. Collyer has in forwardness a third volume of his Scripture Lectures: the subject of which is on Miracles.

Sir Robert Wilson has in the press, in a quarto volume, Brief Remarks on the character and composition of the Russian army, and a sketch of the Campaign in Poland in 1806-7; from observations made by him when he accompanied Lord Hutchinson to the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander.

Dr. Browne will shortly publish, for the use of schools, Pinacotheca Classica, or Classical Gallery; containing a selection of the most distinguished characters in ancient and modern times, as drawn by the most celebrated Grecian, Roman, and British writers.

G. J. Parkyns, Esq. has in the press, Monastic Remains, in three octavo volumes, with numerous engravings.

Mr. Britton is preparing a third volume of his Beauties of Wiltshire, with a map of the county, and twelve highly-finished engravings.

An Account of the past and present state of the Isle of Man, with a sketch of its mineralogy, and an outline of its laws, will shortly appear in an octavo volume.

Dr. John Thomson has in the press, in four octavo volumes, a System of Surgery; intended to exhibit a concise view of the principles and practices of surgery, illustrated by numerous historical and critical remarks.

## INCIDENTS

OCCURRING IN AND NEAR LONDON, INTERESTING MARRIAGES, &amp;c.

**COURT OF KING'S BENCH**—*Daboust v. Beresford*.—**Mr. JEKYLL**, addressing the Jury, said it would be necessary for him to consume some time in a detail of the very singular transaction, which gave rise to the present action, by which the plaintiff had suffered not only a violent and outrageous invasion of his property, but a total demolition of it. For an injury of this kind the plaintiff now came to ask redress and reparation at the hands of a British Jury, and he was sure he would not ask it with less success, because he was a foreigner, and an artist of celebrity in his own country, now, by the calamitous state of the rest of the world, driven to seek protection in this land of liberty. Even in the country of which the plaintiff was a native, though now hostile to us, it could not be denied, that the arts had been protected, and particularly that art in which the plaintiff excelled, the art of painting. There the plaintiff had executed a work, for which he had received the highest honours in his profession, and having brought his performance to this country, disposed of it to advantage, to a Gentleman of well known taste, and justly esteemed for his encouragement of the Fine Arts. It was impossible to cast around their eyes in that Court, and not to see the interest created among the first characters in the country, by a question in which the Fine Arts were concerned, and all, who were at all acquainted with the habits and propensities of the higher order of our men of rank and affluence, must agree, that among them, the Fine Arts could never want protectors. After the plaintiff had been some time resident in this country, he framed an exhibition of various pictures, in different branches of the art, painted by himself, to be shewn to the public at Pall-Mall. One of these was the representation of a much-famed story, with which we must all have been acquainted in our youth, termed by the French "*La Belle et le Bete*," or, as it was expressed in our own language, the story of "*Beauty and the Beast*." The merit of this composition was admitted by every person who had seen it, to be very great. No man, indeed, could doubt its merit, when told it had been executed by Mr. Daboust. One of the figures in this piece was of great beauty, and the other, as might be supposed, the reverse; and the whole was executed in a most masterly manner. The exhibition had gone on with great success for some weeks, when the transaction, to which

the Learned Counsel must immediately call the attention of the Jury, took place. It was now necessary, however, that he should give some account of the Gentleman who was the defendant in this case, who was no less a person than the son of the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Learned Counsel was sorry to say, himself in Holy Orders. On the 20th of July last, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the defendant came to the place of exhibition, only the plaintiff and one or two others being present, and while a person was procuring change for him, a loud cry was heard of "Good God, he is cutting and tearing the picture to pieces." On running to the place where the picture in question stood, there was this Reverend Vandal—of whose motives for such an act, unless he had imbibed in that country which gave him birth something of which we could have no conception—seen engaged with his knife in defacing the picture, and cutting it in pieces. On the person coming up to him, he turned about, and with the knife in his hand, threatened to serve in the same manner he was doing the picture, any person who should endeavour to prevent him. The business was not done in a moment—he was engaged in it for half an hour; Mr. Daboust interposed, saying, if he had done any thing amiss, or which could have offended the Gentleman, he was responsible for his conduct, and amenable to the law; but, as a foreigner, he hoped he was entitled to be protected from outrage. He did not himself forget the respect he owed to the laws, but having the police in view, dispatched a messenger to procure assistance. The nearest police office was at Marlborough-street, and before a constable could be brought from thence, the Reverend Gentleman had withdrawn. As to the value of the picture so destroyed by the defendant, it was estimated by the defendant himself at 1000*l*. There was, however, in this case, another criterion by which they might judge of the loss sustained by the present plaintiff. The picture in question was at the time in the course of being exhibited by the plaintiff. Before it was publicly known with what morsels of beauty this small collection was ornamented (he assured his Learned Friend he did not allude to the picture of *Beauty and the Beast* alone), the receipts had been comparatively small, amounting to 2*l*. or 3*l*. a day, but when the collection came to be known, the influx was so great as to amount to 10 or 12*g*s. per diem, so as to promise him the prospect,

by the exhibition, of realizing a little fortune. He should now name no specific sum, but should leave it to the discretion of the Jury. The plaintiff was a foreigner, an Artist of celebrity and great merit, and the Jury would not fail to mark the contrast, that the defendant was a man, from his profession, who, above all others, ought to have abstained from so outrageous a violation of private property. He did not ask exorbitant but moderate damages.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for the defendant, said, this was the most impudent appeal by a foreigner to the justice of a British Court of Judicature he had ever witnessed, and he trusted, he should never see such another. His Learned Friend had said, that a British Jury would never be slow to afford protection to a foreigner appealing to their justice. He trusted they never would. But then it was incumbent on that foreigner to see that he himself had not violated those laws to the protection of which he appealed; for to be entitled to the protection of the laws he should have deserved it. What, however, was the injury for which the plaintiff in this case now impudently endeavoured to get a recompence? It must have struck every person as singular, first, that the plaintiff had endeavoured to prove the destruction of the picture by so many persons who knew nothing about the matter; and it was another circumstance no less singular, that to prove its value, he should have adduced only one Artist who had seen the picture while it was exhibited, and who having been carried to the Exhibition by a false representation as to the merits of another picture, had passed by the picture in question, without even noticing it. The only value now attempted to be put on it was according to the plaintiff's own rate of charge, calculated according to the size of the picture. See what is the injury for which this plaintiff asks reparation;—what his own conduct has been—what he has done—and from whom it is that he asks reparation. The Learned Counsel for the plaintiff had told the Jury that the plaintiff had been exhibiting a picture by which he was realising considerable sums of money, and from which he expected still greater advantages, and that it was for the demolition of this picture that he now asked for compensation. The Learned Counsel had also told, that merit in this country was always certain to meet its reward. The plaintiff himself had fully experienced the truth of this assertion. In a period of distress he had come to this country, seeking for patronage and encouragement in the line of his profession; and he

had not sought for it in vain. He had found it in Mr. Hope, in whom merit in distress had always found a patron and benefactor. *He had come to this Gentleman with all the wealth he had, which consisted in one Picture, for which Mr. Hope had given him 800*l*. Not only so, but as an additional encouragement to him, to improve his talents, he employs him to paint the Portrait of his Wife, for which he bargains to give him 400 Guineas, the one half of which he actually paid before the Portrait was begun, and the remainder before it was finished.*

The plaintiff, who was in Court, said he could shew this to be false.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL said he knew what he stated to be true, but he was really astonished to think that a plaintiff in such a cause as this, could have been so insensible to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, as to be present in Court whilst it was trying. He was not accustomed to use such language, but his indignation was so roused that he could not suppress his feelings at the conduct of one, who, in his representation of a beast, had so truly described himself. This plaintiff had been received into the house of Mr. Hope, and had availed himself of that opportunity to paint the picture in question; and because Mr. Hope would not submit to his unreasonable demands, and at length held his hand, the defendant had taken this way of revenge to attack his benefactor in the most sensible point, by holding out to ridicule himself and the wife whom he loved, in the expectation that Mr. Hope would still buy him off. Foiled in his expectation, he was not, however, discomfited, but thought that by the terror of the present action, his purpose might still be effected, supposing that Mr. Hope would yield to his demands, rather than allow the present defendant, a high-minded man, wounded almost to death on account of his sister, and who, on the impulse of the moment, had himself cut in pieces the infamous publication by which she was traduced, to appear in the present action. Could the plaintiff ever hope, by a verdict of twelve honest Englishmen, to effect his object? No, he never could; but he did hope that the parties would have yielded, rather than try the present action. Did the Jury not think that the Lady's family, writhing almost to agony, felt the ridicule to which she was exposed? for unfortunately this was one of the effects of judicial proceedings, that the verdict did not cause the pain arising from an injury of the kind immediately to cease. This great object, therefore, the plaintiff had gained; so far had his malevolence succeeded; but further it could not go. Should he not, the Attorney



General asked, if a man held a sword to his throat, beat it down? Should he not, if held up to ridicule in a caricature, which could not be regarded as an Exhibition of Art, feel himself entitled to cut in pieces the infamous exhibition by which he was attempted to be loaded with disgrace? *Under pretence of this story of Beauty and the Beast, Mr. Hope had been exhibited in a most disgraceful point of view, representing himself as a stupid and disgusting monster, who had nothing but his riches to offer to his wife, as an inducement to accept of him as a husband; while she, on the other hand, was represented as having accepted of such a monster, merely on account of his riches.* Mrs. Hope, it was well known, had no occasion to submit to such a sacrifice. She was not in a situation to require it. To form a proper idea of the gentleman and lady so grossly calumniated, it was only necessary to see them in their domestic circle, surrounded by their family and friends, he a husband and she a wife, of whom it was to be regretted there were so few examples! And was it nothing that by such a ruffian as this plaintiff, a man like Mr. Hope was to be held up as a monster, and a woman like Mrs. Hope to be represented as a sacrifice to brutality, merely on account of sordid lucre? At first, it appeared in evidence, that this exhibition of the plaintiff's yielded very little emolument, but when it was told, at every corner of the streets, that there Mr. Hope might be seen exhibited as a monster, it got up to 20*l.* per diem. It could not be surprising that the knowledge of such an exhibition should reach the relations of the Lady. It did reach her brother, the present defendant; and for annihilating this infamous libel on his sister and her husband, he was now called on to defend the present action. The plaintiff now sat in Court to hear the present action tried; but if Mr. Hope had taken his (the Attorney General's) advice, that would have been out of his power. Still, however, it was in the option of Mr. Hope to bring him before a Jury of his country, for the infamous exposure of which he had been guilty. Mr. Hope probably did well to spare such a reptile for a time, but now, after the length he had gone, the Attorney General trusted Mr. Hope would at length follow his advice.

It may be said, the parties aggrieved by this exhibition might have brought their action against the present plaintiff, or might have indicted him, but still, in the mean time they were exposed to ridicule, or obliged to shut themselves up from public observation. The only course, then, that was left was to destroy the libel itself and the engraving which was to

have been executed from it, and by which its poison was intended to be still more widely disseminated. There were cases in which, if a speedy remedy was not applied, the injury became irremediable. It was no answer to say the inconvenience may be tried at Law, if while the arm of the Law is raised the evil is doing. He trusted, therefore, the Jury would be of opinion that in such a case the plaintiff could recover nothing.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH said, in this case no justification had been pleaded, as if the Picture had been destroyed as a nuisance, but the only plea was one of not guilty. There could be little doubt, however, that the demolition of the Picture had been committed by the defendant, indeed it was hardly denied. The manner and purport of the Exhibition were perfectly clear. At first the Exhibition yielded only two or three pounds a day, but by the publicity of this resemblance to Mr. Hope, the emoluments had been raised to 20*l.* The motive of the Exhibition was equally clear, it appearing in evidence that the plaintiff published it because Mr. Hope had displeased him, and that he finished it up to his resemblance. That he took the other figure from the portrait of Mrs. Hope was also clear, all the spectators being impressed with that conviction. It was then charged that the plaintiff had done all this from unworthy motives. They were not, however, here to consider whether the plaintiff was an ungrateful man; but, if he had been abusing this public exhibition to give pain to a family. The person who demolished the picture was the Brother of the Lady abused, but he had pleaded no justification. The material question, therefore, was, as to the value of the thing destroyed; and if it was valuable only as a caricature, in that light having no right to exhibit it, it could never become valuable in his hands, and it was a species of property which he could not make available. His Lordship proceeded in a very impressive style of eloquence—"It is not to be doubted, Gentlemen, but that Mr. Hope had a ground of legal complaint for this act of Mr. Daboust. As a personal insult to him, fabricated to wound his domestic peace, he had a right to his remedy by action—as an attack upon his feelings as a husband, and having a tendency to irritate him to a breach of the peace; this Picture was a Libel, and might have sustained an indictment,—as calling together crowds in an open Exhibition-room, for the purpose of deriding and ridiculing Mr. Hope, making a shew of him, thrown open to all who would pay, and were desirous to gratify their malignity, by being invited to partake and join in the ven-

geance of the author. This Picture was a public nuisance, to be abated by the interposition of law—Indeed, I have no doubt but that my Lord Chancellor, on a proper statement, would have granted an injunction to restrain the exhibition of a caricature, which had abused a liberal Art to unworthy purposes, and made use of the opportunities of public exhibition for the gratification of private malice. But as you, Gentlemen, are called upon to estimate the value of this libel—I must tell you that, as a Work of Art, it has no value in a Court of Justice. That which is founded in crime cannot become the subject of compensation.—That which ought not to have been made the source of profit, cannot become the subject of legal damage.—The proper value of this picture is, the worth of its component parts of canvas and colour, discharged of their libellous modification.—Verdict for the Plaintiff—Damages Five Pounds.

**RIOTS AT THE LIVERPOOL THEATRE.**—The persons who had been found guilty on this head at the Court of King's Bench, have been brought up for judgment. They were as follow:—Abraham Lemon, clerk to Lionel Lemon, timber-merchant; Thomas Turner, gentleman; John Robinson Molyneux, broker; Charles Rowlandson, attorney; Matthew Carter, merchant's clerk; and Barton Wilson, apprentice to a coach-maker. A number of affidavits were produced on the part of these persons, giving them characters for general good conduct; and expressive of the regret which they felt for their share in the riot. The Attorney-General, in the course of their reading, handed in one affidavit of the Solicitor for the prosecution, which stated, that subsequently to the service of the rule for a criminal information at Liverpool, Rowlandson had gone into the gallery of the theatre, and made a speech, charging the Managers with attempting to silence public opinion by terror, and the weight of overloaded law processes; that for his part, he would bear every one of the actions for £20; but that if they came to £200 he could find the money in Liverpool; and that if he was to be sent to the same place where Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Gale Jones were sent, he would endeavour to be as much at his ease as he could. The Attorney-General then gave in an affidavit, representing Lemon's conduct as not exhibiting any marks of real contrition; and giving in evidence a printed paper, to which Lemon's name was signed, reflecting upon the conduct of the Managers in peculiarly offensive language.—Mr. Raine addressed the Court at considerable length, in extenuation. He was assured that the contrition expressed in the affidavits was real, and that the defendants had received a lesson which they would remember during the rest of their lives. He had not wished to give any contentious opposition to the motion for the Rule, and this he did by the direction of

his clients. He had offered on the trial to let judgment go by default, if the opposite counsel would give up the charge of conspiracy. That charge was given up by the direction of the Learned Judge; and if the offer of the defendants had been accepted, the further trouble to the prosecution would have been totally saved.—The Attorney-General, in reply, lamented that persons who were able to produce such character as the defendants, should have thrown themselves into the situation in which they then stood. There was no doubt of the conspiracy. It was not necessary to constitute that offence that men should assemble in a room, and enter into resolutions. If it could be proved that they were acting together—if any evil thing could be proved to result from their joint concurrence—the fact of the conspiracy was clear and sufficient. The Judge had, solely in consideration of the characters of these young men, advised the Counsel for the Crown to withdraw the charge of conspiracy. But this was merely an act of lenity on the side of the prosecution, and no proof of innocence: this could not therefore avail the defendants. The Attorney-General concluded by trusting that those rioters would not be suffered to depart from the Court without learning that riots at a theatre were not more innocent than riots any where else, and that they must be liable to the same punishment.—Lord Ellenborough desired the defendants to be brought up for sentence on the third of December.—They were brought into Court again on that day, when Mr. Justice Gress addressed them:—They were found guilty of a very daring and outrageous breach of the peace, which might have been attended with the most extensive and alarming consequence in so populous and opulent a town as Liverpool. From the evidence on the trial, it appeared that the mode which they adopted to make the Managers comply with their demands was rioting so as to stop the performance. In a country where every man might set his own value on his labour, and where no man was compelled to accept it but according to what he thought labour worth, it was not to be allowed that riot should make any part of the dealing. All the prisoners were highly culpable, but there was a difference in their crime. The Court taking all the circumstances into their consideration, would now order and adjudge that Abraham Lemon and Charles Rowlandson should be confined in the Castle of Lancaster for twelve months; John Robinson Molyneux, and Thomas Turner, for three months; Barton Wilson and Matthew Carter, for two months each, in the same Castle of Lancaster.

#### HIS MAJESTY'S ILLNESS.

**HOUSE OF LORDS, Thursday, Nov. 29**—Their Lordships met, in pursuance to their adjournment of the 15th inst. The attendance was extremely numerous, even greater than that of their last assembly. Earl Camden moved that the paper containing the report be laid, by their Lord-

ships' leave, on the table of the House. The question was accordingly put by the Lord Chancellor, and unanimously agreed to.—Earl Camden then moved, "That, by leave of the House, the Report be read."—Agreed to.—The Clerk immediately read the Report, which contained eight questions proposed by the Privy Council, and the answers returned by the several Physicians.—The substance of the examination of the Physicians will be found in the following speech by Lord Liverpool.

The Earl of Liverpool.—"My Lords, your Lordships have now heard the Report of the examination of His Majesty's Physicians, taken on oath before the Privy Council; and it remains for your Lordships to decide what conduct shall be pursued upon the present important occasion. That examination has produced for your Lordships' consideration three very material facts; namely, first, His Majesty's present incapacity to attend his Parliament or to transact any public business; secondly, an unanimous belief that His Majesty will recover; but, lastly, no certainty as to the precise period of the disorder's duration. My Lords, I am very ready to admit there are considerable difficulties which must arise, and considerable inconveniences which must result to the State and the Country in the present unfortunate situation of affairs. The evils on the one hand are certainly great which attend the suspension of the personal exercise of the Executive Power; but I think no man can doubt of the public inconveniences which might result, if we were hastily to proceed to supply the defect of that suspension. In such difficulties we are lamentably and unavoidably involved; and it remains for your Lordships' wisdom, and the correct exercise of your judgment, to decide what steps we ought to pursue, and what would be most conducive to the welfare of the country. In the choice of evils, we are compelled to adopt that which necessity dictates, and which politically may be found to be the most expedient. Your Lordships need not be informed of the importance of the present question, and the doubts and difficulties which must occur in the exercise of our duty. I shall conclude by submitting the following motion, "That this House do now adjourn to Thursday the 13th day of next December."—Lord Grenville, in a very eloquent and argumentative speech, expressed his surprise that no arguments should have been adduced to shew the necessity of his Majesty's Ministers proposing the present measure. They would persuade their Lordships to turn their backs upon the King and upon the country; they would bring the Constitution into contempt; they would realize the aspersions of libellers, that our boasted liberties were vanished into air, and that Parliaments were places where freedom of debate did not exist. The fact of the incapacity of the King was not constitutionally before them, for they ought to examine for themselves, and had no right to take their evidence from the statement

of the Privy Council. The Council, indeed, in proposing the questions as they had done, had usurped a power which, in their oaths and appointments, was never granted to them.—The Lord Chancellor said he rose under considerable difficulties, for, however, other Lord Chancellors and high authorities had affixed the Great Seal to Letters Patent, yet he did not think himself authorised to affix it to the Commission without having the Sign Manual of His Majesty. If he had acted wrong he wished their Lordships to decide. He had acted according to his conscience, and that told him he had acted as he ought. Their Lordships would bear in their recollection that the Monarchy was hereditary—that he was King in his infancy—his old age—and in his sickness; and if they took that away from him, they did away with his authority altogether. Many of their Lordships might differ from him, but he defied any man to say that he ought to adopt any measure which his conscience and observation disapproved of. The true question was, whether the House should or should not adjourn for fourteen days. If the melancholy calamity should hang over them, he would put his hand upon his breast and say, that at the present time his feelings would not allow him to vote against the adjournment; but if at the expiration of the fourteen days the same calamity existed, he pledged himself to be the foremost amongst their Lordships to oppose another adjournment.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex said, it was with the greatest anxiety he rose. On the question for the last adjournment he voted for it, because he knew if his Royal Father had been able to have affixed his Sign Manual to the Commission, it was his intention that Parliament should be prorogued to that day; but he should now vote for the Amendment, as he had the utmost anxiety to know in whose hands the person of His Majesty was to be placed; and he was also anxious that every care should be taken of his authority, that it should be restored to him, on his return to health, as unsullied as when he laid it down.—Their Lordships then divided on the Amendment, when there appeared—Contents, 50. Non Contents, 88.—Majority against the Amendment 38.—The original question was then carried, and their Lordships adjourned to the 13th of December.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Thursday, Nov. 29.—Mr. Secretary Ryder observed, that his Majesty's Ministers had thought it their duty to call the Physicians before the Board of Privy Council, with the view of obtaining from them a statement of their opinions—a copy of that statement he held in his hand, and having no means of conveying to the House any information equally authentic and accurate, he begged leave to lay it on the table, in order that it might be read by the Clerk.—It was read by the Clerk.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, and thus addressed the House:—"The House have heard the examinations that have been made before the Privy

Council yesterday and this day, and the depositions of the Physicians who are in attendance upon his Majesty; I think it now necessary to state what ought to be, and, I trust, will be, the course of proceeding to be followed upon the present occasion. It must be highly satisfactory to every one here, and to all his Majesty's subjects throughout the land, to find that there has been an unanimous concurrence of the Physicians with respect to the great probability of his Majesty's recovery. However varied the language of these medical gentlemen may have been, the sentiments of them all are nearly the same, with some shades of difference in point of strength in some parts of the answers compared with others; but still there is a confident expectation of His Majesty's recovery.—Some of the Physicians carry that confidence to as great a degree of certainty as can well be stated upon a subject like this, which is liable to all the uncertainty incident to human affairs. Upon the next point upon which they have been examined—one not less important to the feelings and happiness of His Majesty's subjects—I mean His Majesty's recovery in such a manner as to enable him to transact public business—I would refer the House to what has been stated by Dr. Heberden and Dr. Baillie. The first of them, in giving his opinion, expresses himself as to the present integrity of His Majesty's faculties. Dr. Baillie states, that he forms that opinion which he gives from the general symptoms of His Majesty's disorder, and upon perceiving that there had been no failure of His Majesty's faculties, or in the soundness of His Majesty's constitution. Upon these grounds, therefore, we may have reason to indulge the hope of his Majesty's recovery, not only in point of bodily health, but that his Majesty will recover sufficient strength of mental faculties to enable him to discharge the duties of his high situation.—Mr. Perceval concluded with moving, "That this House do at its rising adjourn to this day fortnight."—Mr. Whitbread, Sir Francis Burdett, and other Members opposed the motion, the House divided. There appeared for the Question Ayes, 233;—Noes, 129.—Majority in favour of Ministers, 104.—Adjourned at ten o'clock to the 13th of December.

**DIED.**—Nov. 18th, the Comtesse De Lille, Queen of France. At nine o'clock on Monday morning, the 26th, the service for the dead began at the Roman Catholic Chapel, King-street, Portman-square. The French Princes arrived at ten, the Foreign Ambassadors between eleven and twelve. The coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, covered with crimson velvet, and highly ornamented; in an escutcheon were the arms of France and Savoy, and the Crown of France was placed at the head; it was surrounded with forty lighted tapers. At the head of the coffin stood the Duke d'Avery, as having the charge of the crown; and near him Pere Elisse,

as Surgeon to her Majesty; at the foot, next to the altar, stood the Comte de la Chatre, as Commissary of the King of France, and near him the Comte de Nantouillet, as Master of the Ceremonies. On the right, on a row of raised seats, were the French Princes, Monsieur, the Duke D'Angouleme, the Duke de Berry, the Prince de Conde, and the Duke de Bourbon; and below them their respective Officers. Mr. De Broval, as representative of the Duke of Orleans, sat on the left of the Princes. On the left of the coffin, and opposite the French Princes, was another row of seats for the Foreign Ambassadors. Below them were the Great Dignitaries of the ancient French Military and Chivalric Orders. The service was performed by Mr. Dalbignac, Bishop of Angouleme; there were also present the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishops of Sisteron, Digne, Nantes, Tardes, Rhodéz, Aire, Uze, Blois, and Montpellier. The cards of admission for the Abbey were simply for "the funeral of the Comtesse De Lille." From the chapel to the hearse the coffin was borne by twelve Knights of St. Louis, and the pall supported by four Dames d'Honneur. The procession then began in the following order:—Thirteen men on horseback; a mute with feathers on horseback; a coach and six with the four Dames d'Honneur—Mesdames la Duchesse de Pienne, la Duchesse de Coigny, la Comtesse de Narbonne, and la Comtesse de Mesnard. Another coach and six, with persons of the household. Gardes de Corps on foot, headed by one of their Officers. A mourner on a fully caparisoned horse, carrying on a cushion the crown of France, covered with black crape. The hearse drawn by six horses, and adorned with a profusion of plumes. In the chapel the same ceremony was observed as at St. Denis, and the cards of admission were for "The Funeral of the Queen of France." Then followed the French Princes in mourning coaches and six, followed by the principal French Nobility. After the mourning coaches came that of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, drawn by six horses, and conducted by his Highness's state coachman, with three footmen and two pages; the coaches of all the Royal Dukes followed, according to their seniority; as also two coaches and six of the Marquis of Buckingham's; those of the Marquis Wellesley, of Mr. Perceval, and all the other Ministers; those of the Foreign Ambassadors; of several English Noblemen and Gentlemen. The Dean of Westminster, as head of the Chapter, received the body at the entrance of the church; the avenues and the aisles being guarded and lined by the battalion of volunteers of St. John and St. Margaret's, commanded by Major Jones. A requiem was sung by the full choir, accompanied by the organ; and after the ceremony, the remains of the Princess were deposited in the vault with those of the Duke of Montpensier, on the south-west side of King Henry VII.'s chapel.

## PROVINCIALS.

INCLUDING REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES, DEATHS AND MARRIAGES, &c.  
IN THE SEVERAL COUNTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

## CORNWALL.

An eagle was shot a few days ago, on Tredake, Cornwall, whilst feeding on the carcase of a sheep. It was three feet long, from the extremities of its bill and tail. The expansion of its wings was six feet ten inches. Its body, neck, and head, were brown; their plumage elegantly variegated with shades of darker brown. When examined, the feathers on its head and neck were narrow and sharp pointed, and white, except their points, which were very brown. The feathers on its body were white, diversified with pale brown; their extremities very dark brown. The feathers in the pinions of its wings were black; those next to them brown, and the rest white, here and there shaded with pale brown; their extremities dark brown. The feathers in its tail were fourteen inches long, almost all white, spotted, partially, with light brown; their extremities very dark brown. Its thighs were covered with reddish brown feathers, and its legs partly with feathers of the same colour. Its feet were yellow; its toes armed with long, curved, black talons. Its bill was curved and black, and from the appearance of its bill, talons, and feathers, the bird was young. When this mighty aerial adventurer descended on the sheep's carcase, the magpies and crows feeding thereon, in haste, with shrill chatter and dreadful cries, forsook their prey, and sought shelter in the nearest trees and thickets.

## DEVONSHIRE.

The Theatre at Plymouth Dock, opened with the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, and the farce of *Lock and Key*. The house having been newly painted and decorated, the Manager thought proper to raise the price of admission—the Boxes from 3s. to 4s. and the Pit from 2s. to 2s. 6d. with an additional sixpence on the half price admission to the Boxes. A great number of orders were distributed among the Manager's friends, and the first three acts of the play went off tolerably tranquil; but on the admission of half-price, a scene of riot and confusion commenced, which could not be exceeded by the height of the O. P. war in the metropolis. It was quite impossible to hear a word of the performance. Apples, oranges, half-pence, sticks, and even glass bottles, flew about in every direction, to the imminent risk of a number of lives. The most active among the advocates of O. P. were a body of sailors, headed by several Midshipmen, who all seemed determined to conquer or die. Matters at last began to wear so serious an aspect, that a military detachment was sent for, and introduced on the stage. No sooner, however, had they made their appearance, than the sailors rushed on the stage in a body, and, regardless of the fixed bayonets, drove the soldiers from the stage, and kept possession of it them-

selves for a considerable time. Other parties of them took their stations in the Pit and Boxes, and there appeared every disposition both in them and the other advocates of O. P. to do serious mischief to the house, which had already felt the effects of their vengeance. At last the Manager finding the opposition to the new prices so general and strong, came forward, and, having with difficulty obtained a hearing, informed the audience that the prices of admission should be reduced to their former standard. This speech was hailed with three cheers, and the audience shortly after separated. Several persons were severely bruised, but no lives were lost.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

DIED.—Mr. J. Wharton, of Appleby Carr Side, in the county of Lincoln, on Wednesday, Nov. 14, at the age of 34: when only 18 years of age he weighed 18 stone, and continued to increase in weight a stone each year, till he was 30 years old. His coffin resembling a large trough, was so capacious, that a side of the house was taken down to permit its egress. Mr. Wharton, though a considerable farmer, had not a waggon wide enough to hold this immense repository, which was six feet broad at the shoulders.

## SOMERSETSHIRE.

An extraordinary scene of villainy has recently been detected in one of the Western counties:—A young man, who devoted his time to the acquisition of pugilism, while his family supposed he was studying Divinity at Oxford, some time ago gave out that he had received a living in the county of Suffolk, of 800l. per annum, and that a relation in the East had left him a fortune of 90,000l. To confirm these assertions, he fabricated the necessary documents, and kept up an ostensible correspondence with the gentleman who gave him the living, and who apparently replied with great punctuality to his letters, and always according to his wishes; which he took the surest way of accomplishing, by writing the answers himself, and sending them to an agent in London, to be returned to him in the country, or sent to those whom he intended to make the chief dupes of his frauds. So ably was his plan matured, that he imposed on a respectable solicitor in London, and made him instrumental to the completion of it. By these means, and the expensive style in which he lived, he contrived to raise several thousands in the metropolis, by granting annuities at a low price; and in the country, by bills drawn in the name of the supposed donor of the living, on a respectable banking-house. Some short time since he seduced a young lady, under a promise of marriage; and defrauded the brother of a respectable person's daughter, with whom he intermarried, about six weeks ago, of 1000l. to

compromise, as he said, the affair. He absconded a few days ago, leaving his wife in a very unenviable situation; but great hopes are entertained of his apprehension. When he went off he wore the habit of a clergyman, in which character he voluntarily officiated, and married several couples, without having taken, as it is firmly believed, holy orders. He is a tall genteel young man, about 25 years of age.

#### SUSSEX.

Lately as an orderly dragoon was going with dispatches from Hastings to Bexhill, he was deceived by the water overflowing the causeway between the two dykes at Bulseahtye, and rode into the flood, where, for want of assistance, we are concerned to state, he was unfortunately drowned. The horse contrived to regain the causeway, nigh to where he had so fatally for his rider, plunged from it, and doubtful of footing beyond the spot he occupied, he there remained until he was discovered, and conducted through the water, some time after day-light, on the following morning. The cap of the deceased was floating not very far from where the horse was standing, by means of which the body was soon found and taken out of the water, and has been since interred with military honours.

#### YORKSHIRE.

As Mr. Thomas Laybourn, auctioneer, was exhibiting goods to sale at the Lamb public-house, at Scarborough, in a room above the cellar, having got as far as he thought he could in the price of an article, and was repeating as usual the words "Going—Going—Gone,"—the floor of the room gave way, when behold, poor Mr. L. his clerk, and a number of the company were instantly precipitated into the cellar below. We are happy to say, that Mr. L. his clerk, and friends, had a safe resurrection, to the no small satisfaction of those who witnessed the quick descent.

The small sum of three shillings was lately conveyed into a shop in Sheffield. It was enclosed in a piece of paper, on which a memorandum was written, that the person who had sent it had fraudulently obtained that amount, several years ago, from those to whom it was addressed; and it was further intimated, that restitution was one step towards true repentance. This conscientious act deserves record both for warning and example.—Since this paragraph was written, another shopkeeper has exhibited a similar note, in the same hand, enclosing half-a-crown which he had also received. It was conviction under a sermon that wrought this change in the feelings of the unknown penitent.

#### IRELAND.

The distressing and delicate subject to which we have to advert, is the violent and sudden death (we are at present unwilling to say murder) of a

most respectable gentlewoman in the town of Eyrecourt. It appears that Mrs. M——, one of the sisters of G—— E——, Esq. a gentleman of considerable consequence, who has been, upon more occasions than one, a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of this county, and who is, at this moment, a Lieutenant Colonel in the county of Galway militia, was found dead in her own house on the 13th November. The Messrs. E—— (her brothers) either unsuspecting, or perfectly satisfied in their mind, that she had been murdered by Mr. M——, her own husband, caused him to be confined to his house, in which the melancholy catastrophe had occurred. The maid servants of the house, three in number, they also caused to be apprehended and confined in Bridewell, for the purpose of compelling them to discover the manner in which their mistress had come by her death, as she had dined a very short time previous to her decease, apparently in as good health as she had ever enjoyed. A Coroner's Inquest was holden on the body on the morning of the 14th (the day after death), when the Jury after having deliberated during the entire of that day, returned the verdict of "Sudden death!" If the object of the Jury in finding this singular and extraordinary verdict was to exculpate Mr. M—— from the imputations under which that unfortunate gentleman laboured, the object was not accomplished. His liberation did not follow. The brothers of the deceased had procured and brought forward evidence against the accused, clearer than that which they had previously submitted to the Jury, and had him continued in custody until the following Saturday (the 17th) on which day he was to have been transmitted to this town under a strong military escort, to be confined in the county gaol, for the purpose of abiding his trial for the alleged murder; but at 11 o'clock on the morning of the last mentioned day, the prisoner effected his escape, and though immediate and diligent search had been made, he has not since been discovered. It is said that a very young child of both parties, was the only witness to this melancholy tragedy, and this child, we understand, says that the death of Mrs. M——, who was far advanced in pregnancy, was occasioned by a kick in the stomach which she received from her husband, in consequence of some trifling altercation caused by a difference of opinion upon some immaterial subject of a domestic nature. We have also learned that Mr. M—— acknowledges that he was irritated to give the fatal kick, but adds, that it happened on the morning of the day on which the lady died, and from thence infers that it did not cause her death; and in a letter which he wrote and left behind him, we understand he intimates his intention of coming forward in due time, to abide his trial.—(Galway Chron.)

SUPPLEMENT  
TO  
*LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;*  
BEING  
Bell's  
COURT AND FASHIONABLE  
MAGAZINE,

FOR THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES.

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*The Fourteenth Number.*

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CONTAINING A  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE;  
A RETROSPECT OF THE FINE ARTS;  
REVIEW OF RECENT LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC;  
AND  
CRITICAL SKETCHES OF RECENT MUSIC.

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## SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

*Peto Series*

OF

## LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

VOL. II.

### MARIE ANTOINETTE, LATE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

THIS lady, as celebrated for her beauty as for her misfortunes, was the daughter of the late Emperor of Germany, and his Queen Maria Theresa. She was the sister of the present Queen of Naples, and aunt to the present Emperor of Germany. Her grand niece, the Empress Louisa Napoleon, wife of Bonaparte, is now seated upon the throne of France, from which Louis XVI. the husband of Antoinette, was dragged to imprisonment and murder. The train of sufferings which Marie Antoinette underwent, together with her husband, are recorded in the page of modern history, in which her individual misfortunes occupy a distinguished portion.—We shall not detail them; and, as our limits will not allow us to say much, we shall fix the attention of our readers upon the concluding scene of the life of this celebrated woman. It is at once melancholy, awful, and instructive.

The government of France was now become a government of blood, to be sustained by the terrors of the guillotine; the universal engine of the ambitious and sanguinary rulers of that country. It was employed to remove those who were obnoxious, to destroy those who were suspected, and to punish those who, though they deserved good fortune, could not always

command it. Success, that sometimes waits upon ignorant audacity, they crowned with laurels; and the misfortune, which neither wisdom, experience, or activity, can always prevent they consigned to the scaffold. It has been asserted by those whose assertions will always receive attention, though they do not always carry conviction, that if the powers of Europe, but especially those who remained neutral, had interposed with calmness and moderation in favour of Louis XVI. and the Queen, they would have been saved at least from death. To this opinion we cannot assent. On the contrary, every circumstance connected with that event—the views of the predominant party in the Convention at the time; their spirit, character, and conduct, all too clearly prove, that they would have treated the interference of other powers as they did that of Spain; they would have passed from their applications to the order of the day. Respecting their cruel treatment during their confinement, as well as the mock trial by which they were brought to the scaffold, there is but one opinion among all ranks of people in every part of Europe. The injustice of their sentence has never been doubted for a moment by any reflecting mind. It is impossible to deceive mankind by denominating

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Louis a traitor and a tyrant; it is impossible to prevent the whole civilized world from perceiving the contrast between the magnanimous resignation of an innocent victim, and the ferocious ambition of his accusers and assassins.

The Queen had been sometime separated from her family in the Temple. In the night of the first of August, she was suddenly, and in the most cruel and insulting manner, removed to the Conciergerie, a prison destined for the reception of the vilest malefactors. There she was treated with a degree of wanton and savage barbarity, of which we know not how to conceive the motive, unless it was hoped that its severity might save her persecutors the forms of a trial, or that it would familiarize the people with humiliated royalty. The cell in which she was immured was only eight feet square; her bed an hard mattress of straw, and her food of the meanest kind; while she was never suffered the privilege of being alone, two soldiers being appointed to watch her night and day, without the intermission of a moment. After a confinement of ten weeks in this loathsome dungeon, while preparations were making for her trial, she, at length, appeared before the revolutionary tribunal. The act of accusation was of great length, heavily charged with the most calumniating expressions; and in which the royal object of its horrid criminations, was represented as having been the cause of every real or supposed calamity which had happened to France, from the time of her arrival there to that moment. She was charged, among other things, with dissipating the public revenue; with sending to her brother two hundred millions of livres, as a relief in his war with the Turks; with holding a correspondence with foreign powers, and inviting them to attack France; with causing a famine, and kindling a civil war in the realm; and, at length, to complete the measure of the folly as well as the atrocity of her accusers, she was charged with an incestuous commerce, with her own son, a child of eight years of age.

Of these various charges, not one was proved, which must appear to be somewhat extraordinary, when it is considered how easy it was to procure evidence to any charge, and oaths to support any evidence. The trial, however, was conducted with some appearance of formality, but the sentence was already prepared! and Marie Antoinette may be said to have been condemned to die, at the moment when she appeared before her judges. On being informed, by the president of the

tribunal, that she must submit to the same fate which her august husband had already suffered, she did not discover the least emotion; and her aspect lost nothing of that dignity which it displayed in every circumstance of her misfortunes. She had probably anticipated her fate, and therefore met it with calmness and resignation. It is natural to suppose, that she might consider it as the end of her troubles; and what could there be in life for her, which would not make her sigh to change for that state, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. During her trial, amidst the most aggravating mortification, and wanton insult, under the accusation of crimes of which she was altogether innocent, or could not commit; she submitted with the patience that became her sad condition, and answered with a spirit that marked her elevated nature. Though she was wholly unprepared to meet, as she was uninformed of, the circumstances of her accusation, she displayed great presence of mind, penetration, and ability, in every part of the proceedings against her; and, rising as it were, above herself, when the charge of incest was brought against her, she appealed to those around her who were mothers, as to the possibility of the crime.

The advocates assigned to plead her cause were afraid to do their duty; or, knowing how vain their efforts would prove, let her pass undefended to her fate. She retired from the hall without uttering a word to the court or the people; and at four o'clock in the morning, was re-conducted to her dungeon.

At five, the drums beat to arms in every part of the city; its whole military force was in a state of preparation; cannon were planted in the squares, and at the extremities of the bridges; and at ten numerous patrols passed through the streets.

At half past eleven, the Queen was brought out of prison, and, like an ordinary malefactor, was conducted, in a common cart, to the place of execution. Her hair was entirely cut off from the back of her head, which was covered with a small white cap; she wore a white undress; her hands were tied behind her, and she sat with her back to the horses. The executioner was seated on her right; and, on the left, was a constitutional priest. The cart was escorted by numerous detachments of horse and foot, Henriot, Roussin, and Boulanger, Generals of the revolutionary army, preceded by numerous staff-officers, rode before it. An immense mob of people, in which the women appeared to predominate,

crowded the streets, insulted the Queen, and vociferated, "Long live the republic." She seldom cast her eyes upon the populace, and regarded with indifference, if she at all regarded, the great armed force of 30,000 men, which lined the streets in double ranks. They who had seen her in the former part of her life, could not but observe the altered state of her countenance, and what a sad change sorrow had made in that seat of animation and beauty. Her spirits appeared to be calm, and she conversed with the priest, who was seated by her, with an air of decent submission, but without the least appearance of anguish or dejection. She ascended the scaffold with much haste, and seeming impatience, and then turned her eyes with apparent emotion towards the garden of the Tuilleries, one of the many scenes of her former greatness.

At half past twelve the guillotine severed her head from her body, which the executioner exhibited all streaming with blood, from the four corners of the scaffold to an inveterate and insatiable multitude.

Thus perished, in the 38th year of her age, Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, who had enjoyed all the good the world could give, and suffered all the evil it can inflict. Of imperial origin, she was destined to share one of the most splendid thrones on earth: there she continued till she attained her meridian height, when she was plunged to the lowest depth of human misery, to the dungeon and death of the meanest criminal. At such an age, with such native vivacity and fascinating grace, to be a sovereign in such a country, to be surrounded by such a court, and to be uninfected by its follies, is not to be expected from human nature. Her character seems to have been formed for heroism and for virtue, and in those moments, which succeeded her brighter days, she knew how to practise them.

Amid all the studied insult, and various cruelties with which she was treated by the

villains who presided at her mock trial, she manifested that firmness which was an inherent quality of her nature.

We have no doubt that her errors have been greatly magnified by the tongue of calumny; but even, if amidst the splendour of her life she should have been subject to reproach, the period of her adversity has redeemed it; and every future age will accompany the reflection of her sad fate, with the mingled tear of respect and commiseration.

The corpse of this ill-fated Queen was immediately conveyed to a grave filled with quick lime, in the church-yard called de la Madeleine, where the remains of Louis XVI. had been interred with the same privation of pious regard or decent ceremonial.

It has also been said, from an authority which commands a respectful attention, that, when the Queen returned from her trial to the dungeon, reason at once abandoned her, and did not resume its powers, to render her sensible of the spectacle she exhibited to a people, who had once followed her with delight and acclamation. The conversation she held with the priest, in her passage to the guillotine, is represented as being foreign to any subject connected with his functions; and it is added, that when she ascended the scaffold, she expressed a disappointment, as she looked towards the Tuilleries, at not seeing her children there.

It could be of no consequence to the departed spirit of Marie Antoinette, when she had been consigned to the mansions of rest, what were the final troubles of her life; but existing humanity may feel a satisfaction on reflecting that her murderers were, in some degree, frustrated in this last act of cruelty; and that she suffered the stroke, without feeling the horrors of their vengeance.

This relation, if it should be correctly true, takes nothing from her character: she had already acted in all her sufferings with a dignity worthy of her name and race.

## RETROSPECT OF THE FINE ARTS.

### PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, AND SCULPTURE, FOR THE YEAR 1810.

THERE is a more apparent and intimate connection between the prosperity of a community and the Arts which embellish the social fabric, than superficial observers can understand, or are willing to allow. If the greatness of a nation, as it assuredly does, depends upon those generous virtues and more magnanimous qualities, which have their root in industry and love of country; if these are the natural hinges upon which its character, and consequent security, eventually turn; it cannot, however, be denied, that without the cultivation of those arts, from which is derived that genius which gives grace and elegance to the rude operations of industry, and embellishes the workshop of the manufacturer and artisan with the beauties of imagination and taste,—without this auxiliary, this alliance of imagination and industry, a nation may be laborious, but it will never be polished; it may be warlike, but it will never be great; it may be rich, but it will never be elegant. In a word, the encouragement of the Arts, by a liberal and discriminate patronage, may be ranked amongst those minor duties which spring from an enlightened and generous patriotism. The cultivation of the Arts gives a new spirit to commerce, and, concurring with morals, softens the manners of a people, and renders them more obedient to the laws which govern them.

In England it has been a just subject of complaint, that, with the exception of Portrait Painting, very little encouragement has been given to the higher departments of the Fine Arts. The nobility of the country, from whom such patronage might reasonably be expected, have rather been enemies than patrons of living genius. This hostility and unnatural neglect towards the merit which exists around them cannot be altogether charged upon a want of that sensibility and judgment which are necessary to appreciate the works of the pencil. It has its origin rather in selfishness than ignorance. Almost all our noble families have collections of the works of ancient masters, which have been acquired by

accident, purchase, or hereditary transmissions. These collections they are accustomed to consider as valuable, scarcely upon any other consideration than that they are filled with the productions of the Italian and Flemish Schools of two or three centuries past. They estimate them solely as the works of *old masters*. They have little other recommendation than their age, and are, otherwise, not much understood by them. These collections, moreover, are deemed valuable in another point of view. They are appreciated as a part, and by no means an insignificant part of their personal wealth. Their fortunate possessors are always calculating their worth, and having them surveyed and appraised as frequently as the timber on their estates.

Is it any wonder, then, that they should be jealous of the encroachments of the modern pencil upon the value of their property? That they should dread its rivalry in the field of taste; that they should obstruct its progress of competition with the ancient masters. They fear that the encouragement of living merit might displace the old masters, and diminish by inevitable consequence the value of their collections, and the worth of their personal estate of paint and canvas. With this apprehension predominant in their minds, they are inflexible to applications addressed to their patriotism for the purpose of stimulating them to encourage the young artists of their own country. As amongst each other, they will truck and barter their old pictures, but they never suffer a living artist to obtrude into the happy mansions of departed genius. Their picture-rooms are a sort of sepulchre, to which there is no entrance but through the gates of death. Its jaws are only thrown open to admit the tenant who has the hoar of two or three centuries upon him.—Such is the state of patronage in England, and such is the true description (with some few honourable exceptions) of the principles of selfishness and jealousy upon which it moves.

Notwithstanding this cold reception which living genius has met with in England, there

have not been wanting examples of many generous and elevated Professors of the Arts, who, in spite of the impediment of narrow feelings, and the total absence of all suitable patronage, have unintermittedly persevered to embellish their country with the works of their pencil, and to consult the interests of its future grandeur and elegance. Amongst these we have chiefly to distinguish the deceased Mr. Barry, and the example of living excellence in the historical department of painting, the President, Mr. West, Mr. Fuseli, Mr. Smirke, Mr. Loutherbourg, and Mr. Northcote, are to be enrolled in this class.

In taking a short retrospect of the works of art of the year just elapsed we shall commence with Historical Painting. During the past year, Mr. West has produced several fine pictures. There is one which reflects high credit upon his powers of composition, and his undecaying spirit and accuracy of drawing. The subject (we believe it has not been publicly exhibited) is the *Queen of the Amazons led captive by Theseus*. The idea was suggested by Lord Elgin's beautiful and patriotic spoil of the relics of ancient Athens, which his Lordship, with such infinite trouble and expence to himself, has imported into England, for the purpose of submitting to the Professors of Art the most finished examples of Greek sculpture and architecture.—Lord Elgin's collection contains some of the most perfect remains of Phidias, and it was chiefly from these relics that Mr. West caught the idea of the present composition.

The Amazonian warriors, whether fabulous or not, are represented by sculptors as cutting off one of their breasts. The figure which Mr. West has drawn of the Amazonian Queen is prodigiously grand. The face has a fine expression of warlike feeling, chastened and softened by female beauty, the character of which is august and commanding; full of dignity, but not masculine. The character, in truth, is that of Minerva, but not so composed and majestic. The various parts of the person, and the joints of the limbs, are shewn with great delicacy through the folds of the drapery, which is so judiciously arranged, that each fold falls upon a joint, or portion of the figure, which marks the justness of the anatomy, and distinguishes the correctness of the drawing, and fidelity of the outline. This is an excellence in Art of great moment. The use of drapery is to embellish, and not to hide; it should never conceal the primary merit of the Painter, which is that of preserving an accurate outline; it should rather dis-

play it. Drapery is by many Painters employed as a screen for defective drawing, and serves to hide the imperfections of art and negligence. The character of Theseus in this picture is kept distant from the Hercules on one hand, and the more polished heroes of Homer (Hector and Achilles) on the other. In a word, every part of this picture is discriminate, definite, and appropriate. It has no indifference or generality about it.

Mr. West has produced another picture, the *Escape of Lot and his Family from the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah*. It is a very fine composition; and is in the style, and ranges under the class, of the Historical Landscape. We hope it will be exhibited in the course of the Spring. This subject has often been handled; but has never, to our recollection, been brought home so forcibly and distinctly as in the present Picture. We hope that Mr. West will employ his able pencil upon scriptural subjects of the same kind, and that he will give us a series of compositions from the Bible, shewing the terrible judgments of Heaven upon the wickedness of mankind. There is yet another Picture of this master, which must conclude our criticism of his labours during the past year. The subject is, *Christ teaches to be humble*.

This Picture we reviewed last year whilst on Exhibition, but we shall return to it again, that we may more forcibly impress it on our readers.

The composition consists of three figures—Christ, a little child, and a youthful sister—Our Saviour is here represented by the Painter in that distinctive part of his character, as a Preacher of Righteousness, enlarging the bounds of moral duty by the great Commandment of Charity, and the practical Lessons of Humility—He is therefore, with great propriety, represented as addressing himself to mankind, and enforcing his commandments by the most familiar and intelligible examples.

It was necessary in forming this subject upon the canvas, that the child should not be brought forward solitary and unconnected; Mr. West, therefore, has made choice of a youthful sister to accompany the child; a connection which maintains the innocence of the groupe, and produces that purity which any other figure, more advanced in life, might in some degree have impaired.

The figure of Christ in this composition is, perhaps, without a single exception, the happiest which has ever been produced—Our Lord is teaching humility, and the lesson is finely

impressed in the character and the corresponding movements of the figure; with his right hand he gently holds the child, and with his left he points to a ray of light which breaks in from the upper part of the picture, and explains the lesson which he was addressing to his disciples. The whole deportment of the figure of Christ is that of a dignified humility, perfectly simple, without art, without ostentation. There is a fine expression in the child, yielding with complacency to the will of the Saviour, but shewing a timidity and reluctance at leaving the sister.

In the subordinate parts of this picture there is no departure from the simplicity of the subject; the back ground is quiet and unadorned: the drapery of the Saviour is expressive of that dignity and simplicity which belong to the externals of such a being. The child is nearly naked, to denote its purity; and the dress of the sister has the character of youth, both in colour and quantity. The colour seems arranged in that order which is every way appropriate to the subject, and the complexions of the three characters have that precision and nicety of distinction which serve to denote, in each, its peculiar age and quality; and, as far as colour can express, to maintain the just attributes of character, without any sacrifice of the higher excellences of art.

Mr. Fuseli is the next artist who comes under examination. He is a man of great genius and extensive learning; but his invention is too copious to be accurate, and his fancy too ardent and vigorous to be elegant and exact. Like Barry, he seems to scorn the delicacies of painting. He attempts nothing which possesses a natural charm, or inherent power of delectation of itself. He scorns all appeal to the taste and sensibility of the spectator; and, like Michael Angelo in one respect, though unlike him in all others, he aims at the terrible sublime, and would rather amaze (no matter how), than please by the ordinary means of satisfying the reflecting eye, and sober reason. Mr. Fuseli has produced one picture of some importance, which he calls *Hercules, to deliver Theseus, assailed and wounded by Pluto*.

It must be confessed that this picture contains that peculiar energy which is seen in the works of Mr. Fuseli. The movement of the *Hercules*, as he delivers the shaft from his bow, is very finely conceived; and the emotion of *Pluto*, and the alarm of his attendants, at the assault made upon the Monarch of the Shades, are represented with surprising sublimity and force. The figure of *Theseus* is very finely

grouped with the *Hercules*, and the action of each is appropriate and well managed.

We are disposed to give Mr. Fuseli every praise for undertaking a subject of such magnitude and difficulty, and which necessarily made such calls upon his imagination; but we lament his choice of one of the most harsh and unmeaning fictions of poetry.

Every subject of the poetic kind in painting should have one of these two characteristics: it should either be a portraiture of something strong and determinate in character, or should appeal to the eye by what is forcible in figure, like the beauty of the *Antinous*, or the muscular lines of the *Gladiator*.

In *Pluto* there is nothing of this kind: we can know nothing of *Pluto* but through the Heathen Poets, and none of them has given us a personal or poetic representation, which assigns him any character for painting. He is a mere Heathen God of soot and darkness, a strong-backed coal-porter, a worthy pot-companion of his own boatman *Charon*.

How any painter, with the genius of Fuseli, could so wholly mistake in his choice of subject we are at a loss to comprehend. He had the *Iliad* before him.

Mr. Fuseli seems to have chosen this subject, not with any view to composition or poetic character, but with the sole purpose of shewing the energetic action of the human figure, and the violence of muscular movement.

There was no distinction more marked between Raphael and Michael Angelo, than that the former always sought to paint mind, and the latter, to shew the powers of his pencil by delineating motion. Raphael, in his action of the human figure, gave both body and mind; Michael Angelo little more than muscles and motion. If Mr. Fuseli had wished to shew his powers in the same way, why not have taken *Hercules* wrestling with *Antæus*, or tearing up trees by the roots, and tossing them in the air in his madness? Here he would have had an union of passion and force; as it is, he has given us mere naked mythology.

Mr. Dawes has produced a very good picture during the year; the subject is, *Andromache imploring Ulysses to spare the life of her Son*.

It gives us pleasure to observe in this picture the principles of just thinking in relation to the subject, united with those points of art, which are necessary to express and enforce it. From the advance in art which Mr. Dawes has conspicuously made in this picture, we have reason to believe that, at a mature pe-



riod of his life, he will give to his country works of great celebrity. The only fault we have to find with the present work is, that it abounds too much with that overcharged nature, and ostentatious appendages, which are peculiar to the stage.

Theatrical nature, from the necessity of the fiction of the scene, is raised above the sobriety of truth and reality; but this deception, which the stage requires, in order to effect certain ends, it should be the province of painting to correct.

The character of Ulysses is somewhat defective; it has too much of the familiar cast of portrait, and of that obvious character which is repugnant to the ideal grandeur of an epic hero.

The young Artists of the Academy have in some respect given lessons to the old ones; and as Mr. Dawes has come forth with great credit in History, Mr. Drummond has advanced, with equal skill, in the department of Poetical Painting: he has painted a subject from *Ossian* with great spirit.

This picture abounds with those points which convey to our feelings the spirit and genius peculiar to the subject; there is a fancy that shines out in the grouping of the figures, which does great honour to Mr. Drummond, and maintains that character which has distinguished many of his pictures. It is with pleasure that we see this meritorious artist bringing yearly before the public works of a very high class in imagination.

Mr. Howard has given, in the present year, an example of his talents, which is highly creditable. His *Titania*, from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is a composition of great fancy and spirit; it shews an elegant taste, an accuracy of outline, a skilful choice, and harmonious combinations of colour, which mark the industry, as well as the genius of the artist. The composition consists of four figures, a little *Puck*, which is one of them, being thrown in the back ground. The figure of *Titania* is at once grand and beautiful; she reposes under flowers with grace and elegance, and the surrounding landscape is full of amenity and picturesque nature. The style of head which the painter has given to *Titania* is extremely grand, and the softness of feminine beauty is preserved without any loss of dignity. A kind of negative colour, a deep purple tint, is shed around her, which gives a very happy effect to the general hue of the picture; the contrivance of the group, and the action of every figure, are well imagined, and the drapery is light and gay without being whimsy and unmeaning. The figures are well

drawn, full of classic art and poetical invention; but the figure of *Titania* is rather too corporeal; her form is too bulky, perhaps somewhat too familiar, for the examples of ideal beauty. Upon the whole, however, this is the very best work which Mr. Howard has hitherto produced.

Mr. Thomson, so well known for many pleasing compositions from the poetry of familiar life, has likewise painted this subject, but it is not executed with an ability which can anywise be compared to Mr. Howard's *Titania*. The figures are well drawn and coloured, but the *Titania* is too academical: she has all the severity and stiffness of a model. The composition of this picture is poetical, the fancy is not pleasing, or well sustained; but it is justice to observe, that Mr. Thomson has made very rapid advances in the art since last year. The whole length Portrait of a Lady, which he produced in the last Exhibition, does him great credit.

Mr. Northcote has again taken up the historical pencil. He produced, in the last Exhibition, a picture of the Death of the Earl of Argyle, from Mr. Fox's History. It is the best picture which this artist has executed for many years; but the tints and colouring were so injudiciously arranged, as to detract much from the effect of the composition.

In the department of Landscape Painting, we have not much to observe. Mr. Turner has greatly degenerated, and his two pictures of *Louther and Retworth Castle*, in the last Exhibition, are melancholy examples of his negligence or exhausture of fancy. He has most absurdly stepped out as a rival of Wilkie, and does not seem aware that no artifice of colour, or trick of composition, in subjects of humorous and familiar life, can make up for imperfection of outline, and inaccuracy of drawing. Surely the Dutch and Flemish painters must have convinced Mr. Turner, by their example, that the most scrupulous exactness of drawing in every minute part, and an unexampled, and even wearisome fidelity, in the copy of individual and particular nature, were essentially necessary to obtain eminence in this department of art.

In subjects of humour, and familiar life, Wilkie and Bird continue without a rival. The *Village Choristers* of Bird, in the last Exhibition, was perhaps equal to anything of the sort which has been produced in this country, not even excepting Wilkie. We shall conclude the examination of this department of painting with a few remarks on the peculiar style of Bird and Wilkie.

Within these few years there has sprung up

amongst us a new style of painting, which, though evidently founded upon the Flemish school, promises to exceed its original, by superadding an imitation of the manners and humours of familiar life, to the spirited and correct delineation of the forms and figures of the Flemish painters.

The Dutch painters are deservedly praised for their faithful imitation, their exact general portraiture of every object before them. They transferred to their canvas, as it were, the very identity of the objects they saw, without any improvement from the standards of ideal beauty, and without infusing into them any distinct sentiment of character and action.

The present English school, proceeding on this foundation, has superadded humour and sentiment to figure, and a certain definite action, or, what we may call in poetry a minor fable, to the justness of form. All the figures are exhibited as doing something; what is done by each being the different parts of the same action.

The art of the painter, therefore, in this style, consists in a double point, the correctness of the Flemish school, with respect to figure, and the imitation of the humour, and characteristic sentiment of the scene which he has chosen to represent. In plain words, he has to animate, to inform, and to characterise his figures, with that particular expression which belongs to the moral part of his subject. He rises, therefore, to what may be called the dignity of composition in the epic of common life. It is in this last quality in which the English school has improved upon the barrenness of the Flemings. Wilkie is, without doubt, the founder of this school amongst us. His *Village Politicians*, his *Blind Fiddler*, and his *Pay Day*, are masterly compositions in that peculiar style which we have described above.

Mr. Bird is certainly very little inferior to Wilkie; and in his *Village Choristers rehearsing a Sunday Anthem*, he treads closely upon him. The subject of this picture is supported with a great deal of propriety; the characters are happily imagined, and well distinguished, particularly those of the young man and the

young woman, who form the principal groupe. There is in this groupe a degree of nature and truth, joined to a peculiar tenderness of expression, which we have seldom seen equalled. Each seems to have a respect and affection for the other; and though the young man is playing upon the flute, and the young woman singing, they seem more intent and wrapt in thought than occupied by the business before them. There is a great variety of characters introduced, who are playing on various instruments of music adapted to a parochial concert, and each character is finely diversified and expressed. In the midst of them we see the veteran chorister, the leader of the Sunday band, full of importance and anxiety to correct them with regard to time; and his critical impatience is well expressed by his beating the table with a roll of written music. The incident of the mother, desirous to hear the music, but interrupted by the crying of her infant child, and the effort made by the choristers to induce her to leave the room, joined to the reluctance with which she quits it—these are circumstances which form a very pleasing episode, and are agreeable as lively traits of nature.

In Portrait Painting there is as much competition as usual, and the traffic is beyond any other branch of the art lucrative. Lawrence is at a stand, but he is still foremost. Beechey continues to be elegant and tasty as usual. Phillips has made prodigious advances. Owen has improved in every Exhibition; and Shee continues to criticise as well as he paints. Other Portrait Painters, whom we do not name, are not therefore to be considered as going backward.

In Architecture the absurd rage for the Gothic seems to threaten destruction to Greek purity and Italian elegance. Covent Garden Theatre is the best thing which has been executed for many years; but our noblemen are building Gothic palaces, and turning their country-seats into castles and abbeys.

In Sculpture, Nollekens, Bacon, Flaxman, and Westmacott, by the production of several noble works have conferred great honour upon their country.

## REVIEW OF RECENT LITERATURE,

## DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

As England is now that spot, the last refuge of European liberty, so it is probable that it may soon become the last asylum for European literature, unless the degraded state of the press on the Continent should be speedily ameliorated. Even whilst these sheets are going to the press, we read of imperial proclamations reducing the printers of Paris, and of every country under French controul, to a select number, and throwing the rest, unemployed and unprotected, to the mercy of the world. In fact, throughout the whole Continent we see the press under the *surveillance* of a French censor, except in that one spot, that little peninsula, where all the energy of heroic Spain is now assembled. There indeed British liberty, and the liberty of the British press are duly appreciated; on them the morning of science is beginning to dawn; or if their twilight is protracted, yet is it already enlivened by the brilliant coruscations from our northern atmosphere, which, like our own *aurora borealis*, dart with electric rapidity towards more southern climes!

Whilst thus rejoicing in the advantages of a free press, in the abstract, it becomes a duty to contemplate those advantages in a more practical manner; and to us it is a pleasing duty to select such productions of merit, as are most deserving the investigation of our fair readers; for though pedantry cannot add to them a charm, yet the admixture of useful knowledge with pleasing information will still render them more interesting companions in that home, the love of which in an English bosom is the most rational source of patriotism. Yet in this retrospect we shall not confine ourselves to works specifically of female reference alone; for as the liberal and rational philosophy of our day has opened the doors of every science to female research, there is scarcely a cotemporary work that may not be found adapted to their inves-

tigation. Our first researches are naturally directed to

## HISTORY,

## GENERAL AND DOMESTIC;

For it had long been the reproach of foreigners to this country, that Great Britain had produced no historians, and that we should actually have been without a national history, had not one been written by a Frenchman. This opprobrium, however, has long been wiped away, as the historic pillar of England's glory is dignified with the names of a Hume, a Gibbon, a Robertson, a Hooke, and a long *etcetera*. Amongst more modern historians we have seen the pages of a Gillies embellished with brilliancy of sentiment, and with accuracy of detail, in developing the rise and progress of the Grecian States, once the nurses of liberty. He indeed was not the only historian of those periods, nor of later ones; but there was still a hiatus in their annals which required filling up, and was highly susceptible of interesting delineation. This is now, in a great measure, accomplished by a *History of the World, from the Reign of Alexander to that of Augustus: comprehending the latter ages of European Greece, and the history of the Greek kingdoms in Asia and Africa, from their foundation to their destruction; with a preliminary survey of Alexander's conquests, and an estimate of his plans for their consolidation and improvement*. By John Gillies, L.L.D. Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland; 2 vols. 4to.

This very extensive bill of fare is a necessary supplement to the Doctor's former production, in which we were carried back to the earliest notices recorded in history, and enabled to trace the progress of the various states, until that fatal period when their liberties and independence no longer existed, and when the influence of Philip, and of his successor, Alexander, was paramount to that national feeling which had made them, for ages, arbiters of the destiny of mankind. Taking up the subject where his former work closed, the period of the Macedonian conquests, and the death of the conqueror, he now details the various fortunes not only of the Grecian states them-

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selves, but also of the kingdoms into which the Macedonian empire was divided. We do not suppose that Dr. Gillies felt any prophetic spirit prompting him to delineate the future fate of the conquests of the modern Alexander; yet it is possible that many years may not pass over before much of what is here written may be exemplified. As to the work itself, the author does not seem to have confined himself solely to historical detail, but deviates into interesting disquisitions, wherever the subject will permit him. This certainly heightens the interest of his work, and he himself tells us, that in his ambition to do so, he felt the necessity of continually extending his researches beyond the chronology of kings, the intrigues of courts, and other dry and often doubtful details. Yet though thus confessedly on his guard, he appears to have put implicit confidence in the earlier historians respecting the Babylonish conquests under Semiramis, and to have believed rather more than we are inclined to follow him, in the evidently exaggerated accounts of Oriental, Egyptian, and Ethiopic refinement, both in arts and commerce, as well as in civilization; accounts given by men who were only in a progressive state of civilization themselves, and therefore improper judges of the scale by which that civilization or refinement was to be measured. Some may find fault with his arrangement, but that is partly a matter of skill, or perhaps more a matter of taste and opinion. We still, however, think the work would be valuable if it were only for the numerous extracts which it contains, selected from the ancient historians, with many very interesting illustrations from modern geography and history. It has also some claim to originality, in the path of the historian being over almost untrodden ground; for though Rollin and some others have wandered over it, yet they afford us nothing more than dry historical detail; whilst the present writer endeavours to throw all the light he can upon arts and manners, and to render them and history illustrative of each other. Though this work did not precisely come within the limits of the present year, as a publication, yet it was so much within our limits that we could not let it pass unnoticed. Of more recent publication, however, is a work, in some measure illustrative of early European manner, founded on those extraordinary discoveries which took place in the early part of the last century, when Herculaneum and Pompeii, swallowed up in the reign of Titus, and having lain unnoticed and unknown for upwards of sixteen centuries, at length burst open

to public view, displaying all the acts of domestic life, leading us back to the classic ages, and enabling us to wander in the gardens and libraries of a great and potent people, nay to walk in their streets, and to enter their houses, exactly in the same state as the terrified inhabitants left them, when flying to the fields for security from the devastating eruption. The MSS found in several of the cabinets had raised a powerful curiosity in the minds of the learned, of course every means were tried likely to prepare them for copying; but the time and labour were so enormous, that the work in some measure stood still until the munificence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales enabled us to acquire some idea of the probable value of these half-burnt fragments. It is well known that much animadversion has been excited by the conduct of the person employed on that occasion; we shall not, however, enter here upon the controversy, but merely state, that his labours have given rise to a new work, called *Herculaneum, or Archeological and Philological Disquisitions, containing a MS. found among the ruins of Herculaneum*; 4to.

From the small pieces already opened, and even from this whole manuscript, the learned have experienced considerable disappointment; yet even this has afforded matter for much disquisition, as the Greek MS. contains a fragment of opinions concerning the Heathen Gods, which has induced the commentator to give some plausible reasons for supposing that it was copied by Cicero in his *Treatise de Natura Deorum*; so that, in fact, we know not where the charge of plagiarism may reach to. The other parts of the work are—a long dissertation on the Etymology of Herculaneum; a dissertation on the Phenician names of places in Italy; and another on the knowledge of the Greek Language, and on the state of the Art of Painting amongst the Romans. It is a pity that antiquarians would not oftener direct their attention to the useful, as well as to the abstruse parts of ancient learning; and surely of all other points, the least useful are investigations of the Greek metaphysics, particularly since our own philosophy has become totally experimental; and of these, the work before us presents several specimens. With respect to those branches of history which more immediately concern ourselves, we must notice, Part II. of *Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland*. By Sir Jonah Barrington.

Here the reader who looks merely for historic facts, will not be at a loss; but many years must elapse before even the reviewer can

give an unbiassed opinion on the sentiments contained in this work. Nor can this be expected until the party spirit of the present time, at least, is done away. Our own ancient times have been much illustrated by the reprint of several very scarce chronicles; and the present year has produced the *Chronicles of Monstrelet: being a continuation of Froissart's Chronicles. Translated from the most approved originals, with notes.* By Thomas Jones, Esq.

The labours of the Hafod press are well known, and as fairly appreciated; it is therefore enough to say, that we have no doubt of the correctness of the translation, and that the reader, who searches either for information or amusement, will not be disappointed in Mr. Jones' notes.

It might well be supposed that the labours of Wood, of later writers, and, last of all, an *Oxoniana*, in four volumes, would have left no gleanings for the most industrious investigator; yet Mr. Chalmers, in his *History of Oxford*, in two volumes, has contrived to present us with much novelty, embellished with some very handsome plates of the various Colleges and Halls, not only well engraved, but chosen with a happy effect to illustrate, by a well planned perspective, the spirit of Oxford architecture, in a very small compass.

Of highly embellished topographical works, we have a continuation of the *Architectural Antiquities of Wales*, by Charles Norris; and other specimens of topography are, *The History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey*, by the late Rev. Owen Manning; enlarged and continued to the present time, by William Bray, Esq. Vol. II. This work possesses the same accuracy of research which distinguishes the first volume, and like it is embellished with some very handsome plates, as well as pedigrees. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, with indefatigable industry, has presented us with the first part of *The History of Ancient Wiltshire; containing an account of the British antiquities in the north-east parts of the County, within the districts of Stourton, Warminster, and Heytesbury*; a work which promises to throw much light upon a very obscure period of the history of our ancestors. A new work has made its appearance, which perhaps may not excite much interest at present, yet we must hope that the prospectus will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce them to carry it on. The investigator of ancient local history, and genealogical information, would consider himself as possessed of an invaluable treasure, were it possible to procure such a work, of a few centuries back; and it is impossible not to participate in the pleasure which will be

felt by future antiquaries, when they can lay their hands on *The County Annual Register, for the Year 1809; containing the public and private annals of the English Provinces, arranged under the names of the counties to which they respectively belong; also the Principality of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies.*

The last work deserving of particular notice in this department, is the second volume of *The History of Brecknock*. Our readers, who have seen Mr. Jones's first volume, will recollect that its contents were a general history and description of the county; so that the second volume adds a detailed account of the various parishes; and the author not only exhibits considerable industry in the collecting of materials, but also some taste in the arrangement of them. We should be happy indeed if persons qualified for the task were to give us even slight sketches of the various English counties after this plan, which contains the etymology of parochial names, descriptions of the churches, sepulchral monuments and inscriptions, charitable donations, ancient mansions, and local antiquities; enlivened by biographical notices of celebrated characters, and accounts of the principal families, &c. If we are to find fault with Mr. Jones, it is on account of his deficiency of references, which he ought to know, are often particularly valuable to the investigation of county, or of family history; he ought also to recollect, that the elongation of a sentence often renders it obscure. If we were to recommend any part of it more than another to general perusal, it is where he treats of the state of the churches, which, as in many other country parts, are in a very indifferent condition. His animadversions on the want of clerical attention are, we fear, too true; and we heartily join with him in his recommendation of the making of churches more comfortable, as a sure means to procure a better attendance there. Though we have spoken of his style as laboured, yet we must confess that in many places he rises above himself, and that some of his descriptions may be considered highly animated pictures. From history we naturally proceed to

#### BIOGRAPHY;

And here we must first notice *The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B. from his Lordship's manuscripts.* By the Rev. Stanier Clarke, and John M'Arthur, L.L.D.; 2 vols. 4to.

Though published in 1809, yet this great national work, for such it was intended to be, comes naturally within our present scope; and we must confess that as the public ex-

pected much, we are not surprized that they should feel considerable disappointment from its mode of execution. The editors were put in possession of an immense number of public documents; but although they profess to give us a narrative, we can find little else than a selection of extracts strung together from official papers. Those who wish indeed for an accurate chronological detail of the events of the hero's life will find it here; but the most interesting, yet shortest part of it, is his life written by his own hand, which is cut into shreds and patches, and serves for the text of each successive book. The Scriptures tell us of one who wished that his *enemy* might write a book; but we cannot help being of opinion that the immortal Nelson would never have wished those *friends* to do the same; at least we do not think that he would willingly have *resigned his life* into their hands, had he known how cavalierly they would have treated him respecting several parts of his conduct in the Mediterranean. Yet they are candid, as they are careful to show that the hero was but a man; and indeed we cannot help thinking that their inuendoes mean more than perhaps the premises would justify. If there is any part of Nelson's life which fixes a stigma on his character, it is the delivering up of the Neapolitans, who surrendered to a British force on capitulation, to his Sicilian Majesty, and to consequent punishment. Here indeed the biographers throw much of the blame on a certain well-known lady, whose character they handle very ungallantly through the whole of the work; and to those who are fond of scandal, this will be a *morceau*! As for the engravings, we can only say that the designs are execrable and unnatural, and bear a resemblance to any thing but that which they were designed to represent. The plate of Nelson going into the boat to board a prize during a heavy gale, is too ridiculous for the

in of criticism, and resembles a storm in a washing tub. In short, though the biographers may have done their best, we must say that we cannot consider this as a national monument to the memory of our lamented hero.

The world has been so deluged with *anas*, both French and English, that we should scarcely have noticed a work of that kind, of less merit than *Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature*, which from its plan is entitled to a place in our biographical department. Yet we can call the author little more than a literary gossip, though his book is extremely interesting from the familiar anecdotes it gives of departed worth and genius.

Those who are fond of seeing public men in private life, will here be entertained with anecdotes of Burke's domestic character; they will here find him described as free from all affectation, and as entering with the utmost cordiality into the sports of children, rolling about with them on the carpet, "and pouring out in his gambols the sublimest images, mingled with the most wretched puns." Our author might however have recollected, that when a man of genius lays sprawling with children on a carpet, his puns are *below* criticism. He delineates the character of Fox by a conversation with one of his gossips, in which he describes him as "acting with a strange deportment during the tremendous crisis of the French Revolution." This he accuses him of, and attributes it to an ignorance of the facts, and to a misconception of the true character of the democratic philosophers. We shall close this article with a curious contrast which he gives in the mutual opinions of these two great men. Burke said of him, with a deep sigh, *He is made to be loved*. Fox said of Burke, that another person who was partially praising him, would have praised him too highly, if that had been possible.

Of other specimens of biographical anecdotes, we may reckon the *Anonymiana*; or *Ten Centuries of Observations on various Authors and Subjects*; compiled by the Rev. Mr. Pegge. The events of an author's life are so very few in general, that a history of his opinions, or of his studies, will generally form the most interesting part of it, and such a history may perhaps be more accurately compiled from a rough list of his memorandums, than from any other source. Here then we have a large collection from the port-folio and pigeon-holes of a Reverend Gentleman, well known for his Archæological Papers in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and for some larger works. There is indeed a kind of attempt to conceal the name, but that is futile, for the internal evidence of the work itself points out the compiler. To the generality of readers Mr. Pegge's communications were seldom interesting, either from elegance or style, of course little was to be expected from his literary rubbish; but his editor, Mr. Nichols, has contrived to shew his taste by culling judiciously, as there are few articles which are not interesting. He gives us old *songs* and old *saws*, explanations of obsolete and ancient phrases, of provincial customs, &c.; and he always, where possible, elucidates by them some point of history, or of literature.

It had been supposed that the errors of the Countess of Strathmore were buried with her

## GEOGRAPHY, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

in Poet's Corner; but the rage for fashionable scandal has been for some time so great, that the ashes of the dead cannot be suffered to lie quiet. We would not indeed attribute this principle to Jesse Foot, Esq.; yet what reason can he have for obtruding on the public, at the present day, *The Lives of Andrew Robinson Bow-s, Esq. and the Countess of Strathmore, his Wife*. In fact, if they are not read from a love of scandal, he might as well have given us *The Lives of Whittington and his Cat*, as every body knows that their lives were sad enough; but as they are now both at rest, in remembrance of the old adage, *de mortuis*, we shall say no further. As for *The Rival Princes*, or *The Rival Queens*, or *Who's the Dupe*, or *Who's the Darling*, we shall leave Mrs. Clarke and her various admirers, together with the ghost of Pierre M'Callum, to settle that point between them. Both these works have had a greater sale than they deserved.

Before we close this part of our subject, we are happy to see that considerable progress has been made in a very extended work of *British Family Antiquity: illustrative of the origin and progress of the rank, honours, and personal merit of the Nobility and Baronetage of the United Kingdom; accompanied with an elegant set of Chronological Charts*.

Of this, the 4th volume, containing the Irish Peerage, has made its appearance; and it is understood that the remaining volumes will soon be completed. The editors of this publication declare, that it is their intention to prove, from undeniable facts, found in the history of the British nobility, and the higher ranks, that there has been, with very few exceptions, a most intimate connection between great actions, a good and virtuous conduct, and the honours that have been distributed by the various sovereigns of this country. To analyze such a work is far beyond our limits; but we cannot withhold from our readers the following curious calculation. From a very fair estimate of the numbers of the various ranks in society, it is deduced that for one nobleman there have been two hundred men of education, who have enjoyed ease and affluence, and the means of exerting and displaying their genius full as well as noblemen, and in many cases with more advantage, because, from the nature of things, the opportunities, or the necessity for the nobility exerting themselves, are on a very confined scale. Of course, in arts and sciences, and in military and naval service, in politics, as men of learning, talents, and genius, the nobility ought fairly to be expected to furnish only one for every two hundred men of emi-

nence to be met with in the other ranks of independent life. But it appears, from a general view, that the nobility have furnished twenty-nine instances of distinguished military and naval merit, thirty-three statesmen, seventeen men of learning, and thirteen inventors, in all ninety-two, which, to balance, would require eighteen thousand from the other classes; and it is not the less remarkable, that if we deduct from *inventors and men of genius*, all those belonging to the nobility, the greater portion of those that remain are not found amongst men who enjoy ease and affluence, but amongst those who are struggling with necessity, and whose genius has broken through every difficulty in order to display itself!!!

From the immense number of tours and *tourifications* already published, but little novelty might be expected in the department of

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Yet, small as our world is, there are still some corners not sufficiently explored. Formerly indeed, when Addison made the tour of Italy, like a school-boy with his satchel at his back, none but men of learning presented their labours to the public; but now poets, painters, lords, and fiddlers, all hasten to amuse us with their erratic adventures. Now that the grand tour is shut up for the season, our birds of passage fly to the most distant regions of the earth. Some of them indeed are so vain of their exploits as to form clubs, into which no one shall be admitted that has not visited some favourite spot, so that we may soon expect an Abyssinian club at the west end of the town, and a coast of Guinea club at Limehouse! This fondness for adventure, and a desire of extending science, or perhaps a love of shells, has sent many late travellers to regions little known, and the past year has given us a very fair specimen in *Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt*. By George Viscount Valentia.

This noble traveller exhibits a very strong desire to correct the errors of Bruce, but we do not think he has always been successful; in fact, his animadversions oftener confirm than they contradict.

The work is certainly a splendid one; the plates are elegant, and the writer of this article who has seen many of the places represented, can vouch for their correctness. With all the foibles which might be pointed out in the conduct of the work, we cannot help confessing, from personal knowledge, that it gives a most correct and animated picture of Anglo-Asiatic manners, as well as of Indian

ones. The noble traveller, indeed, was, in some instances, rather too much oppressed by his rank to make use of every opportunity of information, but upon the whole, his observations respecting India are liberal and just, and his account of Lord Wellesley highly complimentary. On entering the Red Sea, the noble Viscount becomes a discoverer and gives his name to an island, which, however, had a very good one before given to it by the early Greek navigators; we cannot, therefore, see any reason why Ormuz should now be called Valentia. His observations on the navigation of the Red Sea, in aiming at novelty, are the most incorrect of any in the whole work; and though he scruples not to contradict Bruce who was on the spot, yet he seems rather afraid of differing from Dr. Viucent. Throughout the work, indeed, we think Lord Valentia affixes too much consequence to his nautical details; they are not those of a seaman. On the whole, however, the work is creditable to his Lordship's talents, judgment, and spirit of enterprise. Nearer home we have *Sketches of the Country, Character, and Costume of Portugal and Spain, made during the Campaign and in the route of the British Army in 1808-9, with incidental Illustrations and appropriate Descriptions of each Subject.*" A work which costs seven guineas ought to give us something for our money, and here we certainly have some very elegant plates from the pencil of a gentleman who employed his leisure hours for the amusement of his friends at home. The scenery in Spain, in the various plates, is picturesque and well selected, containing the most important points during the campaign of the gallant Moore. The principal merit, however, is in the plates, for the illustrations are little more than referential. The descriptions are correct but not picturesque; Cintra, for instance, would warm the coldest breast, yet here, extraordinary as it may be, the elegant draftsman sinks into the rapid narrator.

That sprightly and entertaining traveller, Mr. Semple, has given us a *Second Journey into Spain, in the Spring of 1809, from Lisbon through the western skirts of the Sierra Morena to Seville and Gibraltar, &c. and thence to Tetuan and Tangier; with Plates illustrative of Manners, &c.* If this lively tourist is sometimes incorrect in his style, he makes up for it by the accuracy of his descriptions, which we know in many parts to be very correct. The reader will find much information and amusement in his picture of Lisbon, where he arrived in 1809, just after the retreat to Corunna. He gives a just picture of that capital, and of the hatred of the inhabitants to their invaders; and he re-

sided sufficiently long in the various cities which he visited in Spain, to form a very good guide for future travellers. Journeying principally with the muleteers, he was enabled to mix much in lower life, and to give considerable originality to his adventures. In travelling in Morocco his difficulties were great, of course he is less diffuse there; for, in fact, the governors, and other great men, could not conceive that any man could be so foolish as to come so far out of mere curiosity, or just to view the country.

The press, during the last year, has also produced a most valuable work, *Travels in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa*; by Edward Daniel Clark, L. L. D. Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Cambridge. Part I. Russia, Tartary, and Turkey.—To do even common justice to the elegance of this production, which is also accompanied by a number of valuable plates, would far exceed our limits; we can only say, that the friend of humanity and of philosophy will be highly interested by the very accurate detail of the last hours of the benevolent Howard! The various expeditions of late years, particularly our countryman Mackenzie's, into the interior of North America, have brought us pretty well acquainted with the geography of that vast wilderness; and our information has been considerably increased by the *Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery from the mouth of the Mississippi, through the interior, to the Pacific Ocean, in 1804-5*; by Captains Lewis and Clarke.—This is literally the journal of an expedition, and is a plain unadorned narrative; it appears accurate from its extreme simplicity, and will serve, if not as a guide, yet as a good preparative to future adventurers; but the mere English reader also will here find much amusement, in the contemplation of a savage life, as well as in contemplating the probable political consequences of these researches.

When we first read the title-page of *Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan in Asia, Africa and Europe, during the years 1799-1803, written by himself in the Persian language*; Translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. Professor of Oriental languages to the East India Company,—we began to suspect that the bookmakers in the East had been at work; but on considering that Mr. Stewart's character is sufficient to vouch for its authenticity, and that as a further proof, the MS. is actually in the hands of Messrs. Longman, and Co. we sat down to examine it with much curiosity. To follow this oriental tourist through his various wanderings, is far beyond our plan, but the general



reader will be much amused by his observations on the United Kingdom from his landing at Cork until his leaving England for France. Indeed the whole is highly interesting, well written, and well translated, and may tend to improve our liberality of ideas respecting the mental endowments of those children of the Sun.

Of home topography, we have not much to say. That well known tourist, Mr. Warner, has indeed given us a *Tour through Cornwall in the Autumn of 1808*, in which he sets out with a friend from Bath, and philosophizes as usual. In describing the *tolmen*, or ancient monument in this country, he goes into analogical conjecture too much; nay, he even finds an agreement between the Mosaical worship and that of the Druids. In fact, a careless reader might almost suppose that he considers the two worships as emanating from the same source. His descriptions are, however in general highly picturesque; particularly that of the Land's End; his observations and feelings too, are in general just and well timed; and his account of the mines in Cornwall afford both information and amusement. Of other parts of the island we have the *Beauties of Scotland*; containing a clear and full account of the Agriculture, Commerce, Ruins, and Manufactures; of the Population, Cities, Towns, Villages; and of each County. Embellished with Engravings; 5 vols. 8vo.—By this account Scotland might be supposed to consist of nothing but beauties! It is, however, a useful book of reference, and as far as regards statistical geography, may be preferred to the voluminous work of Sir John Sinclair. It must be confessed that the sameness in the division makes it rather a work of reference than of amusement; yet amusement may here be found by the local inquirer. The reasoning is clear and generally accurate, deduced from, and proved by experience; yet it possesses no peculiar claim to originality in the matter, whatever there may be in the selection and application. The plan is not confined to the articles in the title, but has many architectural descriptions, much local history, and some biography. It shews that manufactures are always injurious to morals; and on the question of Scotch and English farmers, considers the former as superior, in their practice, on account of their education, their longer leases, and the comparative state of the poor.—In the department of

## POETRY

We cannot complain of a want of variety, and first upon the list is certainly *The Lady of the*

*Lake*, a Poem; by Walter Scott, 4to.—There never perhaps was an author whose works were so severely criticised, yet so universally read, as those of Walter Scott, from *Marmion* to the *Lady of the Lake*. This at first sight seems almost a paradox, and to reduce us to the dilemma, either that the public have no just taste, or that his reviewers were in error. In fact, we are very much of opinion that many of his critics either did not understand him, or if they did, that they did not feel the subject sufficiently to treat him with candour. We consider Walter Scott, as a man deeply read and deeply interested in the history of his native country, both general and local: in short, we consider him as a true borderer, warmed with the recollection of the achievements of his ancestors, enthusiastically affected by the contemplation of the scenes marked by their footsteps, and as one who, had he lived in the days of Johnny Armstrong, would have willingly joined the border Chieftain in his foray! We consider him as deeply read in chivalric literature, as having imbibed the true spirit of Gothic feudality, and as having sat down with the very harmless intention of celebrating the scenes of his residence by a modern imitation of the old metrical romance, which should be descriptive of the manners of the times. If this was all he intended, we think he has succeeded; but he certainly intended more, and as we can feel for his feelings, and are not terrified like some of our cotemporaries at ghosts and gauntlets, we shall endeavour candidly to investigate his present work. The various reviewers here allow him to be highly poetical, yet call him incorrect; they accuse him of carelessness in composition, and of barbarising the language; but let us examine it coolly.—The story takes place in the reign of James V.; we must allow, however, that he goes rather too far back for manners, nor will the sublimity of the subject, atone for the anachronism. By dividing his story into books, he preserves the unity, and at the same time has an opportunity of describing the principal scenes of ancient manners; the story too is romantic yet full of interest. Though founded on historic facts, and though we know James undoubtedly to have been daring and romantic, yet perhaps Mr. Scott may here be justly accused of going beyond probability; in the interest excited, however, that is for the time forgotten, and as the reader is prepared for the introduction of each character, the story thereby receives additional plausibility. By a happy arrangement, the minstrel, like the ancient chorusses, artfully lets us gradually into the primary particulars, and the part

events are developed along with the passing ones. The descriptions too, particularly that of the Gathering, are highly picturesque and illustrative of early savage Highland manners. Perhaps Ellen was too refined for those days of savage barbarity; that, however, is forgotten in the interest she excites. The rapidity of description befits the time and story.—Therefore, the poetry is rapid too, yet seldom incorrect. The Canto of the Guard-room contains a high finished description, and is peculiarly animated; each Canto, indeed, may be considered as an exact description of some particular scene frequent during the times of Scottish feudality, enlivened by story, and embellished by the romantic drapery of legendary lore; and though the poem neither as a whole, nor in parts, may be reducible to the rules of Aristotle, still it answers the poet's original purpose, that of imprinting a picture on the mind, by the excitement of feeling. To try such a poem, however, by the laws of Aristotle, is to bring it before a court whose authority it denies. In fact, the romance writers of early times knew nothing of Aristotle, and were guilty of a thousand anachronisms in describing the manners of earlier ages by a reference to their own; yet this does not make them the less valuable, or at least less curious, at the present day, as we can draw from them very correct ideas of the manners cotemporary with their authors; but though they were full of absurdities, still had they beauties worth preserving, and we cannot help thinking that the man who has preserved, or rather imitated those beauties, freed from their grosser absurdities, and embellished by modern refinement, is deserving of a respectable niche in the temple of fame. We have already observed that his works are much read, and of course must in some measure, be admired by those who do not take their critical tone from the reviews; but we must again repeat that the very criticisms which attempt to lash him prove that their writers did not feel, and of course could not understand the subject. Aristotle knew nothing of feudal manners; therefore, Aristotle was not qualified to criticise Walter Scott, who (and our brother reviewers may pun upon it if they please) is a *Poet sui generis*!

From the extraordinary success of Mr. Scott's first poem, it is not surprising that he should have many imitators; the most successful of these was the author of the *Crusaders, or the Minstrels of Acre*, but that met with a worse fate from the critics, for they found out that it was not only an imitation, but was also a picture of feudal military manners, and therefore, according to the modern philosophy,

it was fit for nothing but waste paper. Such severity and such injustice of criticism seem, therefore, to have stopped any further attempt until the present year, which has produced *Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk; a Metrical Romance*. The author of this work takes up his subject at an earlier period, and most certainly a more interesting one of the Scottish history, so that by northern critics, at least, he might hope to be considered with a small degree of national feeling. He has fared better upon the whole than his prototype, and for no reason that we can perceive than his adhering more closely to the rules of the Grecian censor. What he gains in correctness, however, is not an equivalent for what he loses by being in trammels; he attempts not the clang of arms in his description, but trusts too much to his own ideas in painting the manners and feeling of his heroes. These ideas are indeed quite too modern for the thirteenth century, and even the incidents might suit the most modern poem. Many of these ideas, however, are highly poetical; yet still the author fails in his imitation, because when Scott is apparently harsh, it proceeds from his subject, and is often necessary to make the sound and sense agree; but this poet gives us short lines and long ones, without any apparent reason, and seems to have written under the mistaken idea that the harshness of a line would give the proper expression to the idea conveyed in it. His lines too are limping, often thrown off with too much haste, and have a cadence too familiar throughout, something like the *music* of colloquial jargon in broad Scotch. With respect to historical accuracy, that can scarcely be expected in a work which is professedly a metrical romance.

Another imitator of this newly revived school, is William Sotheby, Esq. who has offered to the world, *Constance de Castile; a poem in ten Cantos*. Imitators have seldom the good fortune of being praised even by those who admire the originals, but from others they must expect no mercy. It must be allowed, indeed, that Mr. Sotheby has been rather unlucky in his choice of a subject, for though we can sympathize with Peter in his misfortunes, yet we are led to feel at first, too much interest for a man whose savage barbarities justly entitled him afterwards to the epithet of the *cruel*. Mr. Sotheby indeed has otherwise shewn his taste in choosing a period in which all the pomp and description of chivalry may be introduced; but then he wants the warmth of feeling, the accuracy of description which characterise his original. The descriptive part of his poem is, indeed, too much a cento-

logue of names, copied from the old chronicles; he is not diffuse enough in manners, and the reader rises from its perusal, certainly pleased with many of its minute parts, but knowing as little of the customs and spirit of the times, as when he sat down. In some instances, however, it must be confessed that the versification, even when irregular, is so well adapted to the idea, as to form an highly animated picture; but this is only in detached places. In a few cases his ideas are truly original, or appear so, from his mode of expression, and his comparison of happiness coming after misery, nay in fact caused, or at least increased by it, to the balsam lying useless beneath the rind, until that is wounded, and then shedding life and healing fragrance around, is undoubtedly highly striking, though the metaphor does not absolutely hold good throughout. What we admire more, however, is the idea that the heart must be hard, which never at the tomb of one beloved, or at the sepulchral urn, has mused on days that can return no more: for his idea is, not simply that the heart is hard which *cannot* do so, but that the heart which never has done so, must want that acuteness of feeling so necessary to appreciate the woes of others, until by some sorrow its finer sentiments are roused.

That taste for collecting every scrap of departed genius, which has deluged the world with trash, in preserving a few precious gems, has given to us the *Poetical Works of the late Christopher Anstey, Esq. with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author*. By his Son, John Anstey, Esq. This author is indeed very generally known, as his happy knack at satire could not fail to please even those least given to censoriousness. His *Bath Guide*, however, was the only effusion of his muse that was much attended to; and though in itself that work was a monument of fame, yet this last volume places his reputation as a poet, and as a man, on a much fairer basis. Common unadorned satire must be personal, in order to amuse; but Anstey had the art of applying general satire to persons, and of making personal satire general, so that to those who knew the parties the names were unnecessary; and as the names, if known, would have afforded no amusement to those who were strangers to the parties, yet still may they here find sufficient entertainment without them. We may say of his writings indeed in general, that they are elegantly grotesque, that they abound in fancy, mark his genius, and by their happy allusions shew his knowledge both of men and women, and books. Though his ideas

are familiar, and familiarly expressed, yet they often dignify his lines; whilst his lines, by their easy elegance, add a dignity to the subject.

In these posthumous poems, particularly the Latin ones, there is a turn of thought, a point of expression, an antithesis, which if not of the Augustan age, is yet a happy poetic imitation of Erasmus.

The Rev. Mr. Crabbe has again favoured the world with a poem, *The Borough*, in twenty-four Cantos. There is at all times a similarity between painting and poetry; each has its outline, which may be well or ill drawn, an outline which must be judiciously filled up to please, but still, however elegant the filling up, however striking the effect of the *chiaroscuro*, it will notwithstanding fail to please, unless the outline is correct. If we were disposed to carry the simile further, we might carry on a list of the two professions on a graduated scale; then should we find Thomson and Claude Lorraine, Milton and Louthembourg, Swift and Teniers, Addison and Titian, Scott and Salvator Rosa, Churchill and Hogarth, whilst Crabbe might be compared with Rowlandson, whose roughest and rudest sketches preserve a likeness, and whose hardest lines produce a more striking effect than the *taille douce* of the best French engravers. This poem has indeed been much admired for its accuracy of description; in fact it describes a race of men pretty much the same in all small places, *blessed* (we had almost said *curst*), with the elective franchise; and as it describes the *genus*, enlivened by some of the most characteristic marks of the *species*, it may be read, with referential notes put in the margin, in any *borough* in England. But the mere delineation of character, without a story to keep up the interest, soon becomes tiresome; there are, however, a few episodes well introduced, and sufficiently amusing and illustrative. Mr. Crabbe, as we have already noticed, describes with a happy facility, and with great accuracy, the curse entailed on any place that has a borough representation, particularly if there are many voters, and it is not what is called a close borough; for there unfortunately corruption too often stalks abroad in the open face of day, whilst raucous, envy, and malice, and all the worst passions of the human breast, are set at liberty. His picture of the riot, tumult, and defamation which so often disgrace the scene of election contest, is strikingly drawn, and by no means too highly finished; in short, it reminds us forcibly of the anecdote of the gentleman who,

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previous to his standing candidate for a borough, very seriously inquired of his wife if she had ever cuckolded him, as, if so, he should be certain to hear of it at the hustings.

However humble the scenes of life, if they are drawn with taste and accuracy, they are sure to please; thus Goldsmith and Morland will never want admirers; but Mr. Crabbe does not seem inclined to paint the beauties of life. He dwells too much on the opposite side; but though he paints with truth, he ought to recollect that a *Saracen's head*, though from the pencil of Raphael himself, will never excite such interest as a *Madona*. With respect to the execution of this work, though on the whole we were highly entertained with it, yet we must confess that in his attempts to excite interest and attention by minuteness, he becomes prosaic; and in fact many of his lines, if divested of the outward appearance of metre, would never be suspected of having been sought for even at the foot of Parnassus.

We are sorry to find an amiable man, and a pleasing poet, taking his farewell of the public theatre, in his preface to a work not inferior either in execution or in sentiment, to any of his other productions. This is the *Lower World*: in four Books, with Notes. By Mr. Pratt. Not, however, that lower world to which a heathen poet might have supposed him descending on thus taking leave, but the lower world of animal creation, by his exertions on whose behalf we hope he will be entitled to a residence in a higher place. Whilst thus taking leave of his countrymen, it is natural for us, in lamenting his literary demise, to contemplate the virtues of a departed friend: and we cannot sufficiently praise that animated spirit of benevolence which has marked his career through life; a life, whose occurrences would have transformed many men into determined misanthropes. We regret his secession also the more acutely, because his attempts to humanize our feelings, and to warm the hearts of mankind to general benevolence, have been often useful, particularly when want of reflection gave rise to actual cruelty. With every deference for Lord Erskine's benevolence and legal perspicuity, we believe the poet will, upon the whole, be more useful than the legislator; for though *carters* will not read the one, yet it would be as difficult to make them obey the other. Indeed we do not see how it is possible by any legal punishment to restrain the lowest classes from many acts of positive cruelty, which however do not always proceed from a cruel disposition; but we have, notwithstanding, a fervent

hope, that the admonitions of the poet, even in the higher circles, may have an effect much wanted, particularly in preventing the exposing their horses to the inclement winter nights at the door of the Opera, or in the streets leading to some fashionable square, whilst the servants are subject to the same inconvenience. We would not caricature the matter so far as *Lady Townley*, who complained that she could not go out until his Lordship's horses had dined; but we are convinced that even the pampered cattle of people of quality are too often unnecessarily subjected to uncomfortable privations. With respect to the poem itself, we must confess that there is no novelty in the subject, yet it still has some claim to originality; and though Mr. Pratt cannot say much more than has been said before, yet the most practicable of his plans for bettering the condition of the *brute* creation, cannot be too much inculcated; for if parents and tutors, instead of giving animals to young folks to torment, would teach them humanity, it might induce them to make *their* cases their own; and whilst the youth is taught "that mercy by his God is given," he might be induced to render himself more worthy of the exercise of that attribute.

Thus far have our criticisms been confined to the male sex; but we are happy to introduce our readers to a fair authoress, in *Poems and Translations from the minor Greek Poets, and others; written chiefly between the ages of ten and sixteen, by a Lady*. This is indeed an age of precocity; we have had boys performing *Hamlet*, invisible girls answering all kinds of questions, and here is a *visible* girl between ten and sixteen translating from the Greek. She, very modestly indeed, apologizes for them, by their being *done* at an early age; but unless she can prove that they were *published* at an early age also, that, in itself, will form no excuse whatever. There is one part of her apology, however, which deserves more particular attention, for the title page only expresses that these effusions of early genius were written chiefly *between* ten and sixteen, whilst in the apology it appears that the translations from the Greek were done at an *earlier* age! "He lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came," may be very correct; but this is the first instance we have met with of ladies translating from the Greek before they could possibly be acquainted with their mother tongue. As she states, however, that these were done to please a fond father, we can admit her excuse, as to the translation; but as to the publishing, if that was done merely to shew that the lady was in possession of more

than one tongue, we would have been as well satisfied with her *ipsa dixit*, for most of them may be found already in English. They consist chiefly of translations from Anacreon, Sappho, Theocritus, &c. to *paraphrase* which in their old English dress, is as easy as to translate them; but we will not criticise so young a candidate for fame too closely; it might indeed be perhaps considered as unfair, for she does not profess to be a commentator! As employment is one great end of education, we certainly cannot find fault with a lady, who, if her taste directs her, amuses herself with doing the ancients into English verse; but a translator always works in trammels, a thing proved in the present case, as the original poems in the collection infinitely surpass either the translations or imitations.

Who is there that has watched the progress of *Napoleon*, that has not read with enthusiasm of the gallantry of our countrymen in Palestine, when a Christian Knight, with a few of Britain's hardy pupils of Neptune, first successfully opposed the progress of the man who either before, or since that event, never met with a defeat. Had such events happened in the days of *metrical romance*, not one of the little band of heroes would have been forgotten, but each of them would have been handed down to us in monkish rhymes. It is with pleasure then we see that a modern poetess has stepped forward to launch them forth on the current of song, which glides along to the Temple of Fame. If Mrs. Cowley had written nothing more than *The Siege of Acre*, a Poem, in four Books, preceded by the celebrated *Gazette Letters* of Sir Sidney Smith, on which the poem is founded, we should have thought her an honour to her sex, and been proud to hail her as a countrywoman. Of the present work it is unnecessary to say more than that our patriotism must be kindled by the perusal, and that although correct descriptions of the active scenes of battle cannot be expected from a female pen, nor indeed from the pen of any one who has not seen them, yet she has preserved a general appearance of accuracy by a strict adherence to the chronological events, whilst the general interest is considerably heightened by the spirit and harmony of her versification in numberless passages.

The *Poetical Works of Anna Seward* have lately been published, in 3 vols 8vo. It is unnecessary for us to praise what has been so often admired. This edition, however, contains several original pieces, never before published, which do no disgrace to the writer's posthumous fame. From the severity with which some of our contemporaries treated the

poetical effusions of Lord Byron, a severity which, we are almost tempted to believe, proceeded in some degree from a *Peer* being thought fair game, we had scarcely supposed that any one dignified with a coronet would again have risked the ordeal; yet we were deceived, for the present year has produced *Dramatic and Miscellaneous Poems*, by John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort; and also *Poems on various Subjects*, by Charles Lindsay Crawford, Earl of Crawford. On their merits, however, we will not enter, lest our contemporaries should suspect us of praising, because they were the productions of the Peerage.

Of a more serious nature are *Poems*, by George Townsend, of Trinity College, Cambridge. This is not the first production of the author, whose former works drew such high encomiums from the critics, that he seems to have been tempted once more to ascend Parnassus; and though he may not yet have been able to reach the top, yet as he is still a young author, and a young man, we should be sorry to check his ambition of mounting even to its highest pinnacle. These, however, have not all been written since his first publication, for many of them are juvenile pieces, which notwithstanding are highly creditable to him, and we have no doubt that he may yet rank high in the scale of poets, when his fancy and enthusiasm are a little more matured by his judgment. To justify this criticism we shall insert one short extract from his *Saul and David*, where the inspired Psalmist is singing the wonders of the Creation.

"And when Echo first was calm,  
Or round the turrets of the sky  
Cast its dying melody,  
Was there aught beside to charm?  
Yes! for in that solemn hour,  
Softly trembling through the air,  
Borne on wings of silence there,  
A softer song was heard to pour;  
'Twas the first song of Man! He trod  
In humble majesty his kindred sod,  
And pour'd his grateful thanks to his creator, God!"

We shall close our poetical department by noticing a most superb edition of *Thomson's Seasons*, illustrated with Engravings by Bartolozzi and Tomkins, from original Paintings by W. Hamilton, R.A. This edition is at various prices; but the large paper, with the plates finely coloured, is as high as fifteen guineas. We now proceed to the

#### ELEGANT AND IMITATIVE ARTS;

And shall first call the attention of our readers to *Lectures on Painting*, delivered at the  
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*Royal Academy of Arts.* By the late John Opie, Esq. Professor in Painting to the Academy. To which are prefixed, a Memoir, by Mrs. Opie; and other Accounts of Mr. Opie's Talents and Character; 4to.

The incidents which, in early life, first led this child of nature to the notice of the world, are already pretty well known; the progressive rise which brought him to London has also been often related, and there are many living witnesses of his meridian fame, both as a painter and as a man. The accusation so often and so justly brought against mankind, that genius, when living, is neglected, but *immortalized when dead*, does not apply in the present instance, at least as far as regards pecuniary emolument. Yet it must still be remembered that genius requires something more; and we are proud to assert, that notwithstanding all the accusations against England of the neglect of genius, still may as many instances be produced of its being early fostered, and rewarded at maturity, as in any other country whatever. Italy indeed may boast of her *Medicis*, and France of her *Louis*; but we believe that honest John Bull, though he may not pretend to so much taste, has generally given more solid marks of his patronage: whilst the friendship of the learned, and the countenance of the great, are never wanting where worth and genius go hand in hand. We were particularly pleased on first sitting down to this work; there is something interesting in a *widow's memoir*, and we were fully disposed to join her in her modest eulogium on the native genius of her departed friend. The early anecdotes of his life are indeed peculiarly amusing, and highly instructive, leading to emulation, and also pointing out to parents, not harshly to check any bias of their children, if that bias is harmless. Though some families in the neighbourhood of young Opie's residence first noticed his talents, yet he owed most to the friendship of Dr. Walcot, the modern Pindar; who having an elegant taste himself for drawing, was able not only to appreciate his young protégé's talents, but also in some measure to direct them. We are the more gratified in reading Opie's life, to see that he was an instance that genius does not always lead its possessor astray. Some indeed have called him the *Chatterton* of painting; but their cases were very dissimilar, except in their both coming poor to the metropolis, and trusting for their support to the exercise of their talents. Perhaps the unfortunate Chatterton might blame his own disposition, for some of his misfortunes; the idea he had of his own abilities made him sink

under neglect, but Opie's modesty was such, that we are told he never was satisfied with himself; and Mrs. Opie declares, that she has often seen him turn from some of his best productions, and throw down his pencil in disgust, exclaiming with heartfelt regret, that he would never be a painter. It is a fortunate thing for painters, that the personal vanity of individuals will generally find them employment, in the execution of portraits; yet even Opie was sometimes disengaged, and to those leisure hours are we indebted for many elegant specimens of his taste.

Let us now view him as an author. With respect to the division of his lectures, it seems judicious. The first four relate to the practical and physical effects of painting, design, or drawing, colouring, *chiaro scuro*, composition: the other branches, which he calls intellectual, are invention and expression. We heartily approve of the advice which he gives to young beginners, not to mistake their talent from a high opinion of their own sketches or scratches; he also tells them, very judiciously, that nothing but a serious liking or enthusiasm for their profession will bring them through, and enable them to sacrifice their time, ease, pleasure, and profit, and devote themselves, soul and body, to the art. Leaving the didactic to analyze his illustrations, we must acknowledge that his view of the painters of the Italian school is conceived with all the spirit and taste of the originals, and in short that he has rendered oratory a just delineation of the sublimest principles and practice of the art. In tracing character, he touches sufficiently on biography to elucidate and to illustrate; and we are particularly pleased to observe that he does not load his subject with high-sounding terms, devoid of meaning, but at the same time displays an originality of conception, and a freedom of discussion, which will always give birth to candour of opinion; and thus he does with a modesty which prevents him from failing, in deference to names, which the world has long considered as above censure. No one indeed can rise from the perusal of this work without feeling his knowledge increased; yet, it must be confessed that in some parts his elegance is too much laboured to appear natural; and we may so far compare his lectures to his paintings as to acknowledge, that although his judgment always guarded him from actual error, still may the deficiencies arising from his taste remaining uncultivated in early life, be discovered in the sometimes uncouth simplicity of his style.

From didactic effusions in prose, we pro-

ceed to a specimen in poetry, presented to us in *Elements of Art, a Poem, in Six Cantos, with Notes and Preface, including Strictures on the State of the Arts*. By M.A. Shee. Since Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, we have had no regular poem on this subject, and we are still doubtful how far we can expect a good didactic work in verse. The very spirit of poetry is an opposition to dry rules, and if the poet has any imagination, he must be often drawn from his subject: and our author opens his poem with an invocation to his muse, under the name of Taste, whom, however, he seems anxious to render prolific, as he immediately supplies her with a husband ycleped Genius. He seems to have felt the necessity of rendering a work of this kind interesting by something like a story: a continued narrative, however, he does not attempt, but contents himself with introducing imaginary characters, as examples of what he wishes should be avoided, but he does not depend upon the text alone, for his notes are both explanatory and didactic. The regular course of study commences in the second Canto; but we cannot help thinking, that when speaking of painting in general, he lays too great a stress upon *anatomy*; for this surely is not the ground-work of the whole, but merely leads to part of the subject. If we consider his poem as addressed to *amateurs* of both sexes, as well as to professors, it must be acknowledged that there are other departments of the art extremely amusing, and yet whose first steps are not so disgusting as the examination of the naked figure. Whilst regarding this censure, we must at the same time confess that there is scarcely a part of the work from which even the elegant artist will not derive some useful hints. As to the execution of the work, it is enough to say, that the ideas are clearly expressed, that the cadence is sonorous, and the images in many parts very striking. Even whilst laying down rules, he cautions the student against following them too strictly; it is to his notes, however, that the student must trust for the most useful information, for though his illustrative characters are well drawn, yet they serve rather to amuse than to instruct.

A very entertaining work, and one much wanted in the biography of the arts, has made its appearance under the title of *Anecdotes of Painters, who have resided or been born in England, with Critical Remarks on their Productions*. By Edward Edwards, deceased, late teacher of Perspective, and associate in the Royal Academy, intended as a continuation to the *Anecdotes of Painting*, by the late Horace, Earl of Oxford.—It is now so universally ac-

knowledgeed, that the cultivation of the fine arts leads to the improvement and the comfort of society, that it is unnecessary to dilate upon their usefulness; it is also not less useful than amusing to trace their progress. With respect to ourselves, it is not many years since England was considered by the other nations as *ultramontane* and semi-barbarous, as far as regarded the arts; yet even then England surpassed them in thought, and now she rivals them in execution. Complaints of want of patronage have indeed often been made; but with whatever justice those may have been made formerly, it is certainly not the case now, when we have so many institutions for the encouragement, the exhibition, and the sale of our works of art. The author of this work is indeed himself an instance of genius in low life being encouraged. He began first as a pattern drawer, but having gained the patronage of some gentlemen who had taste enough to appreciate his abilities, and generosity to foster them, he was enabled to visit Italy, and fit himself for the honourable situation which he afterwards held in the Royal Academy of London. This work may not only be considered as amusing by the fire-side, but also forms a good text-book for the connoisseur. Mr. Edwards gives praise where he conceives it due, but seems an independant investigator of character, as he is not sparing of censure when just; yet some of his animadversions on Sir Joshua seem dictated more by peevishness than by judgment; from his general character, however, this cannot surely be supposed to originate from their academic quarrel, though that was at one time carried to a pitch which seemed to preclude all possibility of future compromise.

With respect to the more philosophic part of this division of our subject, we have to notice *Christie's Disquisition on Etruscan Vases*. This writer, considering the Etruscan vases (of which so many have been brought to this country, and are to be seen in the Hamilton collection at the British Museum) as illustrative of ancient manners and mysteries, he goes beyond the mere drawing of the figures, and enters at once upon the theological part of the subject. We certainly cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which he pursues his clue, but still we think it possible that he refines too much, and that he may often suppose the drawings to be illustrative of divine mysteries, when in fact they may be nothing more than allusions to common life. From the invariable dark ground of those Etruscan vases, and the red colour of the figures, he supposes that the scenes during the mysteries in the Eleu-

sinian theatre, were dark with transparent figures; a species of contrast to the *Ombres Chinoises*, or rather a kind of *Phantasmagoria*. This he also supposes connected with the feast of lanterns in China; but the lamps at festivals are customary all over the East, as those are generally celebrated in the night. Though we cannot implicitly subscribe to all his theories, yet we must acknowledge that the elegant artist will find some very useful hints in various parts of the work; these are dissertations on the use of the intaglio, on the foundation of ancient theology in natural philosophy, on the inculcation of those doctrines by enigma and allegory, on the harmonious arrangement of the universe by the Deity, on the attributes of the Deity, variously personated on vases, on shields as to their devices, on old age, wine, music, and rhetoric, on the chaplet, girdle, and scarf, &c. &c.: he also gives some observations on ornamental writing, and we must disregard the charge of punning, when we say that the work itself is a very fair specimen.

A very entertaining selection has lately made its appearance, under the title of the *Artist, a series of Essays relative to Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, the Drama, Discoveries in Science, &c.* by Northcote, Hoppner, Cumberland, D'Israeli, Cavallo, &c. edited by Prince Hoare. Of this the title is sufficient to give an idea, and if the names of the authors stamp any merit on the work, we must also allow some merit to the editor for his skill in the selection.

We are now arrived at a division of our subject, which has given rise to more controversy respecting its merits and demerits, than perhaps any other branch of literature; we allude in general terms to

#### NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

It is pretty evident that the advocates on both sides have argued from extremes, without considering that there might be a happy medium between the ten folio volumes of the *Cleopatra* of Scudery, and the three thin duodecimos of *Modern Scandal*, for one pound one. After all their arguments, however, they have generally come to the conclusion, that a good novel is a good thing, and a bad one execrable; of the former indeed, it must be confessed that the number is comparatively small, nor can we flatter ourselves that we shall be able much to increase it by the productions of the past year. It is too much indeed to expect originality, where so much has already been written; as manners change with times, however, a judicious writer by adopting his characters to passing circumstances may still supply us with novelty, even where originality is imprac-

ticable; and the miser, the fortune hunter, or the man of fashion, may still be presented in a new dress. Our novelists too have advantages at the present day which, fifty years ago, few of them could possess. Change of place is now so frequent, that there are few of those qualified to write works of fancy who have not travelled beyond the limits of the fire-side. Amongst that number we may reckon the fair authoress of *Amatory Tales of Spain, France, Switzerland and the Mediterranean, &c.* By Honoria Scott, 4 vols. This, however, is her *Nom de Guerre*, for we recognize in her the same person who has given so much amusement to the world in her *Winter in Edinburgh*. For her present task she is peculiarly qualified, as her attendance on a husband whose military avocations called him to various parts of the world has given her an opportunity of actually seeing those places she describes; an advantage not always possessed by our namby-pamby imitators of Mrs. Ratcliffe and Charlotte Smith. These tales indeed do not literally answer the title-page, as their scenes principally are in Spain, Sicily and Malta; however, as natives of the other countries are introduced, we may still allow the propriety of the title. This fair authoress most happily catches the characters of these various nations, and displays considerable taste in her mode of adapting them to passing events; but we are particularly pleased with her descriptive talents, which we can duly appreciate both for spirit and accuracy, from having seen those spots which she delineates. Traversing scenes rendered almost sacred by classic remembrance, and some of them more so by Scriptural reference, she seems to have felt all the enthusiasm of her situation, and to possess the power of imparting it with considerable energy to her readers: upon the whole, we fear not risking our reputation for taste, in our recommendation of this work to our fair readers. We have next the pleasure of noticing another work from an old acquaintance, which though it made its first appearance in 1809, deserves fairly to be ranked among the literature of the year. This is *Tales of Fashionable Life*. By Miss Edgeworth, 3 vols. There may be objections to works of this kind, as it may be said that their authors, when unable to carry on a connected work in three volumes, then endeavour to make up their deficiency by a series of unconnected stories. This objection, however, will not always hold good, as we find this mode adopted for the convenience of inculcating various morals, or of illustrating various opinions, by Voltaire, and many others, who were never suspected of want of fancy. Miss Edgeworth, from her



manner of treating her subjects indeed, seems to consider Tales as having an advantage over larger novels, from their capability of being made more characteristic, and being less wire-drawn: of her present ones we may say that they are highly illustrative of modern character; and not deficient in spirited satire, which is conveyed rather by example than by precept. We were not a little surprised indeed on the perusal, to find many instances where virtue and morality might be inculcated, which she has not availed herself of; on the whole, if they do not all the good they might, we recommend them as incapable of doing any harm. We are the more inclined to review her work, as it leads to the notice of a species of literary quackery which has prevailed too much of late in this department of literature. Scarcely had Miss Edgeworth's real work appeared, when the world were informed that they would soon be treated with *Tales of real Life. Being a Sequel to the Tales of Fashionable Life.* By Miss Edgeworth. Now it was certainly very possible by new pointing this catchpenny title-page, to have rendered it less liable to the charge of falsehood; however the absurdity of it, not to call it by a worse name, was soon discovered, as these Tales of real Life turned out to be translations from French works, some of them a century old. Of other like productions, we may notice *Scenes in Feudal Times, a Romance.* By R. H. Wilmot. Whether Mr. Wilmot is really the author's name or not, we will not pretend to say, but this is certainly not a work which need make the author shrink from open day. The moral is good, and the characters well contrasted; and though the incidents are rapid and numerous, and the plot rather intricate, still it is unravelled with some ingenuity. There is, upon the whole, indeed a deficiency of energy and dignity in the colloquial parts, but in this the author stands not alone, for people who know nothing of ancient manners, are too apt to make scenes of feudal times nothing more than might have happened during the present winter. Mrs. Pilkington has produced a new work, called *Ellen, Heiress of the Castle.* In some parts of this story the authoress seems to consider probability as totally unnecessary, though in the more trifling parts she is minute even to insipidity. As we can say but little in favour of it, however, we shall pass on to *The Daughters of Isenberg, a Bavarian Romance.* By Alicia Tyndal Palmer. And why a Bavarian Romance, Miss Palmer? for such adventures, if ever they did happen, might have taken place in any other state or principality in Germany.

This fair authoress met with some well merited success in her *Husband and Lover*, we cannot promise her so much, however, with respect to the present production, which endeavours to make up in subordinate action what it wants in incident; and is filled with fetes like a Jubilee week. In some works indeed we have seen those fetes so well introduced, as not only to illustrate character, but even to help the story; whilst here they serve no other purpose than to eat, drink, and dance, and fill up a page. Perhaps the story might have more interest if more connected; it is however very injudiciously broken into three separate sets of adventures, so that although the attempts at character are pretty successful, the reader is totally at a loss to fix on an heroine. Some of the passions, and their contrasted effects on different characters are well portrayed, and some of the pathetic scenes are well wrought up, and less caricatured than those intended for comic; it may be as well however for Miss Palmer in her next production, to give less sublimity to the chit chat of her inferior characters.

Another authoress has stepped forward with an historical romance, *Anne of Britany*, in 3 vols. For this species of writing, indeed, she thinks necessary to apologize, but with arguments by no means convincing; yet as she has chosen an interesting period of French history, and formed a plausible connection between real events and those of fancy, the story, as it is told with some degree of elegance, is not uninteresting.

Another work, in which historical truth and romantic facts are blended together, has made its appearance under the title of *Ferdinand and Ordella, a Russian Story; with authentic Anecdotes of the Russian Court, after the demise of Peter the Great.* By Priscilla Parlante, 2 vols. 8vo. It is now indeed known that this production comes from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish Bradshaw; of course we must suppose that the lady is not afraid of candid criticism. The work opens with an address to the satirist, principally as a criticism on *Cœlebs*, and certainly in some parts demonstrates that the fair authoress of that much read production was deficient in knowledge of those circles, or rather of that circle which she attempted to satirize. If indeed we were to take an idea of fashionable life and manners, or of the domestic virtues of the higher circles from the columns of a morning Paper, strictures on the frivolity of fashionable people might be excused; but whilst people of real fashion are the patrons of taste and genius, the ornaments of their homes, and ex-

amples as far as they are seen and known, we ought to recollect that the most useful virtues are least in sight, and that one deceiver, or one adúlteress, makes more noise than an hundred virtuous and valuable characters. With respect to the work itself, we must say that the tale is intimately blended with the political events of the time; but this mixture of history and fiction, so fashionable at present, ought perhaps to be avoided, as it leads astray; besides it is impossible for any modern writer to paint the domestic manners of a foreign country a century past. Those who wish to laugh, however, will find sufficient materials for that purpose; nor does she scorn to lead her readers through the horrors of castles, or of cemeteries; those therefore who prefer the marvellous, will not be disappointed.

We have also to notice a new collection, *The British Novelist; with an Essay, and Biographical and Critical Prefaces*. By Mrs. Barbauld, 50 vols. 18mo. This work in fact in itself, forms a library for the novel reader; the prefaces are written with Mrs. Barbauld's usual elegance, and the biography will be amusing to the hunter of anecdote. We have only room to mention two other works of this description; one is, *The Officer's Daughter; or, a Visit to Ireland*. By the daughter of a Captain in the Navy, 4 vols. The other, though in French, yet deserves a place here, we allude to *Contes a ma Fille, par Bouilly*. Each of these have met with a reception which has not surpassed their merits.

The transition from novel reading to philosophy, may perhaps be considered as too abrupt; it is a transition, however, which now takes place so frequently in fashionable life, that our fair readers will not disapprove of it; nor can it fairly be reckoned incongruous in a review of literature, when we have been witness to an assemblage of fashionables sitting down to a philosophical lecture, and after following Mr. Hardie through all the evolutions of the solar system, start up to follow the fiddle through all the convolutions of the mazy dance. The first subject which presents itself as an elementary work is, *An Introduction to the Linnean Classification of Plants, illustrated with Engravings*. To which is added a Glossary, and the Latin Terms of Linneus, with the corresponding English Words. There needs no apology for calling the attention of our fair readers to Botany in the first instance, as the unprecedented increase of sale of *La Belle Assemblée*, since that subject was introduced, is a convincing proof of its popularity. As for the work in question, it will be found use-

ful to a person not initiated in the secrets of the science, the definitions are peculiarly clear and simple, and are correctly delineated by the accompanying plates. Another work on this subject, to which we feel particularly anxious to call the attention of the ladies is, *A Calendar of Flora, composed during the Year 1809, at Warrington*. By George Crossfield, Secretary to the Botanical Society of Warrington, &c. This is a work which though small, is by no means undeserving of notice, as it sets a good example to others to pursue the same track; a track particularly suited to female pursuits, as it will enable any lady to form and arrange a calendar of Flora's favours in her own neighbourhood, and will thus not only be a source of rational amusement, but will also enable her to add her mite to science. The work itself is also useful as a reference, as it contains upwards of eight hundred plants, indigenous, or which are considered to be so: these are all registered according to their order and dates of flowering, with marginal notes; so that fair florists may be enabled to arrange their flowers in succession, with the greatest facility throughout the year.

The Linnean Society have lately published the ninth volume of their Transactions; from which our readers may observe, that they do not confine their researches to plants alone, but embrace every part of botany, zoology, &c. This volume contains interesting observations on some of the native birds of England; may such is their versatility in change of subject, that we are favoured with an account of the accouchment of a cat, whose young brood were born with cocked tails!

Since the publication of Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, some of our philosophers seem as desirous of prying into the amorous chit chat of the floral tribe, as ever ancient tabby was into the secrets of village scandal. Even those whom nature has made so reserved, that botanists called them *Cryptogamous*, or "married in secret," are not permitted to follow nature's dictates, but are brought forward to the glare of day. This deep research into botanical titillation, has lately produced *An Introduction to the Study of Cryptogamous Plants; in Letters, by Kent Sprengel, D. M. Professor of Botany, at Halle, translated from the German*. This botanical inquisitor has collected an immense number of very curious and interesting facts, highly honourable both to his industry and to his discrimination; yet we are not sufficiently convinced of the accuracy of his deductions to rely on them implicitly; still must we confess that even where they are erroneous, they

may be useful in leading to further investigation. We can scarcely, however, recommend it to our fair readers as a work of amusement, as the dryness and didactic formality of the style, we fear, will never tempt our fine ladies and gentlemen to become hunters of ferns and mosses. The following quotation is so extremely curious, that we shall offer it in the author's own words: "The transition of one original kingdom of nature into the other, and the impossibility of separating the two by an equal line of demarcation, becomes still more obvious to those who, with Needham, Priestley, and Ingenhousz, have observed the metamorphoses of *animalcula infusoria*, into real *confervæ*. To make this experiment, no particular infusions are requisite; a vessel filled with pump water, and exposed to the sun without being agitated, is sufficient for the purpose. First of all, a delicate green covering is to be found on the surface of the water, consisting of numberless and infinitely small molecules, that manifest animal motion; these, after some time disappear, and are transferred into vegetable filaments, which like all green surfaces of plants yield oxygen when exposed to the influence of the sun." It appears that upwards of five hundred species of the family of ferns have been recognized by our modern botanists, and that more than one half of these are natives of the West Indies. Some curious inquiries naturally arise from the fact that at present the greatest number of these ferns are to be found in tropical regions; particularly when we contemplate their remains still to be found in more northern regions; remains whose former flourishing existence may rationally be supposed to have taken place under a temperature very different from that of the present day. Indeed the more we know of nature, the more we examine into her works, we find additional cause to believe that some very important change has taken place in the relative situation of our planet. We will not, however, fall into the error of former philosophers, of forming hypotheses without foundation; yet we cannot help thinking that many of the modern discoveries which seem so unaccountable, might be readily solved on the supposition of a change in the poles of the earth having taken place at some distant period; as nothing is more easy to conceive than that such a change taking place at the present day, if it was even to the extent of twenty degrees only, would produce all the effects of a deluge, by covering the highest mountains with the ocean, and laying bare immense tracts of land now sub-marine, and would also cause a

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total change in the climate of each part of the globe. We must close this article with observing, that this author gives a new definition to mosses, which he terms cryptogamous plants, bearing on small leafy stems and branches simple capsules, dehiscant at the top, where they are covered by a peculiar veil or calytra. These, he states, are amongst the most minute of frondescant vegetables, the largest species seldom exceeding a foot in length, and several eluding the naked eye. A certain degree of moisture is necessary to their vegetation; in general, however, they grow more luxuriantly in morasses, on trees, in shady situations, and on the Alpine rocks.

The number of inferior societies which have started up of late years, seem to have had some effect on the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London*, which are by no means so interesting as they had formerly been. The Second Part, for 1809, contains a Paper on Platina and native Palladium, from Brazil; and some remarks on the native Arseniate of Lead, in a specimen of lead and the arsenic acid found united in a fossil from Cornwall. There is also a Paper, by Everard Home, Esq. on an extraordinary specimen of the shark caught near Hastings, thirty feet in length! Such a cruiser on the coast must have been highly dangerous to our fair Nereides when sporting in Neptune's bathing tub. Mr. Home concludes his dissertation with some very just, though sceptical remarks, on a most marvellous account of a *Sea Snake*, which some of our northern would-be naturalists supposed they had discovered in the Orkneys, where it was cast on shore after a gale of wind.

Of this most marvellous skeleton, drawings were taken, and a description sent to Sir Joseph Banks, attested by depositions taken with all due formality before the magistrates. Mr. Home, indeed, with great truth supposes, that those who saw it had no intention of deceiving others, nor of being deceived themselves, but he conceives it very possible that their imaginations might easily supply all those parts which were wanting to convert it into something like a resemblance of what they thought it ought to be. With much ingenuity, however, and by reasoning almost incontrovertible, he shews that it was nothing more than the skeleton of a large shark, and thence very sensibly infers the necessity of caution respecting all improbable relations which are termed facts, and in fact shews that we ought never to place implicit reliance on the tales of narrators who do not know enough to prevent them from being astonished. After this fil-

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low *New Analytical Researches on the Nature of certain Bodies; being an Appendix to the Bakerian Lecture for 1808.* By Humphry Davy, Esq. Mr. Davy, who seems indefatigable in the cause of chemical science, and whose success is commensurate with his ardour for experiment, shews in this paper the result of a long and laborious investigation, to ascertain the composition of *ammoniac*, and its action on *potassium*. The conclusions which he gives are, that the gas evolved by the action of *potassium* on *ammoniac*, is hydrogen; and that his last experiments do not countenance the supposition that hydrogen is of a metallic nature.

Dr. Herschel has given a paper on the Refrangibility of the Rays of Light, explanatory of what Newton defines by the term *Reflexibility*. This subject, though evident to every one, may yet be said to lay in *obscurity*. Something is still wanting on which to found a course of experiments; and perhaps some simple accident may at last explain what philosophers are now so much puzzled with. We know that a gentleman who has paid some attention to the subject, intends shortly to submit to the philosophic world, a very simple theory of light for their investigation. He does not as yet pretend to say that he can prove any part of his theory by actual experiment; but he is of opinion that his theory is capable of explaining all the mechanical principles of light and colour.

We have already noticed that the great increase of Philosophical Societies has had some effect on the transactions of the Royal Society. We do not mean, however, to say that the cause of science has suffered by this. If the division of labour is useful to the nation in mechanical works, it may be so in the world of science; for if the Royal Society was the only one in England, that which is now done by the lesser societies would then be done by committees, if done at all; and it may fairly be surmised that at least a greater degree of emulation is produced by the present system. We are led to these observations by the appearance of the first volume of *Transactions of the Entomological Society of London*; a society from whose labours we augur much; for some of the graver philosophical associations, though they would not disdain to anatomize an elephant, might yet be ashamed of cutting up a butterfly. The number and power of insects, however, are now ascertained to be so great, and so connected with all the operations of nature and of man, that it is become of the first importance to investigate them. We must therefore

curiosity, but of laudable and honourable pursuit. The arrangement of the present work is as follows:—A Review of the Rise and Progress of the Science of Entomology in Great Britain, containing Remarks on early Writers, and a Catalogue, &c. A second Paper is on rearing Insects, in which is contained an account of the Plan of the Society, which may perhaps subject them to a pun. The third and fourth give accounts of several new Insects, but are deficient in the more important philosophy of them. The last is a Catalogue of the Insects found in the County of Norfolk; a thing which may to superficial observers appear puerile; but we cannot help thinking that even such dry lists may eventually be useful.

In the higher branches of Zoology we have to notice the completion of a very splendid work, which will be highly interesting to Ichthyologists; that is, *The Natural History of British Fishes; including scientific and general Descriptions of the most interesting Species; and an extensive Selection of accurately coloured Plates, taken entirely from original Drawings, purposely made from the Specimens in a recent State, and for the most part while living.* By E. Donovan, F.L.S. Author of the *Natural History of British Birds, Insects, Shells, &c.* 8vo. 5 vols.

This very elegant work is advertised at ten guineas, a price which we can scarcely suppose will repay Mr. Donovan for the labour and anxiety which he must have experienced as an Ichthyologist; for although he has confined his researches to British fishes only, yet we must consider that some of these species are extremely rare, and that others are only to be found on particular parts of the coast, thus obliging him at the various seasons proper for each to be ready for the purpose of delineating them the moment they were caught. These difficulties were also much increased by the evanescence of the hues, some of which are most elegant whilst the subject is at the point of death. Mr. Donovan, however, with an ardour and perseverance which will always insure success, has performed his task in a way highly honourable to himself, as well as interesting to the admirers of nature. His indefatigable exertions have indeed enabled him to add considerably to the hitherto received catalogues of British fishes, an increase, however, which we owe entirely to his assiduity in visiting the various coasts, and to his patience in investigating them. The plates will be found a valuable addition to the work, as they are engraved with the greatest accuracy, and co-

loured with much spirit and apparent truth; and we do not hesitate to say, that the work, upon the whole, may be considered as a very valuable addition, not only to the library of the naturalist, but to British literature in general.

In the department of inanimate nature, we have an interesting work, *Outlines of Mineralogy*. By J. Kidd, M.D. Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford; 2 vols. 8vo. The importance of mineralogy, as illustrative of chemistry, and as applicable to many of the arts which enliven and embellish human life, is now so well established, that it is unnecessary to dilate upon it. It is a science, however, hitherto very slow in its progress, depending entirely on observation and analysis, seldom admitting of theory, but having this advantage, that what is known of it may in general be considered as correct. This work, though perhaps not sufficiently correct in all its parts, will be found extremely useful to young students in the science. Dr. Kidd takes a general view of the composition and component parts of the globe, as far as they are subject to experiment and examination; he then examines with great perspicuity the probable causes which have operated to reduce those component parts to their present arrangement and form; and with a most liberal and candid spirit examines the various hypotheses which have been framed to account for these changes, and also the leading works which have been written on the subject. In such an elementary work as this, all that is required is to be perspicuous, easy, and correct, and this we may in general consider it to be; yet we must observe that there are still some deficiencies. In the first place, we should have felt gratified if he had dwelt a little more on the origin of the science, or rather of the modern system, since that external character has become a principal distinction. His allusions to *families* also in mineralogy might have been more extended, particularly as that is a branch of the theory, which, if it could be clearly established by a chain of experiments, so as to form the basis of a general classification previous to analyzation, would be extremely useful. Even this, however, we must confess, would not answer to any great extent, at least not so as to supersede the use of analysis in any case with respect to the proportionate quantities of the component parts, as we are well aware that sometimes the substance, of which there is least in quantity, is actually that which gives the distinguishing form of crystallization. Dr. Kidd's work indeed cannot be considered as a

classification; he does not attempt to establish, nor yet to support any specific theory; but he has selected judiciously the most striking and illustrative facts, and given his observations on them in a plain and easy style; and though he does not consider his book as fitted to form the systematic mineralogist, yet to all, and particularly to those who pursue the study as an amusement, he will be found of considerable service.—The study of *experimental* has so completely superseded that of *metaphysical* philosophy, that the only work of consequence of that kind which we have to announce is, *An Enquiry into the Limits of Physical and Metaphysical Science; tending principally to illustrate the Nature of Causation, and the Opinions of Philosophy, ancient and modern, concerning that Relation*. By R. S. Scott, A.M. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University and King's College of Aberdeen.

Mr. Scott certainly displays great ingenuity in this disquisition; but in perusing it, and examining his distinctions between *physical* and *metaphysical* science, we could not help wishing to have had him alongside of us, that we might have asked him *where* he would draw the line between *matter* and *spirit*? We should be sorry to be so far misunderstood as to be considered *materialists*, in the sense in which that word has generally been taken; but we cannot help thinking that philosophers may sometimes mistake in their fine spun theories about what they chuse to call *spirit*. We presume that they will allow all spirit, except the *eternal essence*, to have been *created*; if then it was created, where is the essential difference between it and *matter*, which was created also? Aye, but say some of the old theologians, "the Divine Being has made matter corruptible and perishable, and spirit immortal;" but where is the proof of this? Who is there, that has witnessed the common experiments of modern chemistry, will say that matter is perishable? That he who has made, can destroy, we will not deny; but until it can absolutely be proved that *materiality* necessarily presupposes *annihilation*, we must withhold our assent to those doctrines which would set bounds to the *Eternal Power*, and point out to the Almighty the laws by which he ought to regulate creation. The misfortune is, that in the ancient philosophy of the schools, they attend more to *words* than to *things*; whenever a difficulty occurred, they gave it a name, and thought they understood it, until the divine simplicity of the Holy Scriptures was loaded with doctrines which revelation had never authorised. It is a fortunate thing, however, that the *true philo-*

logy of the present day, whilst it overturns those dreams which had led mankind astray for so many centuries, has actually in itself a most powerful tendency to confirm the truth, both of the Mosaic History and Revelation, as well as to support the leading points of Revelation more particularly connected with the mission of our blessed Redeemer. We have gone so far into the subject, to shew that we are very far from joining those who have been called *materialists*, whilst at the same time we cannot help smiling at the puerile attempts so often made to draw the line between *matter* and *spirit*. That the soul is distinct from the body, we know; we know that the soul is immortal; we know that the body will be raised to immortality; but we also know that both soul and body are the creation of an Almighty Power, who made them as he pleased. Who then will say that *he* knows the difference between *matter* and *spirit*? Until *that* is known, we can hope for very little information from metaphysical disquisitions.

As medicine is so intimately connected with natural philosophy, we must here introduce *A Treatise on Cheltenham Waters, and Bilious Diseases. Second edition, newly arranged, with numerous Additions, and Two Plates.* By THOS. JAMESON, M.D. resident Physician at Cheltenham.

Since fashion, and a taste for dissipation, have sent half our population annually to the various mineral waters with which the island abounds, each respective place has had its advocates and admirers; we believe, however, that with the exception of Brighton, Cheltenham has for some years been the most fashionable resort for invalids, both real and imaginary, as well as of those who frequent the watering-places merely for amusement. It is not surprising, therefore, that as far back as nine years since, Dr. Jameson should have thought it requisite to publish a medical guide for those whom he saw coming in crowds to drink a very powerful mineral water, particularly as they all seemed to think that whatever might do good, could not possibly do any harm. That work he has since revised, and presented to the world in a second edition; and as it, *like* the waters, may do some good, but *unlike* them cannot possibly do any harm, we feel disposed to go more at length into a subject which ought to be a popular one. That the worthy Doctor, in ushering the present work into the world, may have some little regard to his own interest, we will not deny, but we are not the less pleased with his plan, which is to point out the nature of the mineral waters that abound at Cheltenham, and

to prescribe the manner in which they ought to be administered; and as he does not trouble the public with any of the *occult* parts of his science, we can easily pardon, and indeed in some measure approve, his hint that they should *take advice* before they *take water*. That mischief often ensues from their indiscriminate use, we are well persuaded, and we know that he is correct when he says, it is not uncommon for persons to commence a course merely from a supposition that they are bilious; and for those that are really bilious, to persevere in a free use of the waters, without knowing to what extent they can be taken with safety. But prudence, as he observes, requires that invalids should always be directed, before they drink those waters, what plan they are to pursue, and what kind of water is best suited to their several complaints; and he also recommends, even after the drinking has been for some weeks persevered in, that they should ascertain with accuracy what change may have taken place. From his own actual observation and practice, he states, that of the mass of those who frequent those places, many who are in good health may become ill, from a wrong course persevered in without advice; so that drinking the water merely for fashion sake ought as much as possible to be avoided. With a degree of candour, for which we give him credit, Dr. Jameson acknowledges that great part of the benefit derived from visiting watering-places, depends on extraneous circumstances, a change of air, and exercise, relaxation of mind, regular habits, and confidence in a remedy. Upon the whole, much topographical, as well as other information, may be derived from this work by the visitant, whether ailing or in good health, and we have no doubt but that in both cases they may happily avail themselves of the honest Doctor's advice, to abstain both from water and physic!

It is now a pretty generally received opinion, that consumptive cases are more frequent in this island than in any other part of the globe; this it has been well ascertained does not arise so much from the dampness of the climate, for Holland far exceeds us in that respect, as from the rapid changes to which we are subject, not only from the temperature of the seasons, but also from the transition so often experienced of passing instantaneously from apartments so exquisitely contrived, as to exclude all access to the air, into the open atmosphere; perhaps from crowded ball-rooms or theatres, where warm diluent refreshments have been copiously taken, into a cold waiting-room or stair-case, or perhaps into the

open air, in a cold wet winter's night, whilst waiting for, or seeking a carriage. However this may be, the fact is sufficiently ascertained to make us hail with pleasure any work professedly written either upon its cure or its prevention; of course we willingly take notice of *Cases of Diabetes, Consumptions, &c. with Observations on the History and Treatment of Disease in general.* By Robert Watt, Member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. It has too long been customary for us to receive certain dogmas as incontrovertible truths, both in natural and in moral philosophy, and to judge all as heretics to the real belief, who shall differ either in definition or in conclusion. Whilst blaming this blind adherence, however, we do not wish to encourage scepticism, professedly so, in either branch of science, but yet we still admire that spirit of hardy research which prompts a man not to give implicit credit to that of which he is not convinced, and which leads him to step out of the beaten track, particularly where he can feel his way by actual experiment. If useful in any science, this spirit of research is more particularly so in medicine, where so many of the doctrines both of pathology and of philosophy have been taken upon trust, or founded on erroneous data: and we are happy to see it applied to those subjects in that branch of science, which are undoubtedly of the first importance, both to the practitioner and the patient. To enter into a medical disquisition of the causes which are most liable to produce consumption is beyond our plan; but when we consider the sufferings it inflicts on our fair countrywomen, its insidious causes, and more insidious effects, any new system, however daring or contrary to general practice, must still be deserving of notice. Should Mr. Watt's facts, however, lead to any discovery of an infallible mode of changing the fluids of the human frame, both in quantity and in quality, by dietetic treatment, which is part of his plan, a great good would be obtained, and many valuable lives preserved; for it is not an inaccurate observation to say, that those taken off by consumptive complaints are generally in an intellectual point of view the most valuable. To recommend Mr. Watt's book at the present moment, as a popular one, or to advocate an adherence to his system until its propriety has in some measure been ascertained by medical experiment, would be highly improper; but we cannot help thinking that his theory, if established, will be highly useful in families, as the anxious parent by judicious arrangement, may

thereby do more towards saving the life of a darling child, than it can ever be in the power of medicine alone to perform.

Of other medical works which deserve notice in this place, we must not pass over *Hints for the Treatment of the principal Diseases of Infancy and Childhood; adapted to the Use of Parents.* By James Hamilton, M.D. Professor of Midwifery in the University, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. We have long thought that a sufficient degree of attention has not been paid to the diseases of infancy; even in the higher circles of life, the little innocents are too often the victims of ignorant nurses, or of indolent mothers, who from a false tenderness, will not follow the prescriptions or advice of the physicians. In the lowest ranks of society they are infinitely worse off, as there they are the victims not only of disease and inattention, but often of real want; and it is a subject of most melancholy consideration, that a very great proportion of the population never reach the age of five years. In a country, and in an age so benevolent as this is, where the principle too is in part put in practice by the establishment of a Foundling Hospital, and of charity schools, it is most extraordinary that no public spirited man has stepped forward in order to form a medical establishment which should be solely directed to the diseases of infancy and childhood. That much is done for the poor, both in hospitals and in public dispensaries, we are disposed to admit; but unfortunately the subject is too much considered as below the attention of the regular physician, or is at least confined to the accoucheur, who in general has too much to do to be at liberty to attend sufficiently to the suffering innocents. Were something of this kind, however, once established, it would form a school for practitioners in that necessary branch of medical practice, and would thus not only be useful to the poor who were the objects of the charity, but would also be highly beneficial to the subscribers, who would thus upon any urgent occasion, have physicians to apply to, certainly much better enabled from constant experience to prescribe for an infant, than the dashing practitioner who enters, smiles, orders a something, takes his fee, and retires. In the event of such an establishment, we are, however, much pleased to find the subject rendered more familiar by the publication of such a work as this before us; the medical man may here find a variety of curious and interesting facts, and there are

parts of it, which if judiciously perused, may be found extremely useful to parents and guardians.

From the medical treatment of children it is but a short step to their mental improvement; we therefore hasten to that department of our subject, and are first led to consider *Essays on Professional Education*. By R. L. Edgeworth, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. There is scarcely a subject, perhaps, which boasts such a number of theorists as that of education. The works of Rousseau, of Genlis, of Fordyce, and of many others, are so familiar to our readers, that it is unnecessary even to mention their names. Many of those theories, however, were too refined for practice in any situation of life, and the greatest number of them were impracticable in all, except, perhaps, in a few instances, where the parent had both time and fortune to spare. At the present day, indeed, it must be confessed, that education is attended to much more than formerly, at least nominally so; but perhaps not better: as we are fearful that the pretenders to science, from the *humble academy* to the *dashing house*, are too often entrusted with large schools, whilst the modest and worthy preceptor is too often doomed to pine in obscurity and neglect. Many errors in this useful branch of practical science have arisen from a too rigid adherence to the beaten track; but Mr. Edgeworth, by the boldness of his reasonings, and the novelty of his ideas, or rather of his mode of expressing them, arrests attention by flashing conviction on the mind; and his illustrations have all the force both of example and precept, as far as can be united in a didactic work. His plan has this perfection attached to it, that it does not supersede the old system, which, with all its disadvantages, cannot with propriety be laid aside, unless we mean to produce a complete revolution in scholastic literature and practice; and its chief end and design is to unite a fondness for general literature, to those studies which may, from circumstances, be most advantageous, and to engraft both on those absolutely necessary. The latter, of course, will always form the ground-work according to his plan. He is perhaps too dogmatical in asserting that the parent, at an early period, should definitively determine on the child's future destination and profession; for it is a thing of common observation, that in some instances great abilities do not make their appearance at a very early age; and in others, we well know that the taste, genius, or the boy's inclinations, will often counteract the best laid parental plan. Mr. Edgeworth seems

to have paid too great deference to a maxim, or rather to a position of Dr. Johnson's, in which that great moralist observes, that men are led to particular species of excellence by the first book they read, or by some accident exciting ardour or emulation; but this does not prove all Mr. Edgeworth wishes to establish, because it can scarcely be expected that a parent will be able exactly to hit upon that thing which will suit a boy's genius. That genius may be casually directed, we will not deny; but it is not the very first idea that will always attract it. We conceive it cannot be attracted until it meets the idea congenial to it; where an early talent for poetry has been shewn, it does not follow that the same talent could have been brought into action, so as to have made a painter. That Cowley was led to a particular species of poetry by reading Spenser, which lay in his mother's chamber window, may be admitted; yet it does not follow that Hannah Glasse's *Cookery* would have made him an *alderman*; for to such absurdities would the theory lead us, if it was taken for granted. Mr. Edgeworth, however, observes, that if Cowley had not found it by accident in his mother's window, but that it had been given to him by his friends, still it would have made the same impression on him. We have no doubt that it would; but we presume there are very few who will put a book into the hands of a young friend, in order to make him a poet! We imagine, at least, that they might chuse for him a more profitable trade. When Mr. Edgeworth quits the path of theory for that of practice, we are very much disposed to allow him due praise for the propriety of his ideas, for here he will be found eminently useful. When particular circumstances prompt a parent to bring up his child for certain professions, here will be met with rules, which, though they may fail in determining the boy towards the profession, will yet assist very much in fitting him for it, if he is so inclined.

A work even more interesting than the foregoing, has made its appearance lately under the title of *Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb*; or, *a theoretical and practical View of the Means by which they are taught to speak and understand a Language*; containing *Hints for the Correction of Impediments of Speech, together with a Vocabulary*; illustrated by numerous Copperplates, representing the most common Objects necessary to be named by beginners. By Joseph Watson, L.L.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

The first record which we have of practical attempts to cure impediments, is that well



known one of Demosthenes; until late years, however, the subject does not seem to have had much interest for the philosophical world; and when some years ago it was noticed by a French philosopher, he merely recommends it to his learned cotemporaries as a curious experiment in their researches into the origin of language, to observe amongst those born deaf and dumb, the steps by which, in slow succession, these unfortunate beings acquire some idea of language. That an attentive observation of these facts, when this science was in its infancy, would possibly have afforded the philosophers some data on which to found their theories, is very likely; but fortunately for science, as well as for the unhappy objects themselves, a successful and improving practice has since that period intervened, by which the experiments are become so numerous, that the theory of language may now be considered as perfect, or at least as nearly so as it probably ever will be. This work has the peculiar merit of recording those experiments, and of detailing the various steps of the practice, so as to give us a complete view of the operations of the pupil's mind, and thus to form a foundation for a rational analogy. The investigator of the philosophy of grammar and of oral sounds, has here an accurate guide to his researches; and a benevolent object is obtained in the publication, by promulgating the elementary procedure so as to render the subject much easier to those who shall attempt it in other countries.

Though this mode of education has, by the world in general, been considered a thing of great novelty, yet it was known and practised in this country upwards of a century and a half ago, by Dr. John Wallis, and at the same time had made considerable advances in Holland. Of course it was since that period that the Abbe l'Epée began his practice in Paris, and was succeeded by Sicard who panegyricized him so extravagantly that the French believed, and wished to make others do so likewise, that l'Epée was the inventor of the art. Yet Braidwood's academy had then been for some time in existence at Edinburgh, and was the first public institution of the present day; but Braidwood was forgotten even by his countrymen, whilst the translator of a French comedy made l'Epée, by the ignorant crowd in this country, be hailed as the benevolent and ingenious founder of the system. We will not deny l'Epée, however, nor his successor Sicard, great credit for their ingenuity and perseverance; the truth is; that these Frenchmen, as well as some others, have excelled in making their pupils display their knowledge to great

advantage, so as to form a very interesting theatrical display on their days of examination; and as Frenchmen can translate a shrug or a sign with greater facility than we can, it is not surprising that they should consider the pupils as inspired; but then the English method has this advantage, that it has taught the pupils to think more though they appear to express less, whilst the French boys, from the mere force of imitation had adopted a superabundance of gesture, half of which was without meaning, although the spectators imagined they could understand it. The French mode too, as far as it went, was too scientific, and was difficult to be understood even by those who had all their colloquial faculties in perfection; but Dr. Watson's is much more simple, and at the same time more philosophical, in fact more truly so if true philosophy consists in the application of knowledge to every day occurrences. To give even a slight digest of a work of this kind is impossible in our present limits; yet there are some parts of it infinitely deserving of dissemination through the medium of a wide extended periodical work; and as we are anxious to make even our critical sketches conducive to the diffusion of useful knowledge, we cannot help slightly noticing his observations on the prevention and cure of that unhappy habit of stammering which so often occurs, and which may by a little attention be prevented or cured by parents or tutors, and that with a greater facility and certainty than when it is grown to such a height as to require the exertions of a professional man. He very rationally recommends that the patient on the first attack of this unhappy habit, should daily in his lesson repeat the vowels in a natural tone for ten minutes, and then let his imagination supply a subject, and thus commence an imaginary conversation for twenty minutes at least, or even an hour, in a firm and natural tone of voice, using every effort of fancy to suppose it directed to persons of various ranks indiscriminately: that is, as he explains it, sometimes to servants and sometimes to equals in age and rank, and sometimes to elders, or those considered as superior in consequence and rank in society, from whatever cause such distinctions may take place. As all are not equally gifted, however, with a flowing imagination, he recommends in lieu of this inventive conversation when fancy does not furnish a topic, that the person should spend the same portion of time in reading aloud, in a tone as nearly approaching to the ease and fluency of familiar conversation, as he conveniently can; taking care, however, still to give the

reins to his fancy if possible. This practice should also be renewed as often in the day as convenient, or at least repeated several times at intervals; and in the intermediate time, when mixing in society, the person under cure should use every exertion to form a close and steady association of the ideas running through his imagination, with the actual presence of the company. This indeed is perfectly consonant with a feeling which very few have not experienced, that of a temporary stammering when their ideas have been rapidly hurried from the subject on which they were conversing; a thing which very often happens where much natural diffidence is joined to great mental sensibility. The Doctor himself indeed observes, that it will easily be perceived that these directions are founded upon the simple principle of the association of ideas; than which a more powerful principle in the formation of human habits cannot easily be conceived; and he then adds the following opinion:—"I think it may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that persons possessing an ordinary mental capacity, with an adequate share of industry and strength, may certainly overcome the habit of stammering by means such as are pointed out." On the whole, we cannot help saying that this work throws much light on the very interesting, yet very abstruse, science of intellectual phenomena, and it is indeed in itself a convincing proof, by its details, of how much the power of thinking is always increased by the power of expression.

In the immediate class of female literature, we have to notice a second edition of *Emily, a Moral Tale; including Letters from a Father to his Daughter upon the most important subjects*. By the Rev. Henry Kett, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.—When we first read this attempt at book-making, we did not suppose that at the close of the year 1810, we should have to announce a second edition. Some folks indeed will not be persuaded that it is possible for the fellow of a college to be a judge either of the matter or the manner of female studies, except when the ladies attempt those branches which formerly were considered abstruse; but even there he stumbles, and in many parts is absolutely erroneous. As to the story, it is but silly, and is in fact totally unconnected with, and unnecessary to the truths attempted to be explained. If indeed this *learned fellow* thought that knowledge was like medicine, and required a little sugar to sweeten it, he may be excused for making up his draught so as perhaps to be palatable in the boarding-school, or at least in the nursery; but on the

whole, it reminds us altogether of a novel written some years ago by a reverend gentleman in Kent, who being laid up with the gout, from too strict an attention to politics and the cookery-book, produced a work the greatest part of which consists of encomiums on wine, bills of fare, sumptuous dinners, and electioneering jobs; whilst the story consisted of nothing more than the plain matters of fact of being born, educated, and married! In the work before us, the questions are often beneath an uneducated girl; they are in general unconnected, often useless; there are some which a child might explain, and others which the reverend fellow himself cannot answer.

A more useful work, though far from being a standard, has made its appearance on the same subject, called *An Enquiry into the best System of Female Education; or Boarding School and Home Education attentively considered*. By J. L. Chirol, one of his Majesty's Chaplains at the French Royal Chapel, St. James's Palace. Though this work made its first appearance at the close of 1809, yet it deservedly has a place here, particularly as it controverts in many points the hitherto generally received system of female education. Our readers, by a reference to the title-page, will therefore readily conceive that Mr. Chirol considers the principle of domestic education for females, as infinitely superior to that of a boarding-school. There is one consideration, however, which in this country, where education is now become so general, will always induce a great majority of parents to send their daughters to public seminaries, and that is the cheapness and facility with which a number of accomplishments may be acquired, in comparison with a domestic education, except perhaps in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis or of some provincial town, or where the mother is herself qualified to superintend and even to instruct, in the various branches. From this consideration, public boarding-schools will always have a preference; the great object, therefore, must be to correct their abuses, and to guard against those improprieties of which they are so susceptible. We do not, however, mean to recommend Mr. Chirol's work as a fair standard on the subject; it contains certainly some important truths, but as the author is a foreigner, we do not conceive him a proper judge of British female education. There is a delicacy, a reserve in the character of our females, which those of no other nation can fairly appreciate; yet that turn of mind is mixed with a frankness by no means incompatible with it; perhaps indeed there is less danger to a youthful mind from an English

boarding-school, than in any other; but then we allude to those which are not cursed with foreign tutoresses. We must here indeed enter our caveat against that most pernicious custom of foreign tutoresses or governesses, both public and private, and against the whole train of Madames and Mademoiselles. In the first place, we consider the practice as unpatriotic, whilst there are so many amiable and well-informed English women pining in indigence and obscurity; and, in the next, we are fully convinced, that even when these foreign mercenaries are not disposed to do any harm, they are but slightly qualified to do any good. We must do Mr. Chisol, however, the justice to say, that his sentiments on the female character are highly honourable both to his feeling and his discernment. He tells us, with an amiable frankness, that what he understands by the epithet "accomplished woman," is very different from its general acceptation, that a female deserves that character only, when her education has been so conducted as to inculcate and develop the knowledge, the instruction, the talents, the virtues, which are most essential to enable her to fulfil her destination as a wife and a mother. His disapprobation of the common trash of circulating libraries, is founded upon just principles; and his idea that a residence at a boarding-school destroys that reverential familiarity which ought to exist between children and parents, must evidently strike every unprejudiced observer.

In the miscellaneous department, we must notice a work highly honourable to the sex, and which we have no doubt will afford much entertainment both to our male and female readers; we allude to *Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, with some of the Letters of her Correspondents*. Published by Matthew Montague, Esq. her Nephew and Executor.

In the present age of freedom and philosophy, many females in various countries have of late years rendered themselves remarkable by their correspondences and other writings; nor has this country been deficient in such characters: some highly praise-worthy, and some, to say no worse of them, highly eccentric. There are none, however, who have presented themselves to the world with a fairer fame than the lady whose works are now before us, whether we allude to her benevolence of disposition, her purity of mind, or the feminine delicacy of her writings. The liveliness and pathos of her character (which made her by some be considered as eccentric, that is by those who always weigh the virtues of

their neighbours in the scale of selfish prudence), made her highly interesting even in youth. These feelings are strongly marked in her earliest correspondence, and cannot fail to please; but, in fact, her letters do more, as they show the progress both of knowledge and sentiment in a susceptible female mind. A daughter of a numerous family, with a father of great literary endowments, and colloquial talents, whose moderate fortune made him domesticated, she had great advantages, being early drawn out to bear her part in the social circle; and soon becoming the pride and delight of her parent, she of course derived peculiar advantages from her situation. We are not therefore surprised that her earliest productions evince her future talent, with this peculiar and pleasing feature, that even where her remarks are most shrewd and playful, still are they free from the sting of malicious satire.

Some of our indefatigable collectors have judged it expedient to favour the world with a *Supplementary Volume to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. containing Pieces of Poetry not inserted in Warburton's Edition; and a Collection of Letters now first published*; 8vo.

There is no man of any celebrity as a literary character, who must not now feel himself under the necessity of destroying every paper in his possession which he does not wish to be published to the world; in fact, we should not be surprised if every confidential letter should in future be supplied with a postscript, "be careful to burn this," lest the executors of one's friend should chuse to make a good thing of his private correspondence. Nothing indeed can be more unfair than to ransack a dead man's writing-desk, or the private concerns of his bureau, or perhaps some old trunk in his lumber garret, and to give to the world literally every scrap of his writing, or of every thing addressed to him, though perhaps only a receipt to his taylor's bill. Nay, nothing can be more injurious to the posthumous characters of individuals, as many men may have written of them, or to them, in a style, which an after consideration may have convinced them was unjust; but the accusation remains on record, whilst the explanation is for ever lost. On this principle we disapprove much of such publications as the present, particularly when they possess no particular merit to atone for the outrage on propriety. As for the work before us, great pains have been taken to make a book of it, and to give the letters and other pieces in regular order; yet we see very little in it worth the expence of

printing, and most certainly much which Pope himself never intended should meet the public eye. Several of the letters have made their appearance on other occasions; many of them in the various editions of his works, and more of them in other collections. We feel convinced that some of the present collection were never intended by the writer for publication; nay, it is certain that he would have wished them concealed. Those, however, will be the most likely to afford food for modern curiosity: we allude to his love letters, which certainly contradict an assertion of one of his biographers, that he was indelicate in affairs of the heart. These, on the contrary, have a turn of expression of a very different nature; and though they may entitle him to the character of a cold lover, will not subject him to that of an indelicate one.

It is now proper to take some notice of the politics of the times; and the first subject which presents itself, as an introductory work, is *Enquiries, historical and moral, respecting the Character of Nations and the Progress of Society*. By Hugh Murray, Esq.—It has been too much the practice of system-mongers to sit down in their closets, and to argue of mankind, as if the world was actually formed according to their crude ideas of it. They sit down and draw their deductions of man in his first stages of civilization, from the writings of the ancient authors; but neglect to avail themselves of the actual observations which may be made at the present day, when man is to be seen in every various stage of refinement, from the naked savage of New Holland, up to the polished circles of London and Paris; from the tattooed warrior of New Zealand to the essenced loungeur in Bond-street; and from the Lapland rein-deer driver to the many waistcoated Members of the Whip Club. It is in this practical examination that true knowledge of the subject can alone be gained. The Greek and Latin authors may give us some faint ideas of Greek and Roman progressive civilization; but they will never give us a general knowledge of man in his progressive state. In fact, many parts of the world had made considerable advances in refinement, and in distant intercourse, when the Greeks were more than semi-barbarous; for the immortal Newton has proved, in his *Chronology*, that the period in which Solomon sent ships to Tarshish and Ophir, was half a century previous to the so much famed Argonautic expedition, in which about thirty of the Grecian heroes ventured to creep along the coast of the Black Sea, in an open boat. Mr. Murray, in his present work, depends too much

perhaps on theory drawn from the ancients, or spun out of the brains of succeeding writers; yet we do not mean absolutely to accuse him of this, as but a small part of his plan is yet before the public. He takes indeed, in the present volume, a very confined scale, yet sufficiently large for present investigation, and we understand that he means to continue the subject. His present plan simply embraces the manners and characters of nations, and of the circumstances on which these are dependent; and even in this he confines himself to the savage state. He first lays down the principles that regulate and conduct society in its moral progress, and then exemplifies the action of these principles on man, by historical references; but history, as we have before observed, does not give us an exact picture of society, therefore this part of the work is of course very deficient. The latter part indeed comes nearest to absolute experimental fact, for the first part is merely disquisition, amounting to little more than theory, though at the same time we must allow it to be very ingenious; whilst the latter embraces a variety of observations, both from ancient and modern historians, and also from recent voyages and travels, and is of course experimental. Looking at the progressive principles of society, he conceives them all ultimately productive of great improvements in the state of man; but at the same time having seen much evil or deterioration connected with absolute good, he concludes that whatever eventually tends to improve the condition of man, is positively injurious in its first operation, without reflecting that what is an evil in a state of refinement, may not be considered or felt as an evil in the earlier stages of progressive civilization. When he talks indeed of improvements in civilization producing evil, there we will agree with him as to the simple fact, though we may dispute the conclusion apparently rising from it; because we know, from actual observation, that every good, whether general or individual, must have its attendant evil; but then we also know that every evil has its attendant good. His examples are, however, perhaps too often taken from the ancient states, and the savages of early times, to the exclusion of more modern facts. We cannot sufficiently or exactly know what was their situation, nor can we judge with any precision of their absolute feelings: besides causes then, and now, may produce very different effects; for instance, he reasons from their separation into different clans or nations, which was then produced by natural obstacles on land, or by the

ocean; whereas the ocean which separated mankind in the early ages is now the speediest means of communication, and is in fact the bond of union between countries the most distant from each other. Though differing with Mr. Murray in his modes of arguing, yet we agree with him in many of his conclusions, particularly where he says that "it is liberty alone which can form that stable self-determining virtue, which is alone suitable to the dignity of mankind. Little value can be attached to the good conduct of him who does not commit evil, merely because he dares not; or who abstains from violence, because his spirits are bowed down beneath the weight of servitude. When these restraints are withdrawn, such a man will probably be the first to rush into every excess, and to compensate for former privations by unlimited indulgence. It is only (as he continues) by the habit of determining for himself, of weighing the consequences of his own actions, that he can learn to direct his conduct by *sure and manly principles.*"

It is no less curious than true, that if in the foregoing observations we transpose the words "liberty" and "virtue," the force of the reasoning, though forming a species of antithesis, will still be equally just.

We shall close this sketch of Mr. Murray's work with noticing, that in contradicting the position of Montesquieu, that "hot climates are the abode of indolence and slavery," he goes rather too far, for general observation is against him. In fact, the warlike disposition of some nations is no proof to the contrary; for they sink from rapine to indolence, or fly from indolence to rapine, according to circumstances, without any determinate plan of warlike or of civil policy.

With respect to our publications on home politics, those which relate to the Catholic Question have been the most numerous, and the most read. In thus taking up the subject, as this is the commencement of our plan, we are obliged not to confine ourselves strictly to the publications literally within the twelve months, but to notice those which made their appearance towards the close of the preceding year, in order to preserve a strict impartiality. On the question itself, we have been sorry to see such a difference of sentiment, when sometimes there was not such a great difference of opinion. It is perhaps, however, a thing more to be lamented than wondered at, that strong feelings should shew themselves on either side on a question of such vital importance to the interests of the united empire. We have always been of opinion that every equality of

liberty, both of religion and property, should be given to our Catholic brethren, which they can enjoy, or which we can grant, with safety to the Protestant establishment. We will not, however, raise up the ghosts of departed scenes, of racks, or of burning stakes. The days of Mary, and of 1641, are past; yet the most determined friends of emancipation, as well as the Catholics themselves, confess that there must still be a limit to this equality. For instance, we are neither prepared to concede, nor are they to claim, a Catholic King, or Lord Chancellor, or Archbishop, &c. so that all parties are agreed that there must be a line of limitation; then, as that line is the only point in contest, we would be happy rather to hear it argued with temper, than in a mode which carries each party to extremes, which ought to be avoided. In noticing the principal works on this question, we shall impartially select from each the particular points urged therein, and leave it to the good sense of our readers to draw their own conclusions.

The first then in order is a *Letter from the Right Honourable Lord Grenville to the Earl of Fingall*.—This celebrated letter certainly produced much surprise in both parties; both accusing his Lordship of inconsistency in retracting from his pledges; the one lamenting the defection of an able and honest advocate; the other glorying in that defection. Yet we think neither party has given his Lordship fair play; but let him speak for himself. He tells us plainly, that he thinks it would be an act of undeniable wisdom and justice to communicate to our fellow subjects, professing the Roman Catholic religion, the full enjoyment of our civil constitution. Such a measure, accompanied by suitable arrangements maturely prepared, and deliberately adopted, would, above all others, give strength and unity to the empire, and increased security to its religious and civil establishments. He then asserts that it was on this conviction only that he supported Catholic emancipation; and can that be denied? That he might have considered the  *veto*  as a greater pledge of sincerity than others did, is likely enough; but if the  *veto*  is refused, is he inconsistent in requiring other pledges? Whatever party may say, however, we have his repeated avowal, that to the civil and religious establishments of the empire he is unalterably attached; and also that he considers their inviolable maintenance as essential to the dearest interests of the country.

A writer, decidedly hostile to the cause, follows his Lordship, and from his pen we

have *The Nature and Extent of the Demands of the Irish Roman Catholics fully explained; in Observations and Strictures on a Pamphlet, entitled a History of the Penal Laws against the Irish Roman Catholics.* By Patrick Duigenan, L.L.D. M.P. &c.—It is an unfortunate thing for the cause of humanity, that ideas founded on erroneous principles should weigh with such importance upon our minds, as sometimes to blind us against those things which our candour would otherwise point out. To this must we suppose it owing, that the learned Doctor should consider the modern Catholics as waging a war against the existing government, and as holding sentiments of disaffection, not arising either from oppressions or grievances, but from the principles of their religion. That this cause might in former times have produced, or assisted in producing the early rebellions, might, perhaps, indeed be conceded; but it must be lamented that any person who had opportunities of judging for himself should suppose that their hearts can never be softened by indulgence, nor their loyalty and affection secured by liberal concession. In short, the Doctor, however, acknowledges that “the scope of the Popery laws in Ireland, was to deprive the Catholics of political power and weight, so as to prevent them from recommencing their rebellions by their political importance, all other means of prevention being found, from woeful experience, ineffectual.” These laws, indeed, have been much mitigated, but, according to this learned pamphleteer, with pernicious consequences, for he asserts that the rebellion in 1795 demonstrated the impolicy of the repeal of the penal laws; whilst they were in force, the nation, according to him, was quiet, and for a longer space of time than ever it had been before; but, when repealed, the rebellion raised its hydra head.

But the subject has been taken up by a Catholic, in a work called *The Veto: a Commentary on the Grenville Manifesto.* By Cornelius Keogh, Esq. a Catholic, and a Member of some Literary Societies.—Mr. Keogh is here more severe on him, whom he once esteemed his friend, than he is even upon his most decided enemies. He says, “Lord Grenville, in concurrence with Mr. Pitt, originated the veto in 1799; and, after a lapse of ten years, Lord Grenville, abetted by Messrs. Grattan and Ponsonby, revives the dormant demand. He first presses England and Parliament into the belief that the Catholics are ready to tender the veto; and next he sends to apprise the astonished Catholics that Parliament and England expect their acquiescence in his ar-

rangement.” In delivering this view of the case, Mr. Keogh, however, happens to forget the occurrences respecting Dr. Milner; but we will proceed to some more entertaining subject.

A work, which has afforded some amusement, not so much, perhaps, from its merit or authenticity, as its having been written by one whose politics or personal attachments were once diametrically opposite to it, has lately appeared under the name of *The Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte, including his private Life, Character, domestic Administration, and his Conduct to foreign Powers: together with secret Anecdotes of the different Courts of Europe, and of the French Revolution; with two Appendices, consisting of State Papers, and of biographical Sketches of the Persons composing the Court of St. Cloud.* By Lewis Goldsmith, Notary Public!!!—Walk in and see the show! here you shall see what you shall see! for never did “last dying speech and confession” contain so many particulars. Mr. G. has certainly had opportunities of seeing much of what he details, yet still it may not all be true, because some of it must be from hearsay; but if half is correct, it is enough to convince every Englishman, if any Englishman doubted it, of the advantages still possessed by his own country, whatever objections he may have to the people in power, or to the modes of our domestic policy. As for the other half, it is amusing enough, and even if incorrect, it yet contains nothing which can fairly be deemed a libel against the personage in question, as so many of his actions, too well known to be doubted, have proved him capable of committing the most unjust and atrocious actions of which Mr. Goldsmith accuses him.

Another work of the same author is, *An Exposition of the Conduct of France towards America; illustrated by Cases decided in the Council of Prizes at Paris.*—These statements have in general the appearance of being correct, when compared with other parts well authenticated; yet it is of very little use, more than as a matter of mere curiosity to publish them here. As for America, indeed, there they are certainly of more importance; however, even there, they would make very little public impression, if we are to judge of public opinion by the effusions of the press. We have nothing to do with Mr. Goldsmith's motives in this work; but the indignation which he expresses, whether real or assumed, seems very well applied to the facts in question. There are many parts of Mr. Goldsmith's public conduct indeed, parts which he publicly avows, and endeavours to defend,

that may induce some people to think that he is not entitled to implicit confidence in these publications; we can, however, believe it possible, that like an honest man he is anxious to tell the truth, and to atone in some degree for his past conduct and opinions; and, therefore, we are disposed to acknowledge that these books may certainly be useful memoranda, and cannot be productive of any harm.

It is impossible to enter into all the details presented to our view respecting the late unfortunate affairs in India, nor indeed to take even a slight view of our policy in that quarter, we must not however omit to notice, *Strictures on the present Government, Civil, Military, and Political, of the British Possessions in India: including a View of the recent Transactions in that Country, which have tended to alienate the Affections of the Natives.* In a Letter from an Officer resident on the spot, to his Friend in England.—This work embraces too many subjects to be even briefly analyzed in our limits; but its most important part is that relative to the system of conversion which has lately had so many advocates at home. The simple matter of fact, however, seems to be, that people at home know but little of the real state of India; to acquire even a slight knowledge of the real situation of affairs in that country, is not possible by reading alone; a visit of one month would afford more real information than years of study, a position proved by the consideration that most of those acquainted with that country will allow, that if ever we lose India, it will most likely be through the attempts at conversion. This intelligent officer observes, that as the conversion of the great body of the natives of India to Christianity, appears of late to have become a favourite idea, with some most intelligent, philanthropic, and worthy men in Europe, it may not be amiss to consider the subject coolly and free from enthusiasm on the one hand, or cold calculating prejudice on the other; for our own parts we are convinced, that could there be any hope that a progressive system of Christianity could be universally introduced into that country, even in the course of as many ages as it has taken to establish, and to confirm that of Brahma in the hearts, nature, and usages of the Hindoos, there is no good and sincere Christian but would be happy to assist in the commencement of such a work; we must, however, deprecate the hasty experiments which have been partly tried, and more generally recommended, of sending out missionaries to instruct them in the mysterious doctrines of our holy religion. It is in fact commencing at the

wrong end; for as this writer very pertinently asks, what chance can we have of overturning the prejudices of either Hindoo or Mahometan, until we have had the experience of some ages? In fact, as he observes, the European nation that attempts to do so abruptly, or by force, will only have occasion to repent it once, and that after being driven out of India. We must at the same time observe, that the Hindoos, in particular, possess a degree of religious candour, which though highly compatible with the principles and practice of our religion, is nevertheless a powerful obstacle against its acceptance by them. They say, that the Deity has implanted different religions in the heart of man, in the same manner as he has given a difference of colour to various nations; that this variety is like the other varieties in nature, and is a source of beauty; and therefore they think it improper to make converts. With such men, therefore, it is not likely that any arguments of conversion will have any weight; not to speak of the fundamental objections arising from the difference of cast, &c. &c.

In domestic policy, the whole of the recent works have been on the subjects of cash, paper, and exchanges, on which there have been so many various opinions ably handled, and strenuously maintained, that to analyse them even, would be like attacking the many-headed hydra of old. The first which we shall slightly notice is, *An Essay on the Theory of Money, and Principles of Commerce.* By John Wheatley, Vol. 1. 4to. In the various works on those subjects, Adam Smith's *Essays* have been either the text-book on which the reasoning was founded, or else the thing to be attacked. In Mr. Wheatley's view of the subject, he advances a new theory; but theory alone will not do. He contradicts Hume also in many points; yet Hume acknowledged that an increase of money, or of circulating medium, was a stimulus to industry; a position on which he himself argues, and which is too self-evident to require support from reasoning, for every day's experience proves it. Notwithstanding this, however, Mr. Hume has advanced an opinion, that great riches are an obstruction to industry; this opinion Mr. Wheatley combats, and to a certain extent with great success; but we cannot help thinking that both parties go to extremes. It is impossible to follow Mr. W. through his examination of all antecedent writers; but we must observe that his idea of the balance of trade, an idea so often insisted on before him, has been lately proved incorrect. When former economists argued that the country whose

exports exceeded her imports, would receive the balance in gold, they thought they were laying down an universal truth; but if parliamentary estimates are to be depended on, our exports for the last ten years have always exceeded our imports, and yet in the last three years there has been a constant export of specie; a fact which shews that the balance of trade is merely ideal with respect to its supposed consequences. Mr. Wheatley certainly displays great ingenuity and deepness of thinking; but though his observations in many parts are correct, he happens unfortunately to go too deeply into intricate theory; and we fear a fondness for system may give the *political prism*, in this case as well as in many others, a great degree of refrangibility. His meaning in general we can understand, though he often unfortunately obscures it by his definitions; and he seems, without sufficient reason to differ from old Hudibras, in his opinion that the *value of a thing is as much money as it will bring*. Though evidently supporting the theory of the balance of trade with respect to cash, yet with respect to paper, Mr. Wheatley denies that the difference on the course of exchange depends upon that balance, but arises from the *intrinsic value* (or comparative) of money in each country. This is, however, so completely inconsonance with the report of the Bullion Committee, that we cannot help suspecting that he has yielded more than perhaps he intended. On the whole, we think that his grand principle is to depress circulation or to curtail it, whilst at the same time he allows that if paper is permitted to circulate, it will always find its own level. The other writers on this subject have been Ricards, Grenfell, Mushet, Francis, Sinclair, and though last not least, the Bullion Committee; but "who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

A more interesting work for general circulation, is *Hints on the Economy of feeding Stock, and bettering the Condition of the Poor*. By J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P. This work has before appeared in detached parts as Prize Essays; but is now for the first time collected, and republished; and throughout the whole of it, we observe that Mr. Curwen is the decided advocate of agriculture *versus* commerce, though he does not go the length of Mr. Spence's reasonings. He treats on the steaming of potatoes as a substitute for hay in the feeding of horses; on the means of supplying milk for the poor; on soiling cattle; and then gives general hints on farming, interesting to agriculturists and gentlemen farmers; and concluding with a course of agri-

culture on his own farm, which is a good text-book for those who, enjoying ease and affluence, wish to indulge in this amusement. Mr. Curwen is the true patriot, as well as the intelligent farmer; and his attempts to ameliorate the condition of the poor are honourable to himself, and deserve a wider circulation. He enters on this subject with the greatest good sense; he tells us that it is not enough barely to satisfy the wants and alleviate the sufferings of our fellow creatures; but that we must advance further, and the mind must be an object of care as well as the body. The near alliance of vice and misery to mental degradation; and the dreadful effects of torpid indifference and hopeless poverty in the lower order (evils of late greatly increased, and still increasing daily), incontestably prove, that whatever has been already done by law, has been founded on erroneous principles, and that something less complicated in its system, and more consentaneous to the great springs and motives of human nature must be speedily attempted. He adds, I would not hastily pull down or destroy what is even avowedly imperfect and insufficient to its ends; but I would enquire whether some plan might not be so constructed as to supply its place, and in time render its application altogether useless. Of one of his systems we cannot speak too highly, both from its probable consequences, and from its being easily practicable, because on its being well conducted depends the interest of those engaged in it. We allude to the plan of having milk farms near all towns, and thus supplying the poor with a wholesome beverage; nor is this even an object of trifling concern to the rich, since the fact is so well known that milk is an article often not to be procured genuine at any price in our small country towns, and in the provincial cities.

On the subjects of domestic or of general jurisprudence we have only to notice, *Observations on the Criminal Law of England, as it relates to Capital Punishments; and on the mode in which it is administered*. By Sir Samuel Romilly, Knt. It has long been a matter of observation with foreign, and of complaint with domestic writers, that the laws of England are more sanguinary in theory than those of any other nation; at the same time it is allowed by all, that there are none so merciful in practice! This extraordinary and extreme contrast may be true; but if so, a question arises, is it necessary? That it is true, Sir Samuel asserts; he urges that there is probably no other country in the world in which so many and so great a variety of human actions



are punishable with loss of life as in England. These sanguinary statutes, however, he acknowledges are not carried into execution. For some time past, indeed, he observes, the sentence of death has not been executed on more than a sixth part of all the persons on whom it has been pronounced, even taking into the calculation crimes the most atrocious and the most dangerous to society, murders, rapes, burning of houses, coining, forgeries, and attempts to commit murder. If we exclude, says he, these from our calculation, we shall find that the proportion which the number executed bears to those convicted, is perhaps one in twenty. This relaxation induces him to think that those are wrong, who suppose the mode of administering justice to be a regular, matured, and well digested system; particularly when they imagine that this whole system was originally intended.

To our Judges, however, under all circumstances, he pays a just tribute, and says, which we believe will be universally acknowledged, that no man can have frequently attended our criminal courts, and have been an attentive observer of what was passing there, without having been deeply impressed with the great anxiety which the Judges feel to discharge most faithfully their important duties to the public. He very properly observes, that their perfect impartiality, their earnest desire in every case to prevent a failure of justice, to punish guilt, and to protect innocence, must induce them, individually, to pursue different courses; for the same benevolence and humanity, understood in a more confined or a more enlarged sense, will determine one Judge to pardon and another to punish; and of course he infers, that this will operate against the precise establishment of any specific system. The plan which he slightly details has already been brought forward in part, but has been for the present laid aside by the legislature; not from any objection to the principles of mercy and humanity, but from an idea of its inefficacy. For our own parts we fear that no change, either partial or radical, will produce any immediate effect; at the same time, we give him credit for his humanity, and if his schemes are practicable, we wish his promised bill every success.

Considering the number of translations already published of the various classic authors, we cannot help thinking, that a very extraordinary increase has taken place within the last year. Of these the first which presents itself is, *The Iliad of Homer, translated into English blank verse*. By the Rev. James Morris, A.M. late of Christ Church, Oxford, and Rector of

Betschanger, in Kent.—We have now as many translations of this immortal poet as would make up a handsome library in size; but we will not say so much for their various merits. If we were to take the comparative merits of the present translation, it would be parallel with that of Cowper; though, perhaps, there may still exist a difference of opinion respecting the merits of blank verse or prose as the medium for conveying the best idea of this celebrated epic. Morris's translation is certainly more harmonious than Cowper's; those who do not think Pope faithful, may perhaps be disposed to trust to blank verse; but here Morris, if faithful, is too much in leading-strings. Upon the whole, we conceive that those who object to Pope, as having given up too much of the original for the sake of his rhyme, could only have that objection done away by a prose translation; of course, all those later imitations, for such we believe they must be called, are totally unnecessary, as not filling up the supposed deficiency. As to the author before us, his cadences want the easy flow of good blank verse, and each of his lines read singly has exactly the measure of heroic rhyme. It is not fair to pit him against Pope in other respects; but we must still allow that he is more easy in his numbers, though not always so poetical in his ideas, as his predecessor Cowper.

The next work deserving notice is, *All the Odes of Pindar, translated from the original Greek*. By the Rev. J. L. Girdlestone, A.M. Master of the Classical School of Beccles, Suffolk; &c.

Modern authors, the imitators of Pindar, seem totally to have mistaken their subject, and to have supposed that a poem of irregular lines must, *de facto*, be Pindaric; like the lame man who considered himself as an exact resemblance of Agésilas. Some of his translators, indeed, have succeeded, particularly West, whose selection was judicious, as giving us the true spirit of the author, and valuable from being accompanied by his own classical elucidations of the great national games of Greece. Mr. Girdlestone, however, dissatisfied with a selection, has here given us all the Odes; and one of his reasons for this may to many be conclusive; for he tells us, that although many translators have done separate parts, no entire translation has yet appeared. He observes that it requires a considerable knowledge of history, places, and customs, to understand Pindar, from his peculiarity of style, his perpetual allusion to events little known at this day, his quick transitions from general to particular reflections, from fact to

fable, &c. But this rather operates against the necessity of an entire translation. Mr. Girdlestone seems to think Pindar almost superior to Horace, and is surprised that the one is so much admired, and the other almost neglected; yet this he accounts for himself without intending it; for he acknowledges that the translator of Pindar often sees only as through a mist! How few beauties then can be seen, and how little will be understood by a general reader who pays not such attention to the minutiae of Pindar as his translator must? Perhaps, for general purposes, imitations are the happiest way of preserving the spirit, though not the matter of the author: no poetical translation can ever be a literal one, and therefore the mere English scholar cannot distinguish between the paraphrase and the original. With respect to Mr. Girdlestone as a poet, perhaps his introductory ode in imitation of his author, is the happiest part of his task, particularly where he raises the spirits of the departed brave, and closes with Nelson; his versification, in general, is elegant; and as far as it is possible, his translation may be considered a popular one, giving a correct view of the matter, and not unfrequently a fair specimen of the manner.

We shall not trouble our fair readers with theological analyses, or disquisitions on points of religious faith; yet there are some works on the practical parts of Christianity which we feel deserving of some attention in this place. The first is *Adultery analysed: an Inquiry into the Cause of the prevalence of that Vice in these Kingdoms at the present day; dedicated to a married couple of fashionable notoriety.* By Philippus Philirates. That the vice in question, so destructive of moral and of social sensibility, is become infinitely more common and notorious than formerly in this country, we are reluctantly obliged to confess. At the same time we can aver, from actual observation, that it not only bears a very small proportion in comparison with other countries, but also in regard to our own population. A love of scandal, the publicity given to those things in our courts of justice and in our daily prints, nay even the comparative infrequency of the crime itself, all tend to render every lapse from virtue more severely and generally talked of here than in any other part of the universe; of course, we are not surprised that those who look no further than their own noses should clamorously mistake the exceptions for the general rule. With respect to the work before us, we are convinced that the design of the author is unexceptionably

good; he notices the immorality and bad example, not of many we will contend, yet still of too many in the higher classes of society, and urges the necessity of employing religion and reason to counteract their influence. He very sensibly points out the evils of boarding schools; and also the influence of modern manners, and of the new philosophy, as leading to vice. He also very properly expatiates on the new morality, or rather immorality of the German drama, and shews in a satisfactory manner the evils naturally arising from the interest excited by the infamous characters in *Pizarro* and in the *Stranger*, in which the virtues of these personages are made pandars to their vices! Nor does the life of Mary Wolstonecraft, as theoretically and practically detailed by her husband, escape severe and well-merited censure. In short, much amusement is here blended with instruction; particularly in the chapter on modern courtship, which he describes as a tissue of deception on both sides. Our fair readers will also find in it some excellent hints and cautions for the married state.

If conjugal infidelity is of consequence to society, so must also be the purity of the virgin mind. Whatever tends, therefore, to preserve it, or partially to restore it when lost, must be deserving of serious attention. The principles of the Magdalen, and other charities of the same description, have of course hitherto been considered as praiseworthy, and as likely to be of service: it appears, however, that a new doctrine on this subject has lately been broached in an *Address to the public, upon the dangerous tendency of the London Female Penitentiary; with hints relative to the best means of lessening the sum of Prostitution.* By W. Hale. That Mr. Hale's wishes tend to the same point as those of the promoters of this Penitentiary, we have no doubt; but their opinions as to the mode of affecting their wishes seem to differ in extremes; and he undertakes to prove not only that its effects will be to increase the sum of meretricious distress, but also that its principle is unsupported by the word of God. If we chose to enter the lists, we would remind Mr. Hale of our Saviour's conduct towards Mary Magdalene, and the woman caught in adultery; but we will leave him to be answered by *Prostitutes reclaimed, and Parents protected; being an Answer to some Objections made against the principle and tendency of the London Female Penitentiary; with Observations, &c.* By William Blair, Esq. Surgeon of the Lock Hospital.—In this little work, Mr. Blair refutes every foregoing objection; he proves that the

Penitentiary is a school of virtue, and finally, that its object is in every respect agreeable both to the letter and spirit of the Gospel. But there is another and a more methodical answer in a pamphlet by a Mr. Hodson, called *Remonstrance*; which, as it explains the probationary course through which the applicants must pass previous to full admission (and this in opposition to the assertion that Penitentiaries open their doors to the most abandoned) is therefore useful to those who would wish to extend the plan to other quarters. Mr. Hodson also most successfully refutes the idea that unfortunate girls are led to ruin by the prospect of such a retirement. Mr. Hale, however, is not convinced, and still exclaims in another pamphlet against those reclaimed females being sent back into society; but we would ask Mr. H. what else he would do with them? This subject has also been taken up by a Mr. Evans, in a reply to Dr. Hawker, who defended the Penitentiary. In this, Mr. Evans draws the question from its general tendency, and goes into an abstract view of the subject, calling his pamphlet *General Redemption the only proper basis of General Benevolence*. We must confess that we know not what Calvinism, election, reprobation, &c. have to do with the question of thinning our streets of unfortunate females, and endeavouring to render them useful to society; but we cannot help thinking that when distress, more than inclination, leads females into ruin, the removal of that distress by bringing them back to habits of honest industry, will be likely to enable them to sin no more. Let our fair readers remember this! Let them reflect how much it is their duty to encourage the employment of women, to the exclusion of men, in every department of domestic life, or of public business, suited to their capacities and abilities!

We cannot dismiss our readers without taking notice of Continental literature; and this, perhaps, might be briefly done by one single work, published at Amsterdam and Paris, whose object is to describe the present state, as well as the progress of some of the leading branches of German literature, called *A View of the present State of Antient Literature and History in Germany*. By Charles Vilers.—Mr. V. seems to consider German literature as at present in high perfection; but we imagine that some of the reasons which he adduces for its excellence do not now exist, particularly where he talks of the independence of German authors, and of their being unconnected with any rich or powerful court, or large metropolis. Under the present state of

the German press, such an idea is futile in the extreme; nor do we believe, as he asserts, that the past year has given any instances resulting from that evident predilection for religious inquiries, which has hitherto been observable in the whole Protestant part of Germany, by which, ever since the time of the reformation, a freedom of thought had been produced. We are still less disposed (even if Germany was free) to allow the full force of Mr. V.'s reasoning, when he says, that though the German scholar is himself secluded from what is called the world, yet his publication is dispersed over a vast tract of country, from Berne to the gates of St. Petersburg; and that he has therefore no concern with the local spirit which is produced by great concentration; and from this presumes that the literary man enjoys in his labours a very great independence, and finds himself completely unshackled by any influence that would be foreign to his studies or meditations. But surely, the man who lives out of the world, is not very fit to write for it, except, indeed, on some very particular subjects; and there Mr. V. asserts, that the German literati have, perhaps, a more truly classic taste than any others, and modernize the least! Hence arises, he observes, with true national prejudice, their superior success in archaeological researches, and in the interpretation and translation of the antients, particularly of the Greeks, either on account of some secret affinity between the two nations, as the analogy of the two languages seems to indicate, and of a common origin which loses itself in the remotest times, "or from some other cause!" We will not deny the weight of the German literati in heavy literature, but as for the national analogy, we can allow it but little force, whilst there is such an extreme difference between the two nations in their love of liberty! though there is still some analogy between their fates from Philip of Macedon, and Napoleon, Protector of the Confederacy of the Rhine!

A kind of amphibious production has lately made its appearance, in which the author describes himself as half German half French; deriving his claim to the latter title from his progenitors, and from the language which he uses, but owing to the former his birth, studies, affections, and ideas. With a most comprehensive benevolence he undertakes the double task of encouraging a love for the deeper branches of philosophy amongst his French countrymen, of exciting them to inquiries into the principles of human knowledge, taste, and morals, and of acting between them and his German compatriots, as

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a kind of interlocutor or mediator. The title is *Literary and Philosophical Miscellanies*. By F. Ancillon, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Prussia. The work is printed at Paris, and of course has Napoleon's *imprimatur*; from which we may conclude that the Great Emperor thinks it can do no harm! The first part of the work will at once shew the probability of the author's success in his double attempt: this is "on the idea and feeling of infinity" which he asserts is the principal charm of the scenes of nature, of the beauties of art, of painting, of music, and of poetry; and that in proportion as they cherish and gratify a longing for infinity! The great secret of the artist, he says, is to excite in the mind the feeling of infinity, by presenting to it "finite forms—what he sees is finite; but what he does not see, what he suspects, feels, and imagines is infinite!" This essay then must be the true picture of beauty, as we were almost led to imagine that his absurdity was infinite. Some of his observations, however, are good; particularly respecting inflation of style: and there is one deserving of preservation, which is, that on speaking of God, of nature, of the universe, of time, or of eternity, we ought to avoid the semblance of wishing to rival those stupendous objects, or of endeavouring to rise to their height by clouded or figurative language. Upon the whole, we must allow that Monsieur Ancillon deserves credit for his expanded ideas on Philosophy, and for his paenegyric on Common Sense; which latter he considers as a very good substitute for the theoretical principles of systematizers; and he clearly shews that an affectation of scepticism generally covers a fondness for dogmatizing.

All those who are conversant with the private and public scandal of the Continent for the last twenty years, must have heard of a Madame de Lichtenau, who appeared at one time to possess great influence over the mind of the late King of Prussia; of course when such a lady offers to the world *Memoires de la Comtesse de Lichtenau, écrits par elle même; contenant des Anecdotes secrètes sur la Cour de Prusse*, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. we naturally expect some political articles of importance; as, thank God, the public taste of England is not yet so prostituted as to look either for morality or amusement in the memoirs even of a royal —. Here, however, we were disappointed,

for this lady is merely a second Constantia Philips, and pretends to offer an *apology* for her conduct. Of her own seduction she speaks unblushingly, and expatiates on it with such nonchalance, as to declare that she permits any woman, who believes that she could have had virtue enough to resist the Prince Royal, and the charms of such a seduction, to throw the first stone at her! For our parts, we believe, that if every unfortunate female in England, who would be ashamed to tell such a tale, were to do so, then Madame la Comtesse would have a very large monument. Whilst living with a Prince she became a wife! but this is a trifle with the woman whom Segur characterizes as of great irregularity of manners, and as celebrated for the baseness of her character and the infamy of her husband. In her subsequent details of the passion of a youth for her when a grandmother, she evidently apes the famous, or rather infamous De l'Enclos; she marries him, however; he takes her money and leaves her, but she follows him to Vienna, where he tells her very candidly that since she forces him to it, he must tell her that the hymeneal chain was insupportable, and that he loved nothing so much as his own liberty! Doubtless some German dramatist will dramatize these *amiable eccentricities*!

We shall now close our review with one article which we shall not blush to recommend to general notice, that is *On Compensations in the Human Destiny*. By H. Azais, Paris. If misfortune obliges us to have recourse to philosophy, the French people ought to be great philosophers; of which, perhaps, there is no species or part more useful than the conviction of an equality of happiness, or what this author calls the *Compensation of Destinies*. Perhaps Mr. Azais, indeed, sticks too close to *Destiny*; for though such reflections as those now published, supported him under all the horrors of seclusion, during the storm of the Revolution, yet surely a sense of an overruling and benevolent Providence might have afforded him additional consolation. The work, however, as far as it goes, if it does not produce content, may at least cure repining. It is not all dry, dull philosophy, but is enlivened by a kind of story, or conversational action between two characters of different ages; and though there is no great novelty in the ideas elicited, yet it must still be allowed that they have a good tendency.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES OF RECENT MUSIC.

If it was true in old times, that "there was nothing new under the sun," the adage must be infinitely more applicable at the present day. We will not, however, follow the herd of modern Reviewers, whose sole aim seems to be the discovery of deformity; and whose repeated cry is the want of originality. Who that considers the case coolly with respect to music, will now expect originality? Who is there, indeed, that reflects a moment seriously, that will not feel grateful to modern composers, even for a little novelty, when he reconsiders that curious fact, that out of eight primary notes, or sounds, all the various cadences of various nations, and of various ages, have been formed? Let us not then exclaim against want of originality, but give due praise to those whose taste enables them to treat us from time to time with something, which, though not strictly original, has yet the advantage of not being familiar. In this point of view we are led more particularly to consider the efforts of those who, penetrating into the deepest recesses of antiquity, regale our ears with the sounds of departed times, where sometimes a few simple notes are performed in unisons, or octaves, where often the harmony is clear and simple, with dignified melody and measure, where the harmony and modulation are so mysteriously combined that the nicest ear cannot anticipate the coming transitions, and where the chords that vibrate on our souls, and wrap the fancy in enthusiasm, are those which have inspired the heroism, warmed the patriotic ardour, or conveyed in dulcet sounds the tenderest affections of our ancestors. Some fastidious composers and critics, whose taste (if they had any) had been spoiled by the difficulties and rapidities of the German and Italian schools, have pretended to despise the preservation and restoration of our ancient national airs; because that being traditional, they could not be of certain antiquity; but when we find that Malchair, Bunting, and the various investigators of ancient music, have actually discovered the same tunes in places the most remote from each other, and where these tunes were considered as of the remotest antiquity, there can surely be no longer any doubts of their originality.

## NATIONAL MUSIC.

These reflections are naturally excited by *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards,*

*preserved by Tradition and authentic Manuscripts from very remote Antiquity; never before published.*

Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince. Whoever undertakes the preservation of traditional music, by musical characters, has many difficulties before him; for as the Welch Harpers, and, indeed, the Bards of all simple nations, play with correct emphasis, and highly finished expression, by the ear alone, it often happens that this peculiarity of cadence can only be acquired by the ear, and that there are actually no musical characters in existence which will express it correctly. To collect some of the simplest and rarest airs is also a work of considerable labour, and requires some address, for though the lower classes, the mountain shepherds, and others, in Wales, as well as in the Highlands, and in the retired glens of Ireland, are accustomed to chaunt their most beautiful and wildest fragments of melody when alone, yet they are extremely shy of repeating them to inquisitive strangers. Some of these, however, are of the most undoubted antiquity; and we are happy not only to see the taste for them extending, but also to find such exertions made to adopt them for modern practice, as the regular measure and diatonic scale of the Welch compositions are not only congenial to the scientific taste of the amateur, but also well adapted for minor proficient in music. In the work before us we find a most useful collection of original tunes, with accompaniments and variations for the harp, piano-forte, violin and flute; and it is the more valuable for containing the pastoral songs, with translations, and also the poetical epigrams, and other stanzas, called by the Welch the *Englynion* and *Pennillion*. Mr. Jones has also with considerable taste and accuracy, presented us with historical details of the Bards and Druids, with useful dissertations on the ancient musical instruments of his native mountains, and with elegant illustrative engravings, which will render his work valuable to the antiquary, and at the same time highly ornamental to the music-room.

Another publication of the same nature is *A Selection of Welsh Melodies, with appropriate English Words, adapted to the Voice; with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte or Harp.* By John Parry. Though Mr. Parry might have trusted to the intrinsic merit of this work for a rapid sale, yet he has chosen

to accompany it with some very entertaining, as well as instructive observations on both the poetry and music of the Cambro Britons; he has also given us a *fac simile* of ancient British musical notation, and embellished the whole with a characteristic engraving of Cadwallader, surrounded by his Bards, and presenting the medal of excellence to the successful Harper. With respect to the airs themselves, much pains have been evidently taken in their collection, and much taste and judgment in the translation and adaptation of the national words to the melodies. The arrangement is judicious, and the whole bids fair for general circulation, as there are also specimens of each for the flute and flageolet.

From the investigation of national airs, the transition is easy to

#### BALLAD MUSIC.

Of this we have several elegant specimens from the pen, or rather perhaps we should say, the muse of Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. This gentleman has with great taste, and with classical precision, adapted a melody to Count Morano's Song, in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, "Soft as the silver ray that sleeps;" in this there is an elegant and expressive ease in the various passages; and the symphonies are so harmonious, and the accompaniments are so judicious, as to render it highly interesting. We have always been of opinion, that the *minor key*, having fewer perfect concords than the *major*, the former can never be considered as so productive of beauty; yet there are times and passages where its introduction is eminently pleasing; of this, we must notice an instance in the second stanza of a pathetic little ballad by the same composer, *The Dead Robin*, and in which he has combined much of the natural simplicity of natural feeling with melody of expression. Throughout the whole of Dr. Clarke's compositions, indeed, we discover an evident desire to assimilate sense and sound, and to unite the expression of each; of this there is a striking instance in the simple ballad of *The Lay of Love*, which pictures the various situations in the most expressive manner, both in its poetry and harmony.

Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. has produced several ballads during the last year; the most deserving of notice, we think, is *Early Days how fair and fleeting*; a favourite song, sung by Mrs. Ashe, at the Hanover-square Concerts, and if we cannot award any great praise for originality to this little piece, yet we must allow its effect to be highly interesting, from the simplicity of its melody, and

from the elegant expression which so intimately connects both the poetical and musical sentiment.

We have also to notice *Alone for You*; a Ballad. The words by Mr. J. Swart; the music composed, and dedicated to Miss Fenton, by J. Major. This is particularly pleasing from its piano-forte accompaniment, which is connected with the vocal melody with considerable taste. Mr. J. M. Coombes, has also produced a little Ballad, *The Forest Maid*, to which many of our readers may have listened with great pleasure at the Bath Concerts; and Mr. Parry, whose *Welsh Melodies* we have already noticed, has also favoured us with a musical trifle, *The Rose, a Ballad, for two voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte and Harp Lute*.

To award the prize to female excellence, is the most agreeable part of our task; we cannot, therefore, slightly pass over *Allen's Cot*, a Ballad, the words by Joseph Blacket; the music by a Lady. There is sufficient beauty in this little ballad, to make us wish for more correctness of arrangement in the various passages; as taken separately, they possess considerable merit, particularly in their assimilation with the metrical construction and accent. This is, however, evidently more the fortuitous effect of taste than of science; but is still sufficiently obvious to induce us to recommend to the fair composer to cultivate her native talent, and thus to give to her future melodies that charm which is always contained in harmonious precision. Amongst many produced by Mr. J. Whitaker, we are most pleased with a melody adapted to a little and favourite Ballad, *My poor Dog Tray*; or, *the Irish Harper's Lamentation*, an effusion of the elegant muse of the *Pleasures of Hope*. In this little piece Mr. Campbell has displayed much taste and feeling; and the intended pathos is ably preserved by the composer, who, with discriminating judgment, has adapted his cadences so as intimately to unite with the poetic idea. This composer also has the merit of adapting even his bass to the subject before him; a point in which this little piece excels, as well as in the propriety of the piano-forte accompaniment; perfections which will be also found in the easy and appropriate melody of another ballad from the same pen, *Will with the Wisp*; as well as in *Shore Boat Ho*, sung by Incedon, and composed by Whitaker; in this last, indeed, nautical simplicity is portrayed with a happy felicity in the plain unlaboured style of the composer.

Of a species nearly allied to ballad music, is the

## CANZONET,

Of which we have an elegant specimen in a *Canzonet for two Sopranos*, "Mark'd you her more than mortal grace," composed by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. If impressive ease and tasteful expression, were the sole points in a Canzonet, we should think this highly deserving of praise; but we also admire it for its style of composition, as the soprano or canto clef, is so well adapted to the facilities of domestic music, allowing every mother of taste an opportunity of forming a little concert, even from the harmony of her nursery. In Germany and Italy, indeed, this clef is almost solely used for the harpsichord, the clef being appropriated to the violincello; and we should be happy to see it more attended to by our own composers, as well as that of the Mezzo Soprano, which though it stands a line higher, is infinitely preferable to the other keys, for female or juvenile voices. In the piece before us, we must also note the peculiar excellence, that although each movement is pleasingly connected with its subsequent, without harsh or rapid transition, yet is it quite free from those common-place cadences in which the performer's ear runs faster than his eye.

There is another, yet nearly similar species of family music, which of late years we think has been too much neglected; we allude to the

## CANTATA,

Which though it has long been considered as *old-fashioned*, is a species of composition of no earlier invention than the sixteenth century. This was indeed originally intended for chamber music alone, and therefore in order to be perfect, was considered as requiring more delicacy and gracefulness than the madrigal, or anthem, which had then been long in vogue. Of later composers we must notice Scarlatti, who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, and is as much and as justly celebrated for his *Cantatas*, as for any of his other works. Perhaps it is too much to expect from modern composers, that they should be capable of uniting the beauty of his vocal melodies with the intricacy of his basses, or that they should equal him in the great variety of his ingenious modulations, or in the extraordinary originality of his subjects and styles; nor can we even hope that his followers, Cesti and Stradella, should be always successfully imitated. At the same time, we must consider Mr. W. T. Parke, as deserving of great praise for his attempt to revive this style of composition in *The Triple Courtship*, a popular Can-

tata, sung at Vauxhall Gardens, by Miss Feron. In this he has displayed great judgment, in giving a characteristic expression to his recitatives, as well as considerable taste in the elegance of his melodies.

We have already noticed the extreme dissimilarity between public criticism and public favour, respecting the works of a modern poet; yet notwithstanding the critical discord, we believe there never was a poet before him, who gave rise to attempts at harmony so numerous as the musical illustrations of

## WALTER SCOTT.

In short, their number and variety oblige us to give them a distinct section; and here it becomes necessary for us to commune with Dr. Clarke, a name which we have had occasion to mention more frequently than any other in this critical sketch. The first which we shall notice is one written for Mrs. Asbe, for the Hanover-square Concerts; this is *The Coronach; or, Funeral Song*, "He's gone on the mountain;" the poetry from the *Lady of the Lake*, and inscribed to Lady Harriet Clive. If such a piece as this is to be composed in character with the subject, we are not to expect all the elegancies of expression which many of Dr. Clarke's other pieces possess; that is, we must not expect *Italian refinement* tagged to *Highland simplicity* without an anachronism; for Rizzio had not refined the Scottish music when the *time* of this poem is marked. But those who merely look for a melody affectingly consonant with the occasion, will not be disappointed. If there is any thing to complain of, it may be the repetition of one particular note (F); but we ought to recollect that the wild ditties of simple nations have this peculiarity; and though the accompaniment is nearly the same in each verse, yet we cannot help feeling that this is rather a characteristic beauty, from its varied harmonizing with the different trebles. The same attention to character in the accompaniments is displayed by the Doctor in *Norman's Song*, from the same poem; but we are most gratified with the happy illustrations of his fancy in the *Hymn to the Virgin*, in *Ellen's Song*, *Ave Maria*; the poetry from the *Lady of the Lake*; inscribed to the Countess of Powis. The arrangement is judicious; for the twenty-four lines which the hymn contains, are divided into four separate stanzas, the melody of each being different, but all adapted to the sentiment; whilst the concluding chorus to each *Ave Maria*, in four parts, connects them into one grand whole.

The same hymn has also been harmonized by J. Atwood with great originality, and with a bass accompaniment which cannot fail to please. The same composer has also given us a specimen of his *savoir faire*, in one which we have already noticed as harmonized by Dr. Clarke, "The heath this night must be my bed," or *Norman's Song*, which the readers of *La Belle Assemblée* must have seen in one of our late Numbers from the pen of Mr. Hook; between three such admired composers we will not attempt to hazard the punishment of Midas; we must observe, however, that Mr. Atwood here differs very much from his competitors, in giving a more marked sombre effect to his composition, which if it does not excel, must still please by its variety, whilst at the same time it assimilates with the poetic idea. Mr. Whitaker too, has added another wreath to his garland, in *The imprisoned Huntsman*, a favourite song, the poetry from the *Lady of the Lake*. This little piece displays both taste and judgment; but we must close this section with simply mentioning *Musical Illustrations* intended to accompany the picturesque delineations from the poetry of Mr. Scott.

There are some little pieces which have appeared during the last year which we cannot well arrange under any other head than the

#### GROTESQUE;

Yet even this word admits of a double meaning, for though in one sense it is not precisely what is meant by burlesque, still it approaches very near to it; whilst in another sense its characteristics are defined as consisting in playfulness of melody, broken and varied measure, intricacy of harmony and modulation, and a perpetual endeavour to excite surprise in the mind of the auditor. To criticise the grotesque then, in either of these senses, would be to bring it before a court whose jurisdiction it does not allow, we must therefore merely enumerate some of those most deserving of notice. The first is a most amusing trifle, which we presume from its rapid circulation is already in the hands of most of our fair readers; we allude to *Air Grotesque*, for the piano-forte; composed by Mazzinghi. Along with this we ought, perhaps, to rank an air truly burlesque, composed by the genius of playful caricature, and abounding in exquisitely humorous imitations; this is *Melton Oysters, or Yeo*, air with variations for the piano-forte, by Dr. Crutch!

Under this head also must be classed a delicate specimen of juvenile genius, harmonized by W. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon; in which the composer has with great judgment suited

his melodies, both in expression and cadence, to the subject as well as to the poet; for it is called *Wake! lines addressed by a young Lady eight years of age, to her infant Brother sleeping*. This *morceau* is executed with a degree of simplicity which perhaps none but a parent can fairly appreciate; a sentiment which we must suppose the composer to have felt, although he is a *Musical Bachelor*.

Another *Mus. Bac.* of the same University, Mr. Holden, has given us a sweet little thing, which, though it may not boast of much novelty, will nevertheless be sure to please from the variety and rapidity of its ideas; this is *A Romance and Waltz for the Piano-forte*, inscribed to Miss M'Donel, of Newcastle, county of Mayo,—a musical offering, which if it does not lead to the hymeneal waltz, evinces that the composer is fully qualified to extend his degree beyond that of *Baccalaureus*.

Another of these is a piece possessing great variety, *Serenade for the Piano-forte*, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch air "The Banks of Doon;" composed and dedicated to his Excellency the Persian Ambassador, by L. Jansen. This piece is well fitted for juvenile performers; as is also another which we cannot help recommending as a pleasing exercise, and as likely to produce great improvement in execution; this is *The Merry Beggars*; a much admired Dance, inscribed to the Duke of Clarence. Arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte by J. Raywood.—Under that head specifically called

#### AIRS,

We have nothing particularly to notice, except a publication by Mazzinghi, which possesses much brilliancy, yet with a facility of execution rendering it a very useful work for minor proficient. This contains *Three Airs for the Harp*, with *ad libitum* accompaniments for the Piano-forte and German flute; inscribed to Miss Rigby. From the taste with which the accompaniments are adapted to the airs, we have no hesitation in recommending them to our fair readers, as particularly appropriate to their little friendly concerts.

Our musical readers would not forgive us were we to omit the section of

#### RONDOS;

But these are so numerous, that to criticise but half of those which possess merit, would far exceed our limits; we can do little more, therefore, than enumerate some of the most striking. The first which presents itself to our notice forms a pleasing theme for young performers, *The Opera Hat*, a favourite



dance, composed and arranged for the piano-forte; also adapted for the flute or flageolet, by J. Parry, Editor of the *Welch Melodies*.

Along with this must we rank a lively production by Mr. Holst, who has continued to afford us great variety in *Morgiana in Ireland*, a favourite dance, arranged as a Rondo for the piano-forte.

Sir John Stevenson also has composed a pleasing Rondo, with a piano-forte accompaniment adapted to *Tell me how to bid adieu Love*, written by J. R. Anderson, Esq. And Dr. Clarke has given us another interesting little production in *No more Love's arts bewailing*.—In the class of

#### SONATAS

It is enough to mention one which possesses great variety, and which has all the charms which can be derived from graceful contrast; this is *La Eliza*, a Sonata, composed and dedicated to Miss Stanhope, by P. A. Corri. The composer has formed this Sonata in three movements completely distinct in their nature, yet so happily contrasted by the *andante grazioso* of the second part as to form a pleasing whole, of great brilliancy, and elegance of conception.

Nor are we less pleased with a *Sonata for the Piano-forte*, by Rolfe; which possesses more originality than generally falls to the lot of this species of composition at the present day.

#### DUETTS,

Considered as vocal compositions, have had their day; but we are happy to see that Mr. Mazziughi still dedicates some of his attention to their preservation as pieces of music. This composer has added much original matter to some of the most striking passages of an old but admired master; and we are not afraid to say, that we conceive even the most enthusiastic admirers of the old school will not be displeased with the connecting parts presented to them by him in *Duets for the Piano-forte*, selected and arranged for Handel's *Te Deum*.

Another pleasing and varied specimen of the same kind of composition is *A new Duets for the Harp and Piano-forte, or two Harps*; composed, and dedicated to Miss Becket, by Thomas Powell. The first part of this is well fitted to shew execution, and is not too rapid; in the second part, which is an *andantino* movement, there is perhaps more taste in the manner than novelty in the matter; but the third part, which is a Rondo, is sufficient to stamp the merit of the composition.

Our modern improvements in music have

perhaps been productive of injury to our domestic melody, we will not say harmony, in enabling one performer in a great measure to perform the whole of a concert, and thereby setting aside the madrigal, which in the time of Queen Elizabeth was a favourite mode of composing, and was then, strictly speaking, a vocal composition of four or more parts, thus producing all the effect of a concert, though without an instrument.

When this species was most in vogue, being generally set to pastoral poetry, and requiring more polish than the anthem, or church-like music of the time, it was certainly extremely well adapted to social harmony, much more so even than our modern

#### GLEES,

A species of composition of which many excellent specimens have been produced in the past year. Of these our selection must indeed amount to little more than a bare catalogue, as the repetition of praises on one species of music would be too monotonous to please. The first we shall notice is well adapted for our fair readers, and is a simple harmonized ballad of two verses, in which the interest excited by the poet is ably increased by the skill of the composer; this is *The wild Glen, where bideth my Love*, a Glee for two Sopranos and a Bass; composed by John Clarke, Mus. Doc. Cantab.

Dr. Callcot has also presented us with an harmonious composition, in which there are some very striking points; this is *When Time who steals our years away*, a favourite Glee for three voices; composed for Mr. Page's *Festive Harmony*; the words from Little's *Poems*.

Mr. W. Knyvet has united more scientific harmony with easy melody in one of his last Glees, than we remember to have noticed in any others; and we can therefore recommend with pleasure *The Shepherd and his Dog Rover*, a Glee for three voices, composed by M. P. King; in which the composer has professedly given imitations, but with such a degree of taste as in some parts to make them more valuable than the originals.

It was our intention to have entered at some length upon the merits of

#### DRAMATIC COMPOSITION,

But the great number of new pieces, so called at least, would require a volume, even for a short analysis; it would not be doing justice to Mr. Reeve, however, were we to pass over his *Tricks upon Travellers*, a Comic Opera, performed at the English Opera, Lyceum, written by Sir J. B. Burgess, Bart.—As for the Over-

ture, we can say but little in its praise; indeed the only originality which such things in general possess, is in the *fig ends* of the various airs introduced to form the groundwork of the movement, like a whet before a feast, and joined together by all the dissonance of all the horns, trumpets, triangles, and kettle-drums, that can be mustered in the orchestra; with, perhaps, the addition of a deep-toned bell, from the side scenes! Mr. Reeve, however, has shewn considerable originality in the airs, and the whole collection possesses a pleasing familiarity, both in conception and in execution.

As for the Italian Opera, it does not fairly possess a place in a review of *English music*; but we cannot pass over a specimen in the class of

#### CHORUSES,

*Viva Enrico*; chorus in the Opera of *La Caccia de Enrico IV.*; composed by Signor Pucitta.—We notice this production the more particularly, as being well fitted as an exercise for practitioners; and though the accompaniment for the piano is not difficult, yet from its busy liveliness it will not fail to interest those, who prefer execution to pathos.

Since the days of Handel, our sacred style of composition has been but little attended to; it however deserves cultivation, and, as a groundwork, there is nothing perhaps which will tend more to its improvement than the practice of

#### FUGUES,

Which have, in other countries, been found difficult by the best masters. Even Italy cannot boast of any thing of peculiar merit for the last century. Durante is, perhaps, the most striking of their later composers; but if ever his scholar, Pergolesi, the divine Pergolesi, failed, it was in his attempts to follow his master in this style of composition. Who then, in modern days, will expect excellence? Yet we must not pass over *A Series of Analyzed Fugues, with double Counterpoints*, composed for two Performers on one Piano-forte, or Organ. By A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German Chapel, St. James's.—The author professes to produce a work which shall teach how a melody can be harmonized by other melodies; and how the inversion, transposition, and imitation of melodious parts, produce an abundance of sublime and interesting varieties, which the greatest genius and natural talent cannot make us invent

without some assistance. Some fastidious critics may consider this as too much resembling a mill for grinding music; they will find these fugues, however, a good practical illustration of that theory of composition already published by Mr. Kollmann. Of other specimens of

#### SACRED MUSIC,

We have only space to mention *Hear thou Shepherd of Israel*, an anthem, by W. Russell, Mus. Bac. Oxon; and *Ponder my Words, O Lord!* from the same pen; *Six sacred Songs, for a single Voice*, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, by L. Beethoven; and *Eight Toccatos, or Preludes and Fugues*, for the organ, by S. Seeger, Organist for the High Church, Prague.

We must now dismiss our subject with the slight mention of the adaptation of some

#### FOREIGN AIRS,

By our own composers. We must here first particularly recommend to public notice *A Selection of the most admired and original German Waltzes, never before published*; adapted for the harp and piano-forte; dedicated to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. By Edward Jones, Harp-master and Bard to the Prince of Wales.—These will be found extremely useful to young practitioners. Mr. H. R. Bishop has also given us several specimens of his skill in this style of composition, in which the best are *The much admired Guaraca*, danced by Miss Smith in the Grand Ballet of the Castilian Minstrel, arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte, and the *Minuetto all Fandango*, in the same piece. In these, though we do not find much originality, yet still the connecting parts, and the varied repetitions of the basses, are so harmoniously constructed, that they cannot fail to please.

We shall now close this article with a very curious composition, which, though it runs through six pages, and contains but one movement in the whole, is yet so artfully managed as to produce all the effect of the most studied variety: this is *The much-admired Custanet Dance*, performed by Vestris and Angiolini, in the favourite Ballet of Don Quichotte; composed by F. Venua, and arranged as a rondo by F. Lauza.

Here then must we, for the present, take leave of our musical readers, leaving them to feast on that harmony which we have catered for their entertainment.

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# CHRONOLOGICAL SKETCH OF THE MOST REMARKABLE EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1810.

## JANUARY.

1. Dispatches received from General Don, announcing the entire demolition of the basin, arsenal, magazines, and defences of Flushing, and the subsequent embarkation of the British troops, on the 23d ult.

8. Accounts received of the reduction of the fortress of the Island of Bourbon, on the 21st of September, and the capture of a French frigate, and recovery of two East Indiamen.

19. Mr. Lion Levi threw himself from the top of the Monument, and was killed on the spot.

20. Official accounts received of the insubordination in India being suppressed.

23. Parliament convened by commission.

24. Treaty of Peace signed between France and Sweden.

25. Cordova and Jaen surrendered to the French.

29. Prince Stahrenberg, the Austrian Ambassador, left England.

## FEBRUARY.

2. The House of Commons resolved to inquire into the conduct of the expedition to Walcheren.

8. Guadaloupe surrendered to his Majesty's land and sea forces, under the command of Sir George Beckwith and Sir Alexander Cochrane.

11. A dreadful accident occurred at Liverpool, by part of the old church falling, which buried a number in its ruins.

17. Dutch Settlement of Amboyna and the Island of St. Martin taken.

— Bonaparte formally annexed Rome and the Papal territories to the dominions of France.

27. Bonaparte declared to his Senate his intention of espousing the Archduchess Maria Louisa.

## MARCH.

1. Jerome Bonaparte, in virtue of a convention with Napoleon, took formal possession of Hanover.

2. The House of Commons passed a vote of censure on the conduct of Lord Chatham, in privately presenting to his Majesty a narrative of his operations in the Scheldt, and his Lordship resigned his office of Master General of the Ordnance.

11. Bonaparte married by proxy at Vienna to the Archduchess Maria Louisa.

18. Island of St. Maura reduced by the troops under the command of Brigadier-General Oswald.

29. The House of Commons, after a discus-

sion of four nights, upon the evidence taken before the Committee, came to a vote of approbation of the expedition to the Scheldt.

## APRIL.

1. Bonaparte re-married at Paris.

5. The House of Commons ordered Sir Francis Burdett, Bart. to be committed to the Tower for a gross and scandalous libel upon its best rights and privileges.

6. Baron de Kolli apprehended at Valency, and confined, for attempting to rescue Ferdinand the VII. from the power of Bonaparte.

7. Sir Francis Burdett having refused to obey the Speaker's warrant, and serious disturbances being apprehended, the military near the metropolis were ordered to town to preserve public tranquillity.

8. Sir Francis Burdett wrote a letter to the Sheriffs of Middlesex, complaining that his house was beset by a military force, and requiring them to call out the Posse Comitatus, to protect him against an illegal authority.

9. Sir Francis Burdett was arrested, and conveyed to the Tower, escorted by the military. The troops having fired, several lives were lost. In the evening the Serjeant at Arms gave a detail of his proceedings to the House of Commons, when a letter from Sir Francis to the Speaker was read, denying the authority of the House to commit him.

19. The Carraecas declare themselves independent.

## MAY.

1. His Majesty's ships *Spartan* and *Success* engaged and drove on shore, near the island of Capri, a squadron of French and Neapolitan ships and gun-boats.

— Capt. Willoughby, of his Majesty's ship *Nereide*, landed at Jacotél, in the Isle of France, with a body of seamen and marines, defeated the garrison, and spiked the guns; but from the smallness of his force, was compelled to re-embark.

4. The House of Commons resolved to grant an annuity of 7,000*l.* to his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick.

29. The Crown Prince of Sweden died.

30. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland narrowly escaped assassination from a foreign domestic.

## JUNE.

8. An enemy's convoy carried into the harbour of Crao, and destroyed by boats dispatched from Sir Charles Cotton's fleet.

13. The French General Sarazin came to England.

21. Parliament prorogued when Sir Francis Burdett was liberated from the Tower.

25. The Spanish Council of Regency order the Extraordinary National Cortes to be convoked.

#### JULY.

1. A dreadful hurricane and storm.—Louis Bonaparte resigned the crown of Holland in favour of his two sons.—A dreadful catastrophe occurred at Paris while the Austrian Ambassador was giving a splendid fete to a large assemblage of people, the apartments accidentally caught fire, and many lives were lost.

8. Island of Bourbon surrendered by capitulation.

10. Bonaparte formally annexed Holland to France.—Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered to the French, after a protracted siege of sixteen days.

19. Died her Majesty the Queen of Prussia.

20. A Neapolitan flotilla was intercepted off Amantea by his Majesty's ship Thames, Captain Waldegrave, and a number of Sicilian gun-boats; 37 vessels full of stores were taken and carried to Messina, and the remainder destroyed.

22. A Council of Marine established in France.

#### AUGUST.

8. Died the Earl of Berkeley, in the 66th year of his age.

12. Fourteen Spanish ships of the line fitted out, and sent on different destinations, to avoid the possibility of their falling into the possession of the French.

15. The Council of Regency, in consequence of Soult's Proclamation, that no quarter was to be given to armed peasants, &c. who were not attached to an army, issued an order of retaliation to put all Frenchmen to death, without distinction, which produced a recall of the first.

18. Canal of Corfu declared in a state of blockade by his Majesty's naval forces.

21. Bernadotte elected Crown Prince of Sweden.

23. Lucien Bonaparte with his family arrived at Malta.

#### SEPTEMBER.

9. In consequence of the brilliant achievements of the British troops in the late campaigns in Spain and Portugal, particularly in the battles of Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, and Talavera, his Majesty was pleased to order a medal to be worn by such officers above the rank of Major, as were engaged in any of those battles.

18. Murat attended a landing in Sicily, but was compelled to abandon the enterprise

with the loss of 3500 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

24. The Spanish Extraordinary Cortes assembled for the first time in the Isle of Leon.

27. Lord Wellington's army was attacked in his entrenchments at Busaco, by the whole force of Massena, which he repelled in every point, and killed and wounded upwards of 10,000 men. The English had 179 killed, 912 wounded, and 17 missing.

28. Mr. Abraham Goldsmid, the principal Money Broker in the City, put a period to his own existence.

#### OCTOBER.

7. Colonel Trant, with his division of Portuguese troops, drove the French from Coimbra, and took 5000 prisoners who were left in the Hospitals.

17. A detachment of 13000 men, Englishmen and deserters from the French, having left Gibraltar on a secret expedition, under the command of Major-General Lord Blayney, they fell in with a very superior force, and after a smart action they were forced to retreat.

29. A Bulletin of his Majesty's health, signed by the Physicians, began to be exhibited at St. James's.

#### NOVEMBER.

1. Parliament assembled, but, in consequence of his Majesty's indisposition, both Houses adjourned to the 15th.

2. Died, at Windsor Palace, her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, after a long and painful illness.

8. Mr. Mackenzie, who was sent to France, to treat for an exchange of prisoners with this country, returned, being unable to accomplish the object of his mission.

10. Dreadful explosion of gunpowder at Cork, which destroyed several houses, and many people lost their lives.

11. A general mourning ordered for the Princess Amelia.

13. Count Gottorp, the late King of Sweden, arrived in England.

19. Sweden declared war against England.

28. Bonaparte issued an order for all able seamen in the House Towns to enter into the French service.

29. Parliament met and adjourned to the 13th proximo.

#### DECEMBER.

4. Col. Trant defeated a division of the French, amounting to 400 men, before Villa Campo, and took 60 prisoners.

— Lucien Bonaparte arrived in England.

24. The Algerine Ambassador to the English Court arrived in London.

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